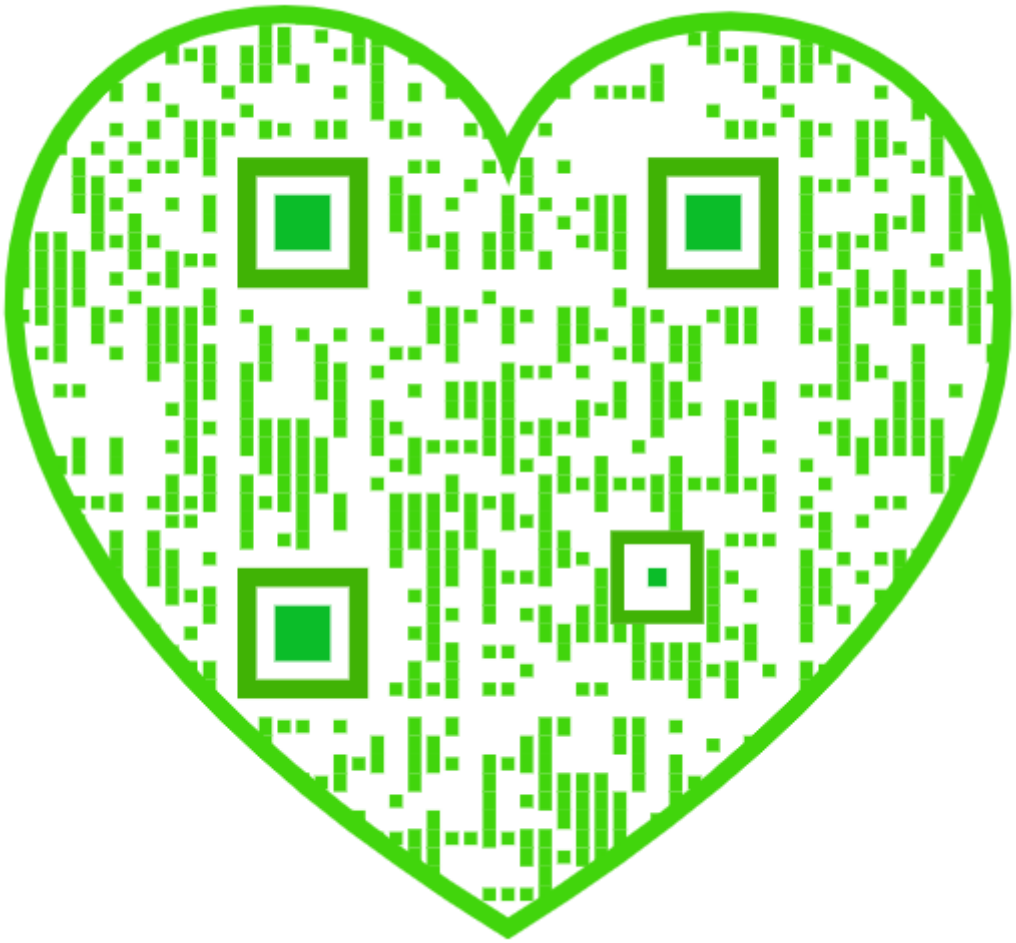


THE BADMINTON MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES

VOL. XXIV.

THE

BADMINTON MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES

EDITED BY

ALFRED E. T. WATSON

VOLUME XXIV.

JANUARY TO JUNE 1907

LONDON

THE SPHERE AND TATLER, LTD., GREAT NEW STREET, E.C.

1907

All rights reserved

CONTENTS OF VOLUME XXIV.

JANUARY TO JUNE 1907

		PAGE
A Curious Hound-breeding Experiment		93
ILLUSTRATED.		
A Day with Darky	*Charles Fielding Marsh*	25
A Hunt for a Church	*Walter E. Grogan*	197
American Jockey Invasion, The	*The Editor*	422
ILLUSTRATED.		
A Nursery of Famous Footballers	*Will H. Ogilvie*	204
A Pytchley Wednesday	*Lilian E. Bland*	253
ILLUSTRATED.		
A Race-Meeting in the Far East: The Hong-Kong Spring Meeting	*"An Old China Hand"*	210
ILLUSTRATED.		
Arcadia in Canada	*"Canadensis"*	566
ILLUSTRATED.		
A Republican Kingdom	*Mrs. Aubrey Le Blond*	519
ILLUSTRATED.		
Association Football Crisis, The	*H. Hughes-Onslow*	39
A Strange Experience with Oves Ammon	*Lt.-Col. P. R. Bairnsfather*	490
An Autumn Ride	*Mildred, Lady Boynton*	87
ILLUSTRATED.		
Badminton	*S. M. Massey*	136
ILLUSTRATED.		
Big-Game Hunting and Shooting. *See* "A Strange Experience with Oves Ammon," "Capturing Wild Elephants in Mysore," "The Man-eating Tigress of the Chitringi Valley," "Through the Malay Jungle," "The Wolf in France."		
Books on Sport		96, 218, 335, 455, 575, 685
Burton Country, The	*W. B. Danby*	551
ILLUSTRATED.		

(RECAP)

PAGE

CANOEING IN JAPAN . . . . . *Emily Watts* 621
ILLUSTRATED.

CAPTURING WILD ELEPHANTS IN MYSORE . . . . . *P. Barton* 30
ILLUSTRATED.

CASUALS' TOUR IN SWEDEN, THE . . . . . *G. B. Pollock Hodsoll* 668
ILLUSTRATED.

CONCERNING TOBOGGANING AND TOBOGGANS . . . . . *M. C. Fair* 62
ILLUSTRATED.

CRICKET SEASON, THE COMING . . . . . *Sir Home Gordon, Bart.* 444

CRICKET. *See* "The Coming Cricket Season," "How Great Batsmen Get Out," "The Principles of Golf and Cricket": I.—"A Comparative Research": II.—"The Position, Balance, and Weight of the Body": III.—"The Effect of Cricket on Golf and *Vice Versa*," "The South African Cricket Team."

CYCLING. *See* "Hints on Cycling to Hounds."

DEER-TAKING AT ERIDGE PARK . . . . . *Leonard Willoughby* 183
ILLUSTRATED.

FICTION. *See* "A Hunt for a Church": "Strange Stories of Sport": XXIII.—"The Haunted Hunt": XXIV.—"The Charmed Bullet. A Tiger Story": XXV.—"Gorman's Feud": XXVI.—"The Winds": XXVII.—"A Missfire. A Tale of Monte Carlo": XXVIII.—"The Bowler who Disappeared."

FISHING. *See* "The Most Perfect Combination Rod to Date," "Shooting and Fishing on the Ice."

FOOTBALL. *See* "A Nursery of Famous Footballers," "The Association Football Crisis," "The Casuals' Tour in Sweden."

FREAKS AND FEATS AT GOLF . . . . . *F. Kinloch* 166

GOLF. *See* "Freaks and Feats at Golf," "The Principles of Golf and Cricket": I.—"A Comparative Research": II.—"The Position, Balance, and Weight of the Body": III.—"The Effect of Cricket on Golf and *Vice Versa*."

HINTS ON CYCLING TO HOUNDS . . . . . *Rev. W. Greswell* 215

HOW GREAT BATSMEN GET OUT . . . . . *Albert G. Linney* 654

HUNTING IN KILKENNY . . . . . *Cyril F. Fleming* 170
ILLUSTRATED.

"HUNTING IN LONDON" 104

HUNTING. *See* "A Curious Hound-Breeding Experiment," "A Pytchley Wednesday," "The Burton Country," "Hints on Cycling to Hounds," "Hunting in Kilkenny," "In the Cottesmore Country," "On Foot with the Hounds," "Stag-Hunting on the Campagna di Roma."

IN THE COTTESMORE COUNTRY . . . . . *Major Arthur Hughes-Onslow* 14
ILLUSTRATED.

LIFE OF THE WOODS, THE . . . . . *Philip T Oyler, M.A.* 175

MAN-EATING TIGRESS OF THE CHITRINGI VALLEY, THE
Captain L. W. S. Oldham, R.E. 640
ILLUSTRATED.

MOST PERFECT COMBINATION ROD TO DATE, THE . . . *Nicholas Everitt* 539
ILLUSTRATED.

PAGE

ON FOOT WITH THE HOUNDS . . . . . *Maud J. Harvey* 79
ILLUSTRATED.

"OUGHT TO HAVE WON" . . . . . *"Rapier"* 526
ILLUSTRATED.

PHOTOGRAPH PRIZE COMPETITION 107, 225, 343, 461, 579, 689

PLAYING-FIELDS OF OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS, THE . . . *George A. Wade* 302
ILLUSTRATED.

POLO. *See* "The Prospects of Polo"

PRINCIPLES OF GOLF AND CRICKET, THE: A COMPARATIVE RESEARCH
George W. Beldam 369
II.—THE POSITION, BALANCE, AND WEIGHT OF THE BODY. *George W. Beldam* 497
III.—THE EFFECT OF CRICKET ON GOLF AND VICE VERSA.
George W. Beldam 605
THE ARGUMENT VERIFIED BY ACTION-PHOTOGRAPHS.

PROSPECTS OF POLO, THE . . . . . *Arthur W. Coaten* 398
ILLUSTRATED.

PUBLIC SCHOOL RACKETS . . . . . *H. A. L. Rudd* 633
ILLUSTRATED.

RACING IN NORWAY . . . . . *N. J. Knagenhjelm Heiberg* 677
ILLUSTRATED.

RACING SEASON, THE . . . . . *The Editor* 276
ILLUSTRATED.

RACING. *See* "The American Jockey Invasion," "A Race-Meeting in the Far East: The Hong-Kong Spring Meeting," "Ought to Have Won," "Racing in Norway," "The Racing Season," "Some Ascot Gossip."

RACKETS. *See* "Public School Rackets."

RIDING STABLES OF THE GERMAN EMPEROR, THE . . . . *Anne Topham* 66
ILLUSTRATED.

RIDING. *See* "An Autumn Ride," "The Riding Stables of the German Emperor."

SHOOTING. *See* "Shooting and Fishing on the Ice," "A Day with Darky," "Wild-Fowling in Burma."

SHOOTING AND FISHING ON THE ICE . . . . *A. Pitcairn-Knowles* 156
ILLUSTRATED.

SOME ASCOT GOSSIP . . . . . *"Rapier"* 660
ILLUSTRATED.

SOUTH AFRICAN CRICKET TEAM, THE . . . *Sir Home Gordon, Bart.* 544

SPORTSMEN OF MARK:
XV.—CAPTAIN R. H. DEWHURST . . . . *Alfred E. T. Watson* 1
ILLUSTRATED.
XVI.—MAJOR CHARLES H. L. BEATTY, D.S.O. . *Alfred E. T. Watson* 119
ILLUSTRATED.
XVII.—THE EARL OF COVENTRY . . . . *Alfred E. T. Watson* 237
ILLUSTRATED.
XVIII.—MR. CHARLES JARROTT . . . . *Alfred E. T. Watson* 355
ILLUSTRATED.
XIX.—MR. FRANCIS EDEN LACY, Secretary of the M.C.C.
Alfred E. T. Watson 473
ILLUSTRATED.
XX.—WILLIAM HENRY GRENFELL, LORD DESBOROUGH.
Alfred E. T. Watson 591
ILLUSTRATED.

PAGE

STAG-HUNTING ON THE CAMPAGNA DI ROMA . . *E. Alexander Powell, F.R.G.S.* 434
ILLUSTRATED.

STRANGE STORIES OF SPORT:

XXIII.—THE HAUNTED HUNT . . . . . *Ralph John* 49
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY R. J. RICHARDSON.

XXIV.—THE CHARMED BULLET. A TIGER STORY . . *J. Nugent* 144

XXV.—GORMAN'S FEUD . . . . . *Frank Savile* 263

XXVI.—THE WINDS . . . . . *Geoffrey Williams* 388

XXVII.—A MISSFIRE: A TALE OF MONTE CARLO . . . *Peyton Wrey* 511

XXVIII.—THE BOWLER WHO DISAPPEARED . . . . "*Osgoldcross*" 627

SWEET WILLIAM . . . . . *W. H. Adams* 560

THROUGH THE MALAY JUNGLE . . . . . *J. C. Grew* 312
ILLUSTRATED.

TOBOGGANING. *See* "Concerning Tobogganing and Toboggans."
ILLUSTRATED.

VERMIN IN THE GAME PRESERVES . . . . . *F. W. Millard* 327
ILLUSTRATED.

WILD-FOWLING IN BURMA . . . . . *A. J. Boger* 411
ILLUSTRATED.

WOLF IN FRANCE, THE . . . . . *G. H. Powell* 290
ILLUSTRATED.

SOME OF THE STRING AT BEDFORD COTTAGE

The Badminton Magazine

SPORTSMEN OF MARK

XV.—CAPTAIN R. H. DEWHURST

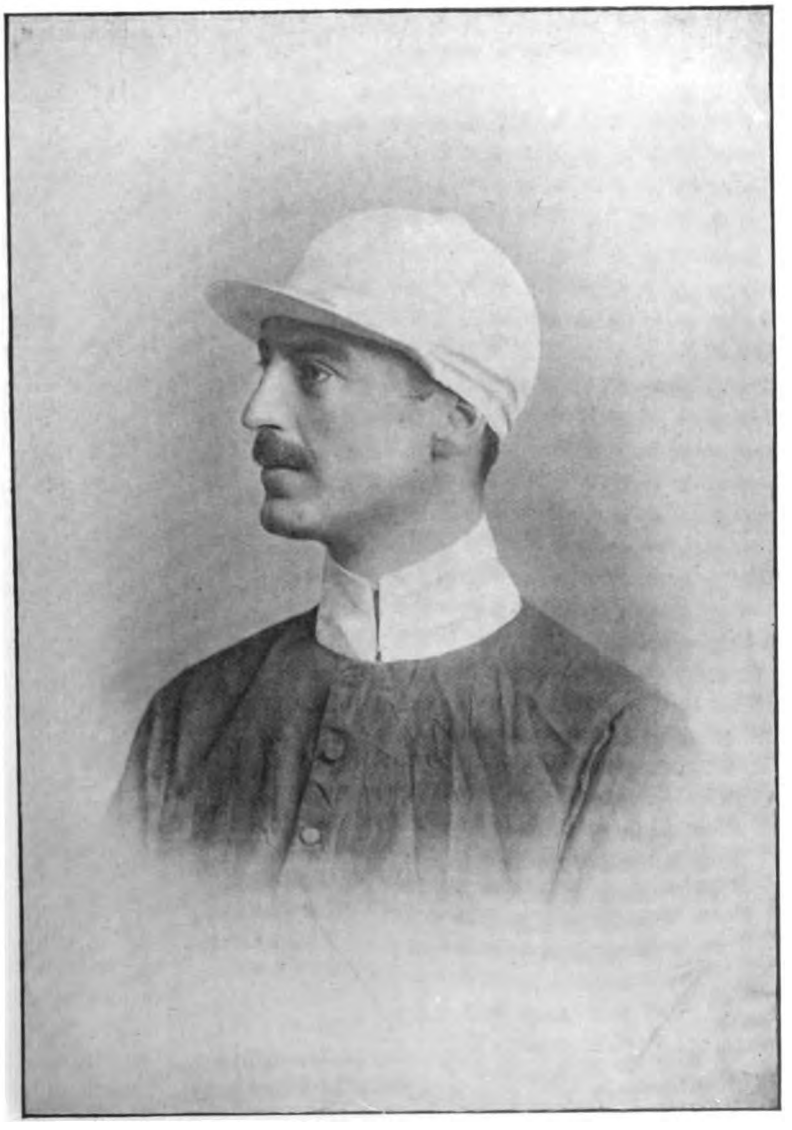
BY ALFRED E. T. WATSON

At times, a few years ago, the names of horses of whom little or nothing was known occasionally appeared on race cards at various English meetings, and in reply to inquiries as to what they might be and where they came from, the answer was that they were "something of Bob Dewhurst's"; whereupon the owners of other fancied animals in the race became aware that a new danger had arisen. It was understood that the strangers would have been well schooled, that they would be fit to run, that a good jockey would ride them, and that they would not have been sent over without an excellent reason for sending them. In a great many cases they returned to Ireland with the spoils, and the name of Dewhurst was recognised as being full of significance.

Though associated so closely with Ireland, Captain Dewhurst is an Englishman, having been born at Lymm, in Cheshire, where

he began to ride as a very small boy, and hunted with the Cheshire Hounds. In 1884 he joined the 4th Hussars, then quartered at Norwich, a sporting regiment which suited him admirably. Norfolk, it need scarcely be said, is chiefly given over to shooting, and does not take high rank as a hunting county. The West Norfolk Hounds have, indeed, long been going, and continue modestly to thrive, if the adverb may be used without injury to anyone's feelings; but they cover only a comparatively small division of the county, and in order to make sure of a gallop at regular intervals the 4th started a pack of staghounds, which I believe is still going as strong as circumstances admit. This precisely suited the young subaltern, who used to whip-in to them, helping much to the assurance of good days. When he joined he had no idea whatever of figuring between the flags, for one reason amongst others that he walked no less than 12 st. 8 lb., which seemed a hopeless disqualification; but he was nevertheless ambitious to take part in the regimental races when the time came round, and working hard, got off a great deal of weight, which he diligently kept down, having actually ridden as light as 10 st. 12 lb. What this means in the way of careful living and hard exercise only those who have tried it can quite understand, and for some fifteen years with the bogy of excessive avoirdupois he wrestled successfully. Captain Dewhurst's "first appearance on any course" was in the year 1885. A five-year-old mare called Soubrette won a selling race at the Suffolk Hunt Steeplechases, the subject of this sketch bought her, and on her at Kirby Bedon in April he took the Subalterns' Challenge Cup from half a dozen others, winding up the day, moreover, by winning the Welter Cup on another of his own named Lucifer. This naturally made him keen about the game, and his keenness was well rewarded, for while soldiering he won two Subalterns' Cups outright, that is to say he carried these races off for six years in succession, each year on a different horse, also the Regimental Cup outright, three years in succession, besides all sorts of other events on various courses.

When the regiment went to Scotland it might have been supposed, North Britain not being a very horsey land, that he would be rather out of it; but this was far from being the case, as here he made the acquaintance of that fine sportsman the late Mr. C. J. Cunningham. Those who have had the pleasure of knowing both the then Mentor and his enthusiastic pupil will readily understand how soon acquaintance grew to close friendship. Charlie Cunningham was delighted to find a man so entirely after his own heart. At this time he had a number of good horses whose names will be well remembered by those who were racing at this period, Highgrove,



CAPTAIN R. H. DEWHURST

A.J.

Sir Herbert, Bay Comus, Delandre, and others. One or two of these were notoriously hard pullers, whom I well recollect their owner used to ride with a net on their nose-bands, which proved very efficacious for a time, but was little use afterwards. Captain Dewhurst constantly stayed for weeks at a time with his friend, riding regular exercise; the practice, together with his host's valuable advice, was naturally of the greatest assistance to him, and doubtless went far to make him the horseman he speedily became. While in Scotland he won the Eglinton Hunt Cup, and the Adam Hill Cup twice, amongst other races.

In 1887 the 4th Hussars went to Cork, and Captain Dewhurst found that Ireland was an ideal country for anyone devoted to hunting and 'chasing, as over there the latter sport is continued through the summer, at which time it is naturally much easier to waste than in hard weather. Wherever there chanced to be a race meeting it was good odds on Captain Dewhurst being there, and if there, on his riding and winning. In point of fact, he has worn silk, and that with repeated success, on nearly every course in Ireland. His first appearance at Punchestown was in 1889, on a horse called Trojan, belonging to the late Colonel Gough, in the Kildare Hunt Cup. The favourite on this occasion was a mare named Bessie Meleady, ridden by Mr. Tom Beasley, who a few days before had won the National on Frigate—just beating Mr. C. J. Cunningham on Why Not. Odds were laid on the mare, but after a great race Captain Dewhurst won by three-parts of a length. Next day, again on Trojan, he took the Irish Grand Military from another odds-on favourite, Ulysses, so well known afterwards on English courses, and the former race was the first of an extraordinary number of Hunt Cups which Captain Dewhurst secured—altogether no fewer than five Kildare Cups at Punchestown, four Meath Hunt Cups at Navan, two Ward Hunt Cups, the Spencer Cup and Houghton Cup at Fairyhouse. His own little string usually at this time consisted of five or six, including Shylock, Birdseye, Wild Flower, Nuthatch, (dam of that useful handicap horse Nutwith), Ashstick, Breemount Oak, etc.; and the first three of these were constant winners, having taken considerably over sixty races between them. The Ascetics had already begun to make great names for themselves, and on one of them, the property of Mrs. Dewhurst, Abbot by name, he won the Conyngham Cup in 1893, Wild Man from Borneo, a subsequent winner of the National, being third.

The way in which Mrs. Dewhurst became the owner of this mare is very quaint indeed, and far too diverting a story to be omitted from this sketch. Captain Dewhurst had won a minor race on her, and was convinced that the Conyngham Cup was well within

her reach if only he could obtain possession of her; but there was a very serious difficulty in the way, a depleted English banking account which "would not run to it." Abbot was on sale for £500. All would have been well if the English bank manager had been a little more complacent, and Mrs. Dewhurst determined to see whether an Irish manager could not be persuaded to take a more agreeable view of the situation. She drove into the town therefore to call upon him, and was received with much politeness.

"I have called to see you, as I wish to open an account at your bank," the lady began.

"Certainly, madam," he replied, "we shall be most happy to accommodate you. Thank you very much."

GREENMOUNT

Then there was a slight pause in the conversation, which Mrs. Dewhurst presently broke by remarking that it was a very fine day; and the smiling financier agreed that it was, the fact of a heavy shower passing over at the time not being allowed to count. He waited for more information from his new client.

"I suppose I shall have a cheque book?" Mrs. Dewhurst presently continued.

"Oh yes, madam," was the answer. "That follows as a matter of course."

"Yes; thank you very much. I thought it did," she went on, and then apparently paused for the production of the article.

The manager did not seem to be helping very much with the interview, which so far, however, had been altogether satisfactory.

"What sum did you propose to pay in, may I inquire?" he went on to ask.

"Oh!" the lady answered, "I didn't want to pay anything *in*, I wanted to draw *out*—£500!"

The banker was rather staggered. "But, madam," he said, "that is a most unusual way of opening an account! You see, you can't draw anything out until you put something in to draw it from. That is the way in which accounts are opened."

"Oh, I didn't know that!" the lady rejoined. "That's really very disappointing. You see, I came to you because I want some money badly, in fact I must get £500!"

"May I inquire what you want it for?" he said, in a tone of affable curiosity which revived Mrs. Dewhurst's hopes; and she proceeded to explain all about Abbot, his performances and promise, and what an excellent chance he had of winning and yielding a big profit. The scene of this little anecdote is, as has been remarked, Ireland, where odd things happen. In this country most people are aware how very remote would have been the lady's prospects of leaving the bank with the "monkey" in her pocket; but this sporting manager actually produced the amount, only requesting that he might be informed when the horse was going to run for a race in which he was really fancied!

As just recorded, Abbot did what was expected of him, afterwards unhappily, however, turning a bad roarer, and though able to win little races here and there, never again flew at high game. Breemount Oak, a grey daughter of Ascetic and of a sister to Ilex, (who won the National of 1890), came very near on two occasions to following Abbot's example, having been twice only just beaten for the Conyngham Cup, after severe races; but she was always an unlucky mare, and broke her pelvis in a fall at Bellewstown when just at her best.

When the 4th Hussars left Ireland, Captain Dewhurst determined to settle down in the country, and found a place at Clonsilla, about eight miles from Dublin, which precisely suited him, for there was a training stable on each side, that of the late Mr. Leonard Sheil and that of Mr. J. J. Maher, both personal friends of his own. It was difficult to give the preference to either, and Captain Dewhurst accordingly had horses in both establishments, devoting himself energetically to the sport he loved. In 1899, however, a terrible accident occurred to Mr. Sheil, who was killed while riding in the Meath Hunt Cup, and Captain Dewhurst took over his stables, the owners who had horses there readily leaving them in his charge. At Clon-

silla he still continues, and a list of the winners that have been turned out would occupy far more space than is here available. From Clonsilla and from the neighbouring stable of Mr. Maher many of the best horses in Ireland have come during the last few years. Amongst other owners for whom Captain Dewhurst has trained have been Lords Cadogan and Dudley whilst they were Viceroys. There is, of course, much less money to be won in Ireland than in England, as a consequence many horses are sent over to this country, and it was because of the difficulty and inconvenience of continually dispatching them across the Channel that in 1902 Captain Dewhurst took up his residence at Newmarket, still, however, keeping on his Irish stable, which is now managed for him

SOME OF THE JUMPERS

by Mr. Maxwell Arnott, with what skill and judgment will be perceived when it is noted that during the present year up to the time of writing the stable has turned out no fewer than fifty winners.

One race which Captain Dewhurst won at Kilkenny in 1896 was secured after a contest which is probably unique. It was in the middle of summer; everything was dry and burned up; and some of the country folk, either by accident or for what they considered a joke, set fire to the fence of the open ditch just as the horses were starting. the jockeys having their backs to it at the time. When they came round to the fence it was blazing furiously, flames roaring up a good ten feet high. Mason was riding Captain Dewhurst's

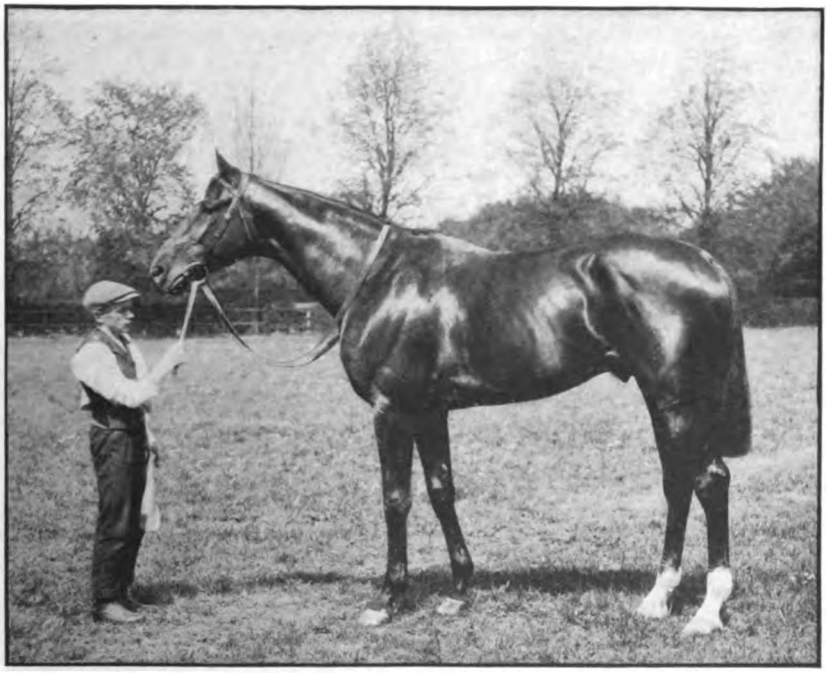
horse Ashstick; but he never hesitated for a moment, went at the jump as if everything was as it should be, as also did one of the other jockeys, Bambrick, on a horse oddly enough named Allumette. Both animals fell, but Mason got up, remounted, and won, he and his mount being a good deal singed.

At Punchestown in the year 1900 Captain Dewhurst had what might be called a mitigated disappointment. A race at this meeting which has brought many good 'chasers to light is the Maiden Plate, it having been won by such animals as Battle Royal, Wild Man from Borneo, Ambush II., Drumcree, and Drumree. It is, in fact, the big race in Ireland for the embryo 'chaser, and is worth £500. It was Captain Dewhurst's first year as a trainer; he had two horses

ON THE WAY TO EXERCISE

running—Atheling's Pride, belonging to the late Mr. P. J. Dunne, and Drumree, then the property of Mr. Percy Maynard, Master of the Ward. Captain Dewhurst had ridden the winner once before, Rathcarne; he was, as need scarcely be said, very anxious to do so again, and he had a comfortable conviction that Atheling's Pride was good enough for the purpose. Drumree, his second string, was ridden by an inexperienced stable jockey named Dowling. Drumcree was also a runner, and there was a useful young horse named Wellfort amongst other starters, so that the task was not a very easy one. Atheling's Pride and Drumcree were in front for more than three miles, and after jumping the wall some six furlongs from home Captain Dewhurst looked round to take note

how Drumree was going; but the four-year-old was nowhere to be seen, and he came to the conclusion that it must have fallen. Things looked well for Atheling's Pride, as Drumcree was evidently tiring; at the last fence he was hopelessly beaten, and Captain Dewhurst was just congratulating himself on having won comfortably when an animal appeared as it were from the clouds, dashed past him, and passed the judge three lengths ahead. It was with great satisfaction that he had recognised Drumree's head as the young horse came alongside, and the race affords a curious instance of the fact that the public are often more accurate than the stable,



BARABBAS II. BY BATT—SIBERIE

for Drumree was backed at 4 to 1 while tens were on offer about Atheling's Pride, who, it may be added, did no good afterwards, as he was a confirmed rogue, and this race was about the only occasion when he took it into his head to gallop.

A curious incident happened at Kilkenny on an occasion when Captain Dewhurst was riding his own horse Shylock. The animal had been entered in two events that day, and won the first so very easily that there seemed no harm in pulling him out for the other, which was the last on the card. Though a perfect jumper, and after

having cleared this particular course without the vestige of a mistake, he went too low on one of the banks and paid the penalty, turning right over and temporarily knocking out his rider. Shylock jumped up, uninjured, and galloped on with the rest of the field till approaching the next fence, when he evidently realised the fact that something was wrong. He came to a stop, turned round, trotted slowly back to where he had fallen, and when Captain Dewhurst came to, the horse was sniffing at him as if to find out what was wrong. This little anecdote is eloquent of the manner in which horses are treated in Captain Dewhurst's stables.

Among his principal successes as a trainer in England are four Valentine Steeplechases at Liverpool in consecutive years, starting with 1900—Ardgreagh, Lurgan, Thomondgate, and Flying Swallow; three Four-Year-Old 'chases with Drumree, Strasbourg, and Glenmore; two Five-Year-Old 'chases with Thomondgate and Glenmore, and two Grand Military Gold Cups with Dunboyne and Ruy Lopez; also the Grand Military Handicap with The Farmer. Ruy Lopez, the property of Admiral Sir Hedworth Lambton, was such a rogue that his chance in a field of eight was considered exceedingly remote, five others being preferred to him, and two standing at hopeless odds. The race indeed was supposed to be a match between Do Be Quick and Buckhunter, with the former preferred, and so far the preference was right, for Do Be Quick finished second; but Ruy Lopez, putting it all in for once, in the hands of Captain Stackpole won by a couple of lengths, after clearing the course without a mistake. Thomondgate Captain Dewhurst regards as the best 'chaser he has ever trained so far, as, besides his victories at Liverpool, he won the Century Steeplechase at Hurst Park, and the big Hurdle Race at Cork Park amongst other events.

Considering what good animals he has had through his hands the unhesitating declaration that Thomondgate was "the best" means much; but there is no saying how good he may have been, for he was only six years old when the fatal accident befell him at Hurst Park. As a four-year-old he won his only race, as a five he began by beating Leinster and others over the course which twelve months later brought about his end, and won four of six races, failing once by a neck in Ireland and coming to grief, whether by his own fault or not I do not remember, in the Grand Sefton of 1902, when out of fifteen starters Kirkland won from Manifesto, three others stood up, and ten fell. A bit of a mistake—2 to 1 on him, Manifesto second favourite—and he snapped his leg as that other good Irish horse Hidden Mystery (own brother to Leinster) had done at Sandown the year before, with 14 stone on his back. Ardgreagh was a

tolerably sure guide to form. When she won the Hooton Handicap she carried 12 st. 7 lb., and was giving no less than 32 lb. to the useful Fairland. Mr. H. S. Persse rode her, and she went for him better than for anybody else. He first bought her unbroken off the field, and she was sent to Greenmount, exhibiting, however, small promise, for she was a most miserable, starved-looking little creature, and to the general observer contrasted very unfavourably with her stable companions, as there were a number of particularly attractive animals among them at the time. One day Captain Machell and Lord Cadogan went to see the horses, and coming to Fairland the Captain declared that he liked her best of the lot, and would certainly buy her if he wanted a 'chaser. He was perfectly right, for she won every race for which she started when Captain

AFTER A CANTER

Dewhurst had her, and was then sold for £1,000. This is a remarkable instance of Captain Machell's sound judgment.

Captain Dewhurst's latest jumping success has been with Nulli Secundus, His Majesty having honoured him by entrusting the colt to his charge. How impossible the son of St. Simon and Nunsuch had become on the flat is too well known for comment, and a general impression prevailed that he would never win any description of race. In November last Captain Dewhurst one day kindly asked me to go and see the horse have a school, and it was at once apparent that unless the surroundings of the racecourse put him off he ought to make a reputation for himself at his new game, for a better jumper

and a more easy and resolute mover could not be found. How he went to Aldershot and Birmingham and justified expectation has been so recently described by many pens that the story need not be recapitulated. It may be wise, nevertheless, not to feel too sanguine as to the colt's future, for on his second outing he showed some distaste for the work.

Fond as Captain Dewhurst is of the sport which he has so diligently followed with such exceptional success, the preparation of flat-racers has a powerful attraction for him, mostly perhaps because it is so difficult to get good horses to run under National Hunt Rules. If owners would put animals of decent class to the business the probability is that they would have their reward: as things are it is rarely that a horse is sent to be jumped unless it has turned roguish or in some way suggested that it was not likely to do much more good on the flat; and this is disheartening to a devotee of 'chasing. Having only of late taken to training other than jumpers, Captain Dewhurst has not had many opportunities of showing his skill in this direction, but Mida, Succour, and one or two others have done well enough to prove that at this branch of the profession he will fully hold his own. A few yearlings—they will be two-year-olds on the date of the publication of these pages—have lately joined the string, and it will be interesting to note what they do, though indeed they are not of what is called very "fashionable" descent. Mida, who has so often been second when she was not apparently anxious to be first, has probably about come to the end of her career; but Succour stays so well that, gifted as he is with fair speed, he ought to win races as a four-year-old. He is rather a curious horse, for after running once or twice he goes off and for a time seems quite unable to do anything.

Whenever able to get away from Newmarket during the hunting season Ireland is a safe draw for Captain Dewhurst, and the probability is that he will be found in the saddle. But recent good runs do not obliterate the memory of some gallops long past. One was with the Duhallow when he was quartered at Cork, indeed it should rather be said three were with this sporting pack on the same day—twenty-five minutes, followed by thirty minutes, followed by forty-five, all three what so practised a steeplechase rider calls "very fast and straight," and all ending with kills in the open, hounds never having had to be once cast. The last fox was run into in front of the Master's hall door. Captain Dewhurst had the luck to be on a really good thoroughbred horse called Larry Holmes, purchased from his old friend Charlie Cunningham, and was perfectly carried. Both of the owners won several steeplechases on him, and he was, it is almost superfluous to add, a wonderful stayer.

Only last season, however—that is, in 1905—there was a great run with the Wards after an outlying hind who had never been taken and had been out for more than two years. Hounds hunted her at a good driving pace all over the cream of Meath for three hours without ever meeting a strand of wire, and crossing every road straight. Eventually they ran clean away from the field, and were at length found by Mr. Percy Maynard, the Master, and the hunt servants swimming about in the River Boyne, which the hind had crossed in the dark.

Of course, a man does not ride 'chases and go straight to hounds for a number of years without more or less grief, and Captain Dew-

PETS AT GREENMOUNT

hurst has had his share of knocks-out and broken bones; but these have always been accepted philosophically as part of the day's work in which the rough has to be taken with the smooth. He has only once been really hurt, at Cork Park in 1889, when he had a very ugly fall with a mare called Sapienza. One of the most popular of sportsmen in Ireland, Captain Dewhurst when he reached Newmarket found a number of old friends and made many new ones, who watch his successes with keen interest and a comfortable conviction that if he is lucky enough to get good horses in his stable it will be hard luck indeed if they do not win good races.

THE "LADY" PACK AT TILTON WOOD

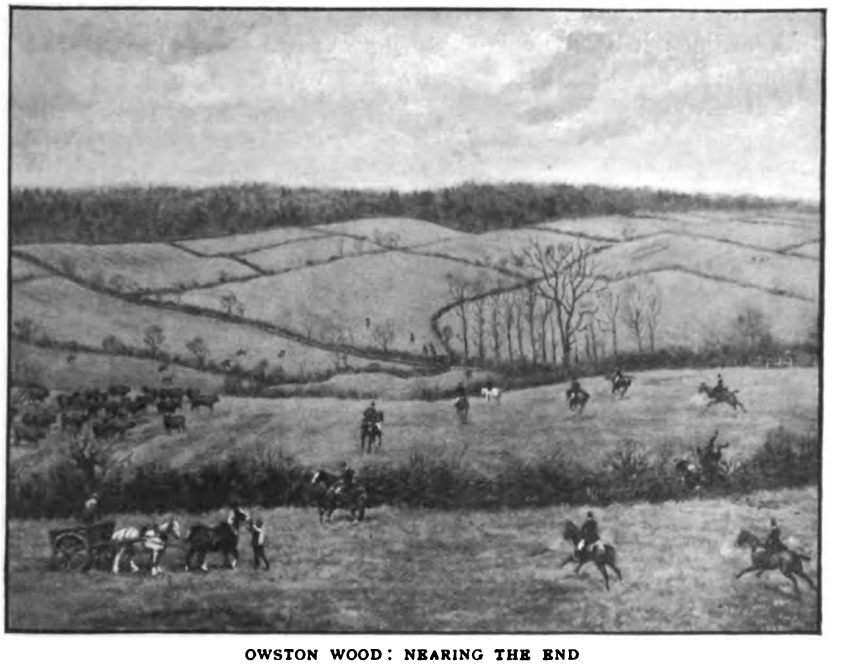
IN THE COTTESMORE COUNTRY

BY MAJOR ARTHUR HUGHES-ONSLOW

THE Cottesmore country embraces the whole of the little county of Rutland, some half-dozen parishes in the east of Leicestershire, and stretches into the south-west of Lincolnshire as far as Bourn. Stamford and Uppingham lie near the southern boundary, and Melton in the north-west corner, while Oakham is right in the centre. The neighbouring packs are the Belvoir on the north, the Quorn on the west, Mr. Fernie's on the south-west, the Woodland Pytchley and the Fitzwilliam on the south and south-east; to the east is unhuntable fenland.

The Midland Railway practically divides the country into two halves, the eastern half being hunted on Mondays and Thursdays, and the western on Tuesdays and Saturdays. These two districts differ greatly in character; the western is entirely under grass, it is hilly, both the enclosures and the fences are large, and it carries a first-rate scent; consequently it is about the best hunting country in England, and a severe test of the capabilities of both horse and rider. In the eastern half there is a good deal of plough; the district is much flatter, and does not carry so good a scent; it is therefore easier to ride over, and is the scene of much excellent sport, though not of such an exciting and brilliant kind as the west provides.

Throughout the whole country most of the coverts are woodlands, some of them being very large; there are only a few gorse coverts, Berry Gorse, Ranksborough, and Manton Gorse in the west, and Gunby Gorse, Cottesmore Gorse, and Lax Hill in the east, being the most important. That development of modern fox-hunting, the artificial earth, is happily almost unknown. The large woodlands are grand strongholds for foxes, and are most useful for cub-hunting; I know of no country which is so well off in this respect, though they are a little trying in mid-winter, and in some of them the rides are awful, which is not to be wondered at considering



OWSTON WOOD: NEARING THE END
From the painting by Mr. G. D. Giles

that the soil is clay, and that hundreds, not to say thousands, of riders plunge through them every year. They are particularly bad when a dry time follows a long spell of wet weather, for then a horse sinks in and sticks. While it is still wet on the top he gets his feet out with much less effort.

I shall never forget the spring of 1904. After an unprecedentedly wet winter, the ridings began to dry a little on the top. Well might the legend which Dante found over the gate of the Nether Regions have then been inscribed over the entrance to some of the woodlands, "All hope abandon ye who enter here."

In some of the woods the ridings are beautifully kept, and of these Wardley Wood is a notable example. This wood, the property of Sir Arthur Fludyer, is, I should say, the best fox covert in England; it is drawn every alternate Saturday by the Cottesmore Hounds from 20 August to 1 April, and Mr. Fernie's Hounds are often in it on the other Saturdays; never within the memory of man has it been without a fox, and often it has been drawn more than once on the same day. There are plenty of rides in it which are beautifully kept, and it carries a good scent. It contains many fine trees, the undergrowth is not very thick, and hounds soon bustle their fox through it.

Burley Wood is another splendid woodland, considerably larger than Wardley; it hardly carries so good a scent, so it sometimes takes a long while to get a fox to break away. It is well rided, and clothes the south slopes of the hill overlooking the vale of Catmose. Just above it is Burley House, the fine residence of the Right Hon. G. Finch, M.P., now Father of the House of Commons; his loyal constituents did not desert him in those dark days last February when the wave of Radicalism and Socialism swept over the country; the men of Rutland stood firm to their guns, and returned their good old member by a fine majority.

Of Owston Wood what shall I say? This huge jungle is close on two miles long by about half a mile broad. It is a grand stronghold for foxes, and the wonder is that it does not harbour also bears and wolves in its impenetrable fastnesses. Such rides as it possesses meander about in most perplexing fashion, and consist chiefly of bogholes alternating with quagmires, but immediately outside it lies the finest fox-hunting country in the world, and many a great hunt has started from or ended in its historic depths. It is full of foxes, and generally carries a fair scent; foxes break away from it quite freely, and hounds are never in it long before some of the bolder ones are being halloed away. But of course it sometimes happens that the hounds are hunting a less venturesome one, and the field must make up their minds to a good long bout of woodland hunting, and count themselves lucky if they get anything of a start when he finally makes up his mind to face the open.

Launde Park Wood and Priors' Coppice are two splendid fox coverts of nice convenient size, sure finds, and surrounded by grand country. A keen sportsman wants only two things when he finds himself alongside of them: a good scent, and a good horse between his legs.

Other good coverts and safe finds are Ladywood, Overton Park Wood, and the Punchbowl on the Leicestershire side, and Woodwell Head, Greetham Woods, and Cottesmore Wood on the other.

The Cottesmore country is especially fortunate in being chiefly in the hands of large landowners, good friends to fox-hunting, such as Lords Exeter and Gainsborough, Sir A. Fludyer, Mr. Finch of Burley, Major Dawson of Launde, Colonel Palmer of Withcote, Captain Burns Hartopp of Little Dalby, etc.; while Lord Ancaster is chairman of the Hunt Committee.

The kennels are on the Ashwell Road, about two miles north of Oakham, and have the great advantage of being almost exactly in the centre of the country, thus saving much wear and tear, both of hounds and horses. They were built some ten years ago; before that time hounds were kennelled at Barleythorpe, and before that again at Cottesmore.

In another and most important matter the country has been very fortunate; the Masters have reigned long and successfully—there have only been ten changes in the last hundred years. I quote from Baily's "Hunting Directory":—

Lord Lonsdale (second Mastership) - - -	1806–1842
Sir Richard Sutton - - - - - -	1842–1847
Mr. Henry Greaves - - - - - -	1847–1852
Mr. Burrowes - - - - - - -	1852–1855
Sir John Trollope - - - - - -	1855–1870
Col. Henry Lowther (afterwards Lord Lonsdale)	1870–1876
Lord Lonsdale (son of above) - - - -	1876–1878
Lord Carrington - - - - - -	1878–1880
Mr. Baird - - - - - - - -	1880–1900
Mr. Evan Hanbury - - - - - -	1900–

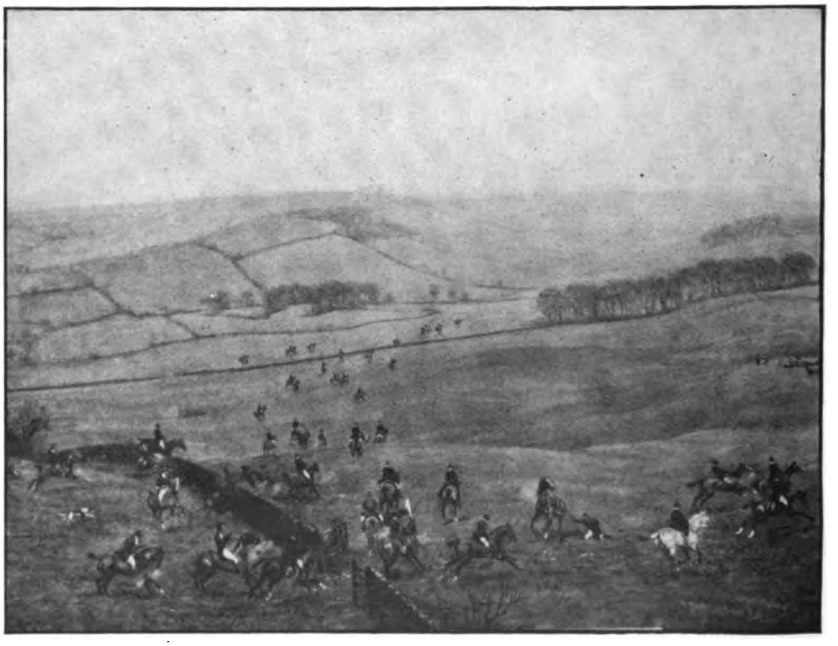
The last is certainly behind none of his distinguished predecessors in his successful management of the country.

During the eighteenth century the pack was in the hands of the Noel and Lowther families.

But above all things is the country happy in the excellent feeling which exists between all classes of its inhabitants—landlords, farmers, labourers, and the hunting people, whether residents or visitors, are all upon the best of terms; and long may it be preserved from that pestilential intruder, the political agitator, whose chief object seems to be to set class against class and to sow jealousy and ill-will between neighbours.

I make bold to say that there is no more prosperous and contented county in England than Rutland, and that a great deal of this happy state of affairs is due to fox-hunting, which not only brings much money into the district, but causes all classes to see a great deal of each other and to appreciate each other's good qualities.

The post of huntsman is most ably filled by Arthur Thatcher, whose seventh season it is with these hounds. Full of energy, as quick as lightning, and always keen and cheery, it is no wonder that he is equally well liked by both his hounds and his field. It is a treat to see the way his hounds come to him, and how they work to the very end of the longest and hardest day. I feel convinced that keenness and cheeriness are the two most important points in a huntsman's character. Hounds are just like men, and who will play up for a leader that is slack and sullen? Science is no doubt



A GOOD FOX FROM MANTON GORSE
From the painting by Mr. G. D. Giles

a very valuable asset, but no amount of it will make up for a lack of enthusiasm.

A friend of mine who has seen a deal of hunting once propounded to me the following somewhat startling proposition. Said he: "The present plan of hunt servants beginning as second whips and ending as huntsmen is all wrong. For now a keen young fellow wastes the best years of his life in riding the worst horses in the hunt stables and bringing home stray hounds, and when he has lost most of his nerve and dash he is promoted to be huntsman. It would be much better if he began by hunting hounds in the field and ended by being second whipper-in and kennel huntsman." Of

course these remarks were made in chaff, but there was some truth in them, and they were prompted by the performance of a veteran huntsman who was not over-fond of the fences, and apt to begin thinking of his tea soon after three o'clock.

Perhaps the most delightful tracts in the whole country are those which surround Prior's Coppice and Berry Gorse. It really does not matter in what direction hounds run from these famous coverts; good scenting and perfect riding country lies on all sides of them. They are quite ten miles apart, and a run from one to the other could not be improved upon, even if it could be equalled, by any line of country in the world. Taking an absolutely straight line from one to the other not a ploughed field need be crossed, nor would a railway, river, or any other such obstacle be met—nothing but good sound grass and fair hunting fences. About two and a half

MELTON HUNT STEEPLECHASES—THE OPEN SELLING STEEPLECHASE PLATE

miles from Prior's Coppice, Overton Park Wood lies a little to the left of the line, and two miles further on Ranksborough Gorse would be passed a mile to the right; though nicely undulating, this line would nowhere be too hilly. Berry Gorse lies at the edge of the Burton Flats; here the enclosures are not too large, and the fences just a nice size, so there is great diversion whenever hounds run across them. Twenty bright minutes from Stapleford Park by Felstead Spinney, over the racecourse, and up to the Punchbowl above Little Dalby, is as good a quick thing as it is possible to have. Our good neighbours the Quorn often sample this line the other way on from their covert at Gartree Hill, which lies just

across the valley from Little Dalby. The parishes of Whissendine and Langham embrace another charming tract of country, while the district round Ouston, Marfield, and Newbold cannot be surpassed.

The historic Whissendine is a horrible obstacle; in places it is a nice fair jump, and a few yards to either side it is quite unjumpable; the banks are rotten, and the bottom is in most places boggy. It is all right if you hit off the good place, but quite impossible if you don't. The day before these lines were penned a real good sportsman just failed to clear it. His horse fell back, and it was two hours before he could be got out, with the aid of ropes and a gang of men. It is the bad take-off and landing that makes it so formidable. If the banks were sound it would be a nice sporting jump, but as it is I much prefer the fords or the bridges, and luckily there are a fair number of both. Whenever hounds cross it, a good proportion of the field catch hold of their horses' heads and have a go. Most get over, a good many refuse, and some invariably get in. I wish I had a sovereign in my pocket for every horse that has had a bath in the Whissendine during the last ten years!

It is no good coming out on the Leicestershire side of the Cottesmore country without a real good horse; he must be a fine free fencer, he must gallop fast not only on the level but up and down hill, and he must have manners. The size of the fences and the fields, the hills, and the crowds with which he has to cope, necessitate the possession of all these virtues. But having got a horse of the right class, it is not a difficult country to cross with pleasure and but a small percentage of falls, for the fences are very fair and the going generally excellent. Never has it ridden better than this year. After a dry summer and early autumn lots of rain fell about the middle of October, and up to now (the beginning of December) the going has been simply perfect. I think anybody who has seen Thatcher riding over the country will agree with me that a good man on a good horse can jump an enormous number of fences and rarely get a fall. A good timber jumper is absolutely necessary, but the sort of horse that will barge through a thick place is not often wanted, for the Cottesmore fences are meant to jump over and not to bore through.

On the other side a good jumper is equally wanted, but he need not be anything like so fast or so brilliant: he has neither the hills to surmount nor the crowds to outstrip, and the ploughs often bring the hounds to their noses and give him a chance to get his wind.

Melton Races, run by the kind permission of Captain and Mrs. Burns-Hartopp over their land at Burton Lazars, about three miles from Melton, are a notable event in the country. They are

held under the joint auspices of the Quorn, Cottesmore, Belvoir, and Mr. Fernie's Hounds, in the first week in April, and are, I think, a model of what a good sporting Hunt Meeting should be. The course is a capital one, especially for the class of horse that is meant to run there—horses that have been regularly and fairly hunted—for there is a fair proportion of ridge and furrow, and some roughish ground, while all the fences are natural ones. A 'chaser who had never run anywhere except at Sandown, Kempton, etc., would probably not like it at all; but that is not the class of animal that is expected or wanted, and a horse that has not been properly hunted, but has got his certificate by putting in a few appearances

SAGAMAN IN PADDOCK BEFORE WINNING LEICESTERSHIRE HUNT STEEPLECHASE FOR THE SECOND TIME

at the meet and possibly kicking a hound or two, is handicapped a good stone by the course, which is a very proper state of affairs.

The Ladies' Purse is the chief event. It is for maiden hunters the property of members and subscribers of the four hunts, and the riders must have the same qualification. Some clinking hunters always turn out for it, and if I could have my choice of a stud of hunters for the next season I would be quite happy to take the field that run for the Ladies' Purse, and ask no further questions.

Mr. Hanbury, Master of the Cottesmore, has been very successful in this race, having won it three times in the last seven years by the aid of The Priest, Goldmint, and Tipperary, all the very best of hunters.

Captain Forrester, the Quorn M.F.H., is also a good supporter of the meeting, and has won the Leicestershire Hunt Steeplechase

the last two years with Sagaman, an American-bred son of Sensation and Sarg, who came over to this country with a large batch of yearlings about six years ago, when the American invasion of the Turf was at its height. It is curious to look back upon that epoch. Owners, trainers, jockeys, and hangers-on innumerable, many of them of a most undesirable type, had crossed the Atlantic with the avowed intention of sweeping the poor fossilised old Britisher clean off the board, and many usually sensible people quite lost their heads and declared that in five years there would be no such thing as an English trainer or jockey left, that you had only to get hold of the poorest of platers and pump enough dope into him to make him as good as a Derby winner. But what has happened? As far as I know there is not a single American owner or trainer left, Maher and Martin are the only jockeys riding, and I see by the papers that Martin has accepted a retainer to ride on the Continent next season. Undoubtedly this invasion woke us up and brought to light some weak points in our then system of training and riding, notably the false pace at which many of the longer races were run; it was no uncommon sight at that time to see the first half of a race run at little better than a hack canter, with the jockeys pulling and messing their horses about in their endeavours to finesse against each other and get first run in the half-mile dash into which the race resolved itself. The Americans were well aware that the horse who covered the distance from the start to the finish in the shortest time would win the race quite irrespective of what was travelling fastest in the last furlong, and also of the fact that it is much easier to give away weight than start.

There is also no doubt that the horse can gallop faster when the weight is well forward and the wind resistance lessened by the jockey crouching; this latter fact can be very plainly demonstrated by any two people of about equal weight going down hill on free-wheel bicycles: it is astonishing how far the croucher will beat the man who sits upright; but I am not so sure whether the very short stirrup has not been overdone, and think it probable that we may see some modification in this respect. I am old enough to remember Fordham, Johnny Osborne, and Archer riding; all three of them sat well forward, the two former habitually crouched somewhat, and I have seen Archer apparently lying on his horse's neck, although he rode with an extraordinarily long stirrup; but he was a law to himself and quite unlike any other jockey I have ever seen. Fordham and Osborne both rode quite short. The long stirrup and upright seat of Watts, Webb, the Loates, and M. Cannon (old style), was very pretty, and conduced to perfect horsemanship and

control of their mounts; but I have no doubt a horse can gallop faster with a forward-sitting croucher, though whether the animal goes straight or crooked depends almost entirely on himself. Luckily most horses go straight and do their best; probably nine out of ten are honest triers, and with such a one a jockey cannot do better than jump off with a good start, sit still as a mouse, and eliminate himself as much as possible, with just enough hold of his head to keep him from getting unbalanced or running himself out. In all riding, whether hunting, flat-racing, steeplechasing, or polo, the

THE DOG HOUNDS AT BURLEY FISHPONDS

great object of the horseman should be to avoid all friction between himself and his horse, so that no energy is wasted, for every ounce may be badly wanted when the finish comes.

As far as hunting is concerned it seems to me that while a few men ride a trifle on the short side a good many ride too long, and I have no doubt that many weak riders would find themselves much stronger and firmer in the saddle if they shortened up their stirrups a couple of holes.

These reflections have, I am afraid, led me into a long digression, and I must get back to my subject—the Melton Races. The Leicestershire Hunt Steeplechase and the Melton and Oakham Town Purse are for hunters with penalties and allowances, while the Foxhunters' Plate is for maiden hunters, and is a sort of smaller edition of the Ladies Purse. The rest of the programme consists of an open race, a selling race, and a farmers' race, making up a real good card of seven steeplechases, four of which are run over a three-mile course, and the other three start just in front of the stand and are two and a-quarter miles in length.

Croxton Park Races, held in the Belvoir country some six miles from Melton, with a mixed programme of flat and hurdle races, are held next day. This ends the season, the visitors depart, and we of the country turn to our summer pursuits, looking forward to meeting the hounds again at Wardley Wood at 4 a.m. in the third week of August.

A DAY WITH DARKY

BY CHARLES FIELDING MARSH

By force of circumstances his habits are slothful. His obese body is generally to be found stretched out in the sunniest corner of the stable-yard, and if a careless groom has dropped a horse-cloth on the stones he has an artful way of circling round till at last he curls himself in a ball on top of it, and it requires the unerring aim of a sharp-edged spoke brush to dislodge him.

From the show-bench point of view he would disgrace the retriever family. His thick, curly, matted coat needs renovation at a furrier's—it is too thick in some places, too thin in others—and when he shakes himself the dust is as the dust of a fast-travelling motor-car. His eyes show the blue film of approaching blindness, and he carries his head on one side from an affection of the ear. His front legs are bowed, and his hind legs crooked. His frosted muzzle shows grey against the rusty black of his coat, and his thick woolly tail has long streamers of hair, to which cling broken bits of straw. His voice is unmusical—a short, sharp croak of a bark, with a crack in the middle, and the indolence of his manners is shown in the long, sticky slobbers hanging from his jowl. When awake his time is spent in listening to the whistled tunes of grooms; when

asleep he dreams fitful dreams; he gnarls, and talks, and his body twitches; who can doubt he is chasing rabbits, and that the sport of sleep falls little short of the joys of reality?

He greets you in a blundering, slovenly manner, and he shows his joy of your presence by the print of a muddy paw on a well-blacked boot.

On shooting mornings his grief is very real, for Darky—that's his name—is early captured and chained to the stable wall, and as each gaitered sportsman steps out of his cart he is greeted with a howl and a plaintive look from dull eyes—a pleading to be taken out to enjoy the day's sport. Well-behaved, non-slip, smooth-coated retrievers, that come with the guns, pass him by with a look of disdain; and sleek, well-brushed, long-eared spaniels cock their stumpy tails, and raise the hair on their backs, as they glance at him, straining on his chain.

At times, for he smells powder like a war-horse, he avoids his would-be captors and lies *perdu* in a laurel bush, and as the last gun steps into the comfortable bus he makes a dash and dives his dirty body between the leggings of the half-dozen guns already seated. With difficulty, and with plaintive whines, he is hauled out again.

He has been a good dog in his day, his master says, with an apology for smeared gaiters; but his nose and his heart are too big for him, he *will* run in. The door of the bus is shut, the horses start forward, and Darky, struggling, is taken back to the yard to spend a day of vain regrets.

But "every dog has his day," and there is one day in the year for Darky. Not a day of driven birds, or rocketing pheasants, or sit-down lunches to which well-behaved dogs accompany their masters; but a rough hedgerow day, usually a day of glorious sunshine of early October, the time of year when pedestrian pheasants leave the packed coverts and make for pastures new. Darky's master has an off-lying farm where pheasants seem to wish to colonise, and at the end of this farm there is a gull, which winds at the bottom of two steep hills. The gull is thickly lined with spear-like thorns, thick blackberry brambles, and double-toothed wild rose. It and the surrounding stubbles offer immense attraction to the more venturesome of the pheasants.

"Can you come over on Tuesday? You and I will get those outlying beggars, and we will take old Darky," is the invitation Darky's master gives.

I readily assent, and on my arrival I find Darky already in possession of the secret. He flings himself upon me, then tears round the gravel in front of the hall door, his tail working like a windmill—in his joy he trips over his feet and comes blundering to

the ground. He rolls on a bed of begonias, and plays havoc with a neat star of spring bedding, fresh planted by the gardener; when lifted into the cart he pours forth slobbers of joy over our boots, and thumps the bottom boards with his tail. 'Tis a glorious day of sunshine for him, and well the old dog knows it.

"Ah," says his master, as he pushes Darky's too obtrusive mouth away, "there isn't a dog in the neighbourhood that would face the thorns in that old gull as Darky will. Not a dog that I know would turn a pheasant out of there. None of your flat-coated dogs will look at it, will they, George?" and he turns to the keeper behind us.

George evades the question and says:

"Thorns there is so sharp as even Darky can't go wery fast through 'em."

A drive of three miles brings us to a bridge under whose arch passes the little stream which in course of time has carved out the gully.

There is a blue sky above us and a brilliant sun. The distant woods are dense with foliage—the dark green of summer, with only here and there a touch of gold on an occasional birch. But the gull with its tangle, and the borders of withered grass on either side, have put on the dress of autumn. Maple bushes are powdered gold. Blackberry brambles, whose long arms hold the bank, are turning crimson. Wild guelder-rose makes pyramids of scarlet, and wreathes of clematis, festooned among the blackthorn bushes, stain them to tones of claret. The willow trees which form an arch overhead have put on the lemon tint which precedes their cloth of gold, and the tangle of white grass is studded with black seed-pods and silver teasels. Twenty feet down, through the tangle purrs a rill of water, insignificant now, but later, when the snows melt, a rushing, clay-stained river.

My host takes one side of the gull, I the other, and Darky, with a happy wag of the tail, descends into the tangle. We hear him crushing through the thorns, we hear a whimper now and then as a sharp bramble claims a bit of his wool, otherwise he is silent, scrambling up and down among the roots and sniffing as he goes. Whirr—thirty yards off out bursts a pheasant, and down it comes, leaving a cloud of feathers in the air. At the noise of the gun several others streak down the stubbles, making for the shelter of the gull. They know not of Darky underneath, nor of the bogies of white paper placed at the bottom by the keeper, bogies which Darky will work those running birds up to, and which they will not pass, but will come out, cocking and shrieking, nice shots as they top the willows.

Rabbits blunder in and out of the roots, offering sporting shots

to be rolled down the sides of the gull for Darky to scramble up with and lay at our feet. He is getting very excited, and hardly stays to deliver his mouthful of fur ere he dashes down again; and although the unseen obstacles below, through which we hear him scrambling, are thick and spiked with blackthorn, he moves quite fast enough for us to make sure of the occasional pheasant that breaks out.

As we move up the gull the willow trees grow thicker. Pink spindle-berries and dog-wood foliage glow in the sun, and the bright leaves of a wild cherry, moved by the breeze, come gently down to earth. Suddenly the keeper shouts, "Cock, sir, cock!" "Bang!"—Darky's master has dropped him in what looks like an impenetrable tangle of hips and haws. Darky does not hesitate, but worms his way through, though for the moment he is firmly held by one ear. Presently his tail disappears—the woodcock is a runner, evidently. We wait. Five minutes pass; we can trace Darky's movements by the heaving of the prickly tangle and an occasional whelp of pain, as first one thorn then another finds its way home through his wool. Up he comes at last, the woodcock fluttering in his mouth; there is an ugly cut on his right ear, and bright pimples of blood stand out on his nose, but he wags his tail, and his eyes shine with pleasure as his master takes the bird from his mouth. In he goes again, and on we move. A hare bounds out with Darky at its tail; I fire; it goes on. I let it have the other barrel; it appears to hasten instead of to diminish its speed. To my sorrow Darky, full tilt, follows it across a furrow, over a hedge, and up a stubble.

"D-a-r-k-y!" yells his master, and the keeper blows his whistle. Not a bit of it: none are so deaf as they that will not hear. Of these is Darky. On he goes, putting up covey after covey of the partridges with which we had hoped to finish up the day. On the top of the hill I see the hare bounding along with Darky twenty yards behind. Suddenly Sally leaps into the air and drops dead.

"The dog was right, he knew it was a dying hare," I say.

"Did he, the scoundrel?" replies his master, grimly. He adds with an apologetic look at the keeper, "But we should not have got it with any other dog."

We wait whilst Darky, holding the hare above the furrow, and looking very proud, comes trotting back. He has escaped the leather his master was unhooking from his belt, and by the twinkle in his eye it is plain the old dog knows it.

But the chase has made Darky's blood to boil; he is off his head with excitement, and he plunges into the ravine, jumping through thorn bushes as if they were feathers. Out comes a pheasant, flying low; my host bungles it, and the bird skims on

but a few feet from the ground—untouched. Darky thinks otherwise, and he is off before we can stop him; on, on he goes, nose to ground, up the hill and over, now lost to view. "Darky, D-a-r-k-y, Darky!" we all yell, but no Darky comes.

"Dashed if he ain't gone to the coverts! My word, he'll do some harm if he goes rousing about in them!" says the keeper, with despair in his voice.

We stand idly by, waiting—waiting ten minutes, fifteen, twenty. At last the culprit shows above the hill, shame written all over him; the leather, he knows, is waiting. He takes it like a man (rather, better than a man), without a whimper, dances with joy when it is over, and is off once more to his work in the thorns. The whacking has made no difference to his spirits, and before we have reached the end of the gully he has positively *enjoyed* three more. We stop for lunch, and decide as we eat it that it is of little use to try for partridges after Darky has so effectually scattered them, so we knock out a little grove and get a brace or so of pheasants, walk a few fields for hares, with Darky secure in a lead, and then take the gull back again. The sun is going down; a pearly mist, as the smoke of a train, is rising along the stream. Darky enjoys turning out the few pheasants that have meant to *perk* here for the night, and he arrives at the end of the gull as fresh as when he started. We count the bag—twenty-eight pheasants, five hares, ten rabbits, one woodcock—forty-four head. Darky—wet, muddy, bleeding—walks proudly up the line of the slain. "How many would you have got without me—me, that blackguard?" he seems to say.

We answer not, for he knows as well as we do: "None."

On the morrow I see him stretched out in the sunny corner of the stable-yard, stiff and weary. Dog-tired is Darky, fast asleep, with clods of clay hanging to his belly, a bramble still clinging to his tail, the blood of yesterday congealed on his nose. Fast asleep is Darky; and ever and anon, with little mutterings of excitement, his body heaves. Though stiff and sore, he is happy, dreaming—dreaming of his day.

LASSOING THE YOUNGER ELEPHANTS WITHIN THE STOCKADE

CAPTURING WILD ELEPHANTS IN MYSORE

As witnessed by Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales

BY P. BARTON

AMONG the many interesting scenes of sport and adventure witnessed by Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales during their tour in India, perhaps the most entrancing of all was the capture of wild elephants in the Kakankota forests during their sojourn in the state of Mysore. His Highness the Maharajah had for months past taken the greatest interest in arranging all details for the visit, while the actual operations were entrusted to Mr. Muttanna, the chief of the Mysore Forest Department, who with the able assistance of Mr. Srinivasa Rao, Mr. Muthiah, and Ossa Miah, one of Sanderson's lieutenants, was able to bring about a most successful capture of some seventy elephants, affording sport altogether different from anything Their Royal Highnesses had witnessed elsewhere in India.

The scenes which are illustrated in this article give but a poor representation of all the Prince and Princess saw. For instance, the capture of the wild herd which actually took place in the dusk of the evening of the 1st of February was, owing to the lateness of the hour, altogether beyond the scope of the photographer to secure, and even the most imaginative artist would fail to depict with any degree of truthfulness the sombre grandeur of the scene when in

the heart of the forest and the momentarily increasing darkness the driven herd was seen to plunge into the waters of the Kabani in an attempt to force a passage of the river as a last means of escape. Yet this, and more than this, Their Royal Highnesses actually witnessed. The shadowy forms of some thirty giants of the forest wading and swimming the silent river, fringed to its edges with dense bamboo jungle, made a sight which could never fade from memory. The stars were just showing in the sky, and the water was a mystery of dark shadows lit up ever and anon from the opposite bank by the flaming torches of an army of beaters who had intrepidly followed

THE WILD HERD IN THE OUTER STOCKADE

on the heels of the herd for weeks past, and were now shouting and tom-toming triumphantly with the almost certain prospect of driving the huge creatures into the entrenched enclosure prepared to receive them. Their Royal Highnesses witnessed the progress of the final drive from a platform or "machan" carefully concealed about 30 ft. above the river bank, and near to the deceptive opening leading from the river into that part of the jungle which had been fenced in and barricaded to enclose the herd.

The Royal camp at Kharapur was situated on a bluff overlooking the Kabani River, and about five miles away from the kheddahs themselves. Some idea of the size and completeness of the camp

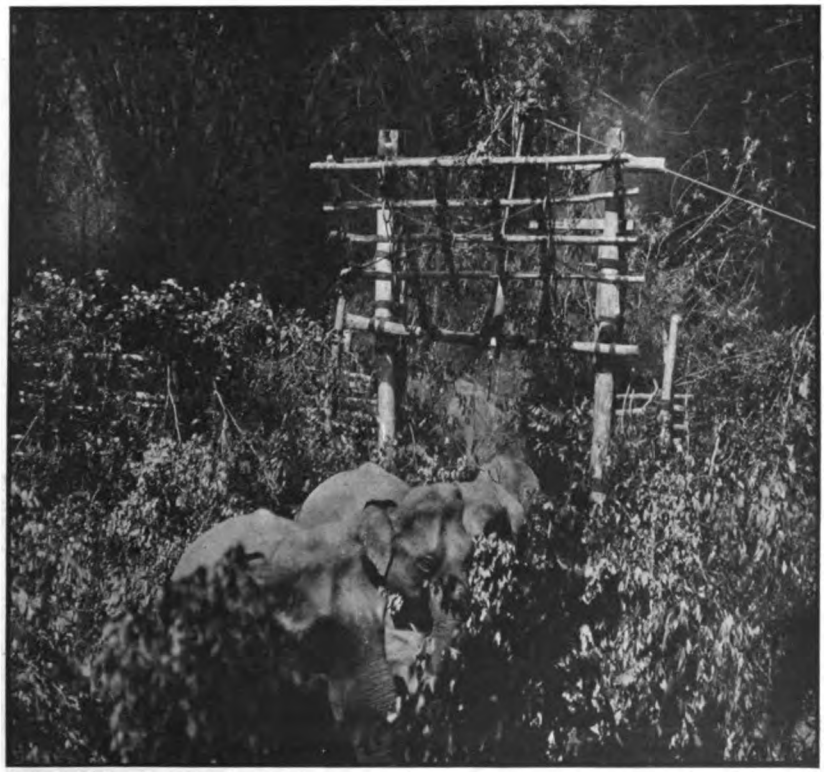
may be gained from the fact that over 130 tents were pitched, and included post and telegraph offices, a garage, printing office, and a bakery; while a delightful garden with lawns and terraces extending right down to the river made it difficult to realise that one was in the midst of a vast forest, far removed from the habitation of man.

Their Royal Highnesses with His Highness the Maharajah and Yuvaraj and their respective suites arrived in camp at 11.30 on the morning of the 31st of January, having motored from Mysore, forty-eight miles away, in a little over two hours. The road runs for a dozen miles or so through undulating and well-cultivated country which gives space to scrub jungle until Anthisanti is reached. Here it enters into a well-wooded tract which gradually thickens into dense forest extending for miles towards the Wynaad on the one side, and down to the Malabar coast on the other. The first picture introduces the reader to the actual sphere of operations, and shows a few elephants browsing within the outer stockade; and here perhaps it would be as well to describe briefly what a kheddah is, for the information of those who have never had the good fortune of witnessing a capture of wild elephants in this part of India.

A kheddah is composed of two stockades, one the outer, which covers several acres of ground, and the other an inner and small stockade, just large enough to contain the captured herd and the "koomkies" or trained elephants which are employed for the noosing and subsequent tying-up operations. The large stockade is protected by a riveted V-shaped trench about 7 ft. deep and 8 ft. wide at the top, on the outside of which is constructed a palisading of stout timber stakes firmly driven into the ground, and strengthened with uprights and cross-beams securely lashed together. A narrow drive with guiding wings also composed of stakes leads from the outer to the inner stockade, which is constructed of enormously stout uprights about 12 ft. high, placed so close together that the hand can scarcely be introduced between them. An elevated gallery runs round the enclosure for the accommodation of spectators, and is cleverly concealed from view by boughs and foliage.

The 2nd of February was the day set apart for the drive from the outer to the inner stockade. By 9 a.m. His Highness the Maharajah and his Royal guests were on the scene, and having taken up their positions on an elevated platform just outside the stockade, from which an excellent view could be obtained, the signal was given for the drive to begin; and almost immediately could be heard the distant yelling of the beaters accompanied by toot of horns and beat of tom-toms which gradually grew louder as the men advanced through the jungle. The herd came steadily on, halting at times to

consider, as it were, the situation, and undecided whether to lead on or turn back on the approaching line of beaters. A shrill trumpeting now and again would indicate that a charge had been delivered somewhere along the line, but a volley of blank cartridge accompanied by a terrific yelling generally had the effect of checking it; although on one occasion towards the end of the day a mahout very nearly lost his life. A ferocious cow had charged him, and the "koomkie" he was mounted on, in order to avoid her, made a sudden swerve

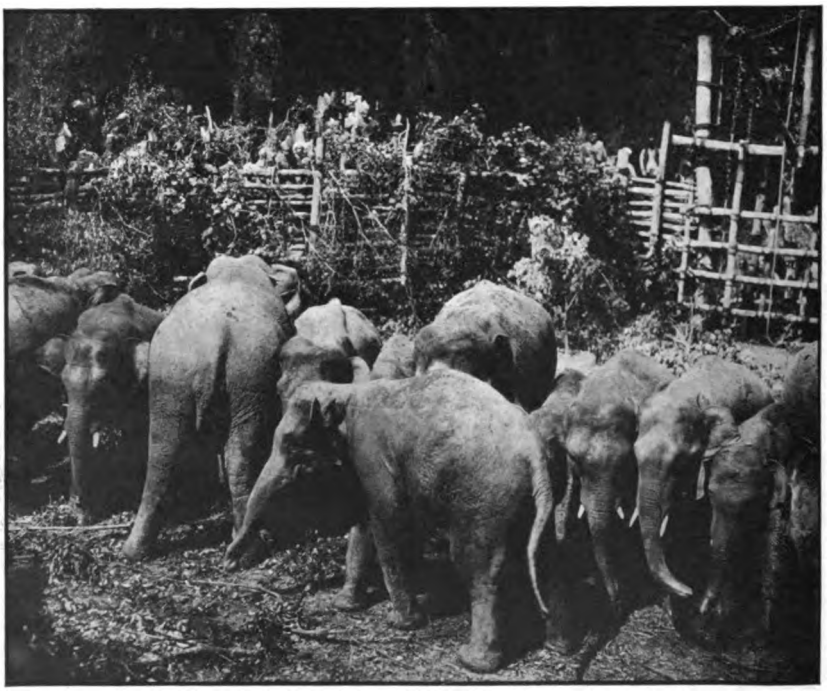


"ONE BY ONE IN STRICT INDIAN FILE THEY FOLLOW THE LEADER UNTIL THE WHOLE HERD HAVE ENTERED THE KHEDDAH"

which caused him to lose his seat and fall to the ground. The cow immediately went for him, and although he dodged her for a time amongst the dense bamboo jungle, he was eventually overtaken and knocked down. The infuriated animal brought her knees down upon the man, and after doing as she thought her worst, kicked him into a deep trench. By a miracle he escaped being crushed to death, having got between the animal's knees; he was, however, found to be very seriously injured. A curious sequence to this

incident was the death of the cow on the following day. The excitement of the drive was apparently more than she could stand, and twenty-four hours after her capture she died.

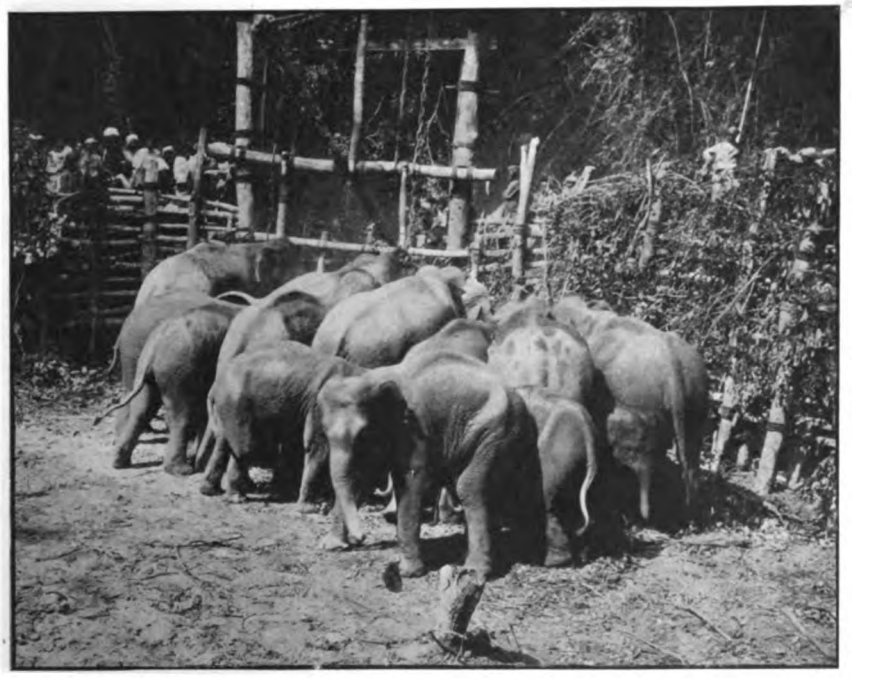
To follow the operations it is necessary to return to the beaters, who have now advanced far into the stockade, and can be distinctly seen in the bamboo jungle before us. The herd have been steadily driven onwards, and are now partially over the line indicated by little heaps of decayed leaves and scrub, which after the last elephant had crossed would be speedily lit, making a barrier of fire



"DOWN IN THE ARENA BELOW THEM WAS A SHIFTING MASS OF CLUMSY FORMS PUSHING AND SHOVING ONE ANOTHER INDISCRIMINATELY"

through which there would be no turning back. This is the supreme moment, and every man now makes as much noise as he possibly can. The rapid discharge of firearms, the clapping of split bamboos held by the beaters, and the yelling from a thousand throats, all help to give the elephants an impetus forward which brings them up to the narrow neck leading into the inner stockade. One by one in strict Indian file they follow the leader until the whole herd have entered the kheddah. In a moment the straining cable is released, and the ponderous gate falls as a curtain on the first phase of the operations.

With the fall of the gate, a general rush was made for the roughly constructed ladders leading up to the gallery. Prince and peasant, somebodies and nobodies, in the excitement of the moment jostled one another with delightful indifference and good nature. The absence of decorum and ceremony was a striking example of how sport levels all sorts and conditions of men, and in it Their Royal Highnesses must have felt a real sense of pleasure in being able to mix freely among the motley throng assembled there. Once in the gallery, the deceptive screen of foliage and boughs was quickly



"THERE WERE SEVERAL YOUNGSTERS TO BE SEEN IN THE ENCLOSURE SHOVING THEMSELVES IN BETWEEN THEIR ELDER RELATIONS AND GENERALLY GETTING IN THEIR WAY"

brushed aside by anxious spectators, and the sight which met their eyes was one which could not be easily forgotten. Down in the arena below them was a shifting mass of clumsy forms pushing and shoving one another indiscriminately, ever moving and shuffling round and round within the limited enclosure. Occasionally some of the larger animals asserted themselves, and by what appeared a gentle prod would bodily lift another off his legs, rolling him completely over. This was evidently meant and taken far more seriously than we supposed, for one so punished freely gave expression to his

feelings by bellowing terrifically, and got himself off as fast as he could on regaining his legs. On one occasion, at a previous kheddah, I saw a large cow curl its trunk round the tail of a half-grown male, and in spite of his efforts to extricate himself, for he seemed to know what was coming, she placed it between her molars and deliberately snipped the tip off as one would the end of a cigar. This is, I believe, a common practice among wild elephants, and in almost every herd some will be found to have their tails so docked.

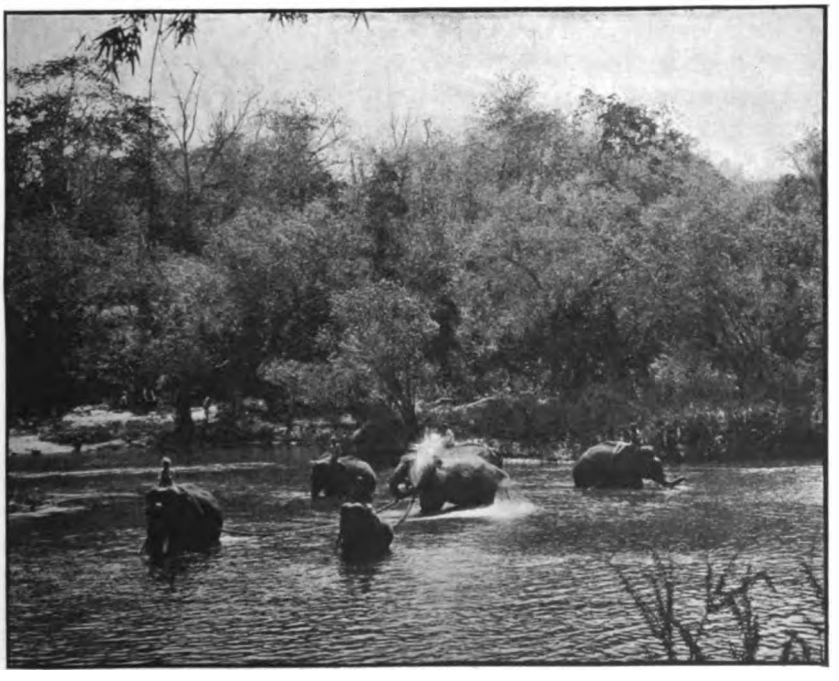
There were several youngsters to be seen in the enclosure, moving about in an aimless manner, shoving themselves in between their elder relations, and generally getting in the way. Among the herd

HOBBLING A BIG TUSKER

there were some big cows and an exceptionally well-proportioned tusker, who was subsequently sold for a couple of thousand rupees, and whose owner now refuses to take five times as much for him.

Baffled in every attempt to find a way out of the stockade, the herd appeared to be seized with a sense of shame and humiliation at finding themselves in so helpless a position, and sought consolation in huddling together with their heads turned inwards against the palisading as if to avoid the many eyes looking down upon them from the gallery above. In the meantime the triumphant beaters were indulging in a well-earned rest and, gathered together in little

groups under the friendly shade of the bamboos round about the stockade, were discussing the success of their efforts so far. After an hour or so had thus been spent, the real work of the day began. Half a dozen "koomkies" were brought up to the door of the kheddah, and everything was made ready for a start. The impounded herd having been left entirely to themselves all this while, now seemed to discern a new danger ahead, and instinctively withdrew *en masse* to the far end of the enclosure, facing about in the direction of the gate. At a given signal it was drawn up, and ere it could be raised to its full extent the first of the "koomkies" boldly



A CAPTURED ELEPHANT DISPORTING HIMSELF IN THE KABANI RIVER

stepped in, closely followed by five or six others. The gate was again dropped with a thud, and the third phase of the operations was immediately entered upon.

The opposite page shows the opening scene of Act III. On the right of the picture is seen the first of the "koomkies," a magnificent beast, entering with a decided yet cautious step towards the herd, who have mobbed together at the far end of the enclosure. It is an anxious moment, as one can never be certain of what is going to happen. Should the capture contain an ill-tempered tusker or a

refractory cow, serious trouble may be expected, and for this reason the "koomkies," as will be noticed from the photographs, are without exception huge animals with formidable tusks and capable of coping with the strongest of the strong. The first thing to be done was to get at the big tusker, who was immediately singled out by the mahouts. A couple of "koomkies" were cleverly worked into the herd, and after many failures eventually backed themselves in on either side of him, while another covered any attempt of the forward movement on the part of the prisoner. Thus hemmed in, the operation of securing him was the work of a few minutes; a couple of rope-tiers slipped down from the backs of the "koomkies," and with spider-like dexterity quickly worked a coil of stout rope round his heels, making him fast to an adjoining tree-stump. It was pitiable to see the huge beast, when once he realised his position, straining every muscle to get himself free again, and with every effort giving expression to his feelings in a terrific roar. After an hour or so of desperate straining at the heel ropes, and finding all efforts to get free of no avail, he resigned himself to his fate, and when the time came allowed himself to be removed from the kheddah without any show of trouble.

The rest of the huge animals in the herd were similarly secured, while the younger ones were lassoed. This operation was very interesting to watch, the mahouts showing great skill in the manner they worked. Time after time when a capture seemed complete, a wily youngster would with his trunk remove the noose thrown over his head, and so get his freedom again. Eventually, however they were all secured, and one by one towed out of the stockade by the "koomkies" down to the river near by to be watered and refreshed; any disinclination to move on being quickly put right by a prod from behind. The last illustration shows a newly captured full-grown male thoroughly enjoying himself in the river with four "koomkies" in close attendance upon him. As will be seen, he is secured to each by a stout cable which effectually provides against any chance of escape. After the captured animals had been watered they were taken to a clearing in the forest, where they were hobbled fore and aft to stout tree-stumps and here kept until such time as they became tractable. A fortnight or so of gentle treatment and good feeding is generally sufficient to make them so, although in some instances it takes many months to domesticate them.

Their Royal Highnesses witnessed the whole of the operations, beginning from the drive in the early morning to the watering of the captured animals late in the afternoon, and it was not until the sun had set and the stars were beginning to show that a move was made for camp.

THE ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL CRISIS

BY H. HUGHES-ONSLOW

Of all the various forms of sport actively practised by readers of this magazine, I suppose that the game of football in any form can hardly be described as the most popular, and this for a variety of reasons, the principal of which is no doubt that the average player who does not make the game the most serious business of his life begins to deteriorate more or less rapidly at the age of thirty at latest, and often, indeed, finds it necessary to retire from active participation in the game at a much earlier age. The opportunities peculiar to football, and necessarily ineradicable from it, of foul play and personal violence consequent upon loss of temper—opportunities of which no counterpart occurs in such games as cricket and golf, where the element of frequent corporal collision is absent—undoubtedly tend to drive away such athletes as can afford to take their exercise in hunting and other more expensive forms, not at all because they are afraid of sustaining any bodily injury, but because they disdain to retaliate in breach of the rules and spirit of the game, and do not care to engage in a game in which it is commonly necessary for the referee to interfere on the ground of deliberate foul play. A bad-tempered or unscrupulous opponent at cricket is undeniably a nuisance, but some other expression must be found to describe what he can be on the football field. Football also demands for its enjoyment a higher standard of physical condition than any other game played with a ball, except perhaps water polo, and so it comes about that among the more highly-educated classes it is adopted as the principal form of regular exercise by comparatively few, and by those never for many years. Yet I venture to assume that almost every male reader of this magazine has at some time of his life played football sufficiently to accept the proposition that the

whole range of sport affords nothing finer than the test of strength, courage, endurance, and, above all, skill, to be encountered in the short hour-and-a-half occupied by a well-contested game. Many of my readers, no doubt, having been educated at one of our principal public schools, belong to the class known, for want of a better term, as "Old Boys," and have experienced the joy of battle in the form of a house-match. Like me, they may have passed the hour of active participation in such delights, but it is the interest of such as these that I desire to enlist in the following remarks.

I am about to speak of Association football, and I am aware that a considerable number of my readers who have played only the Rugby game are inclined to take but little interest in the other. To such I appeal as belonging to a body of sportsmen which has throughout the history of their game sternly resisted the evil of professionalism; and in case it may persuade them to persevere further with the reading of this article, I proceed to publish, without leave, what seemed to me at the time a singularly foolish observation made by an old friend of the football field, who like myself went to Eton in the very early eighties, but afterwards diverged so far from my own humble path as to become captain of the England eleven against Scotland, and the best forward I ever saw. In the course of the journey to play a match in Suffolk last season several of us were discussing the unwelcome fact that a game of Rugby football had been started at Eton to the obvious prejudice of our "Old Boy" club which plays Association, and I, as an official of the club, was endeavouring to find some means of putting a stop to this evil. My colleague sharply checked my admiration of him by "confessing" (as he called it) a furtive affection for the Rugby game, which I willingly concede is quite as much like the Eton game as is the Association game in its present form.

As many readers are aware, the present condition of affairs in Association football is far from satisfactory. We are, in fact, if I may be allowed the expression, passing through a grave political crisis the nature of which should, I think, in the interests of both parties to the dispute, be made known as widely as possible. The original cause of the trouble is, of course, the introduction of professionalism; that is, the sanction given by the Football Association some twenty years ago to the payment of players. The sportsman who is not a football player will probably ask why this should cause any more trouble than it has done at cricket. The answer is, first, that cricket affords practically no opportunity for foul play which cannot easily be checked; and, secondly, that the vast popularity among the less highly-educated classes of the game of Association football as a spectacle has led to the formation throughout every centre of

industry in England of purely professional clubs, whose representatives, imbued with ideas necessarily different from those of the amateur, who plays the game merely for recreation, have by their numbers and persistency absorbed into their own hands practically the whole government of the game.

Cricket is saved from a similar fate by circumstances other than those which I have already indicated. For one thing, owing to the heavy expenses involved, it is, at all events, difficult to make even a first-class county club—unless it be in the very front rank—pay its way by means of the "gate" alone, whereas it is comparatively easy to obtain by similar means funds sufficient to keep going as a profitable concern a football club whose players are exclusively professional. Again, in the case of cricket, every first-class club has at least a substantial number of pure amateurs on its own committee of management, while an amateur captain is in charge of each team in almost every match. If this were so in football the present unhappy condition of affairs could never have arisen, and there is nothing in cricket which in any way corresponds with the professional football club, or with the governing body of the game, composed mainly of the representatives of such clubs. In the football world of to-day there are paid secretaries of clubs and of district associations, paid referees and contributors to the press, and innumerable other less direct methods of making a profit out of football otherwise than by actually playing the game. And it is men who by such means as these find in football a substantial source of income, that most of us amateurs consider unfitted to interfere, as members of the body governing amateurs and professionals alike, in the control of the game which we desire to preserve as a sport. By the rules of the Football Association a professional player is ineligible for a seat on the Council. We have heard much of late of the Council's determination to compel the district associations to "fall into line" with regard to the admission of professional clubs to membership; but we would like to see, in the first place, this plausible policy of conformity applied without distinction to those who make an income out of the game, whether they do so by means of their skill on the field or by other (and not necessarily more honourable) means.

At this stage I should like to dispose of two possible misapprehensions. First, whatever may have been the opinion of amateurs with regard to the original introduction of professionalism, the amateur player of to-day has no objection, and throughout the present controversy has been careful to disclaim any, to the professional player, or to playing with or against him, merely because he is paid for his services. Secondly, by foul play I mean something very different from mere rough play. The honest, straightforward charge

with the shoulder, with which we were all familiar in our house-match days, although it may conceivably be carried to undesirable extremes, has always been cherished by the genuine amateur; but the tendency of professional government has been to render it illegal in common with foul play of the kind which I am about to mention. This latter consists[1] almost entirely of tripping, and is, unfortunately, only too easy to practise. A player beaten by an opponent who has got the ball past him and put himself out of reach of a shoulder charge may still make a certainty of bringing the opponent down by means of an obviously hopeless attempt to reach the ball with his foot; or again, when the beaten player is pursuing an opponent whose speed he can equal but not exceed, the opponent's downfall may easily be effected by (if I may borrow an expression from the race-course) "striking into" his heels in the feigned attempt to pass him on the far side. I have read in the press of an art cultivated by unscrupulous players who are said to be able, while appearing themselves to be the victims of foul play, nevertheless to inflict a serious bodily injury upon the innocent but apparently aggressive opponent. To the best of my knowledge nothing of the kind has ever existed, and the foul play that has brought about the administrative interference to which amateurs object is designed not to effect bodily injury, but merely to rob an opponent of victory.

Foul play of this sort has led to the general result that in most matches between even high-class professional teams the referee's whistle stops the game every two or three minutes; and there is this further development, of which I regret to say many instances occurred in the final tie of the Association Cup last spring, that a beaten player when deprived of the ball will throw himself down and claim a foul against his opponent; and as a particular result arising out of the same evil I may mention the "penalty-kick," a comparatively modern innovation highly distasteful to amateurs, and quite unnecessary so far as their methods of play are concerned. This penalty, I should perhaps explain, is or may be awarded in every case where the defending side is guilty of intentional foul play within a certain marked area in the neighbourhood of goal, and consists in the right to a shot at goal from a spot marked immediately in front of the goal, no defending player except the goal-keeper being allowed to take any part in the game while the kick is taken. It would no doubt be an excellent thing if the referee had power to award a goal in any case where he is satisfied that an act of foul play has prevented a goal from being scored; but

[1] Of course I do not include "off-side," or "hands" used otherwise than in defence of goal, both of which are generally quite unintentional.

the present rule provides a remedy which in extreme cases, such as the use of the hands in front of goal by a player other than the goalkeeper, is obviously inadequate, and in other cases may be quite unnecessarily severe. The attitude of the best class of amateur toward this rule, as also that of the leaders of professionalism towards the amateurs, is neatly illustrated by a couple of events which occurred during the tour of the Corinthians in South Africa during the English summer of 1903. The Corinthians are recruited almost exclusively from Old Boy clubs, and represent all that is best in amateur football. Not unnaturally they were anxious that throughout their tour the game should be played according to their ideas as regards foul play. With a referee of the pronounced professional type it is never long before a penalty-kick is awarded against one side or the other, and it happened that a local referee penalised the Corinthians in this way. The Corinthian captain of that time, a man who has done in a long career at least as much good for amateur football as any other that ever played the game, was fortunately himself in charge of the team and rose to the occasion. In a word, he explained to the opposing captain his opinion that if any member of his side had in the opinion of the referee by means of foul play deliberately prevented his opponents from scoring a goal the penalty ought to be a goal without any uncertainty, and thereupon he ordered his goal-keeper to stand clear of the goal so as to allow the opponents to score the point without opposition.

Not long afterwards the converse case arose, a penalty-kick being awarded to the Corinthians for something which, in the opinion of their captain, did not amount to deliberate foul play. He accordingly took the kick himself, and deliberately put the ball off the field as far from the goal as he could. Nothing in my opinion could have been better calculated than this sportsmanlike action to ensure the remainder of the matches throughout the tour being played in the best possible spirit without any attempt at fouls, and I expect most of my readers will approve of the policy; but if they do they will be in conflict with a large section (not amateur, I need hardly say) of the Council of the Football Association, many of whom were in favour of calling upon the Corinthian captain for an explanation of his reprehensible, and in their view, I suppose, unsportsmanlike, conduct.

Upon the death of my late lamented friend and colleague, Arthur Dunn, a competition confined to Old Boy clubs was founded in honour of his memory, and, as may be suppposed, the ties are played off with no less keenness than if they were house matches. The competition is now in its fifth season, and applications to be allowed to join in it are continually coming in from fresh

clubs. I suppose I have been present at something like twenty matches played in the competition, and I am glad to say that I never once saw the game stopped for foul play. Our idea is that a player guilty of foul play ought to be regarded in the same light as a man who, when armed with a gun, shoots by accident a fellow-sportsman or by design a fox in a hunting country, and as I have indicated above, the result is entirely satisfactory.

From the instances which I have given it will no doubt easily be understood that the breach between the amateur and professional elements in the game has been gradually widening for many years past, and I can now pass on to the present crisis. By the rules of the Football Association every club must be affiliated to some subsidiary District Association, which manages the affairs of its own district subject to the supreme control of the Football Association. To some extent the jurisdictions of the District Associations overlap each other; every club affiliated to the London Association, for example, being eligible for membership of the Associations of either Middlesex, Essex, Surrey, or Kent. Some two years ago the council of the London Association, which had previously been confined to amateur clubs, at the dictation of the Football Association proposed to alter their constitution so as to admit to membership the professional clubs—some ten in number—whose headquarters were within the territorial jurisdiction of the London Association. These professional clubs, I may mention, disclaimed from the first any desire to be affiliated, but the proposal was supported by Lord Kinnaird, who is President of the London Association, the Football Association, and also of my club. As President of the Football Association, Lord Kinnaird succeeded another famous Old Etonian, Sir Francis Marindin, who retired in consequence of his objection to the failure of the Council to consider sufficiently the interests of amateurs, and in supporting the proposal Lord Kinnaird stood alone among representative Old Boys. I know of one other Old Boy who professes a similar conviction, but has certainly no claim to represent his club, and, indeed, I should be much interested to learn the name of a single member of that old and famous club who shares his views. Of him I need merely say that, judging only from what I have seen of his contributions to the literature on the subject, I welcome him as one of the most valuable friends of our cause.

The Old Boy clubs, the great majority of which belong to the London Association, were as the result of the experience afforded by the history of the Football Association unanimous in opposing the proposal to admit professional clubs to membership of the London Association on the ground that, if admitted, the representatives of professional clubs would, by their persistency and pecuniary interest

in the matter, sooner or later secure a controlling majority of seats on the Council; and the result was that the motion was rejected, not being carried by the necessary two-thirds majority prescribed by the rules. About December 1905 certain officers of the Football Association proposed as a compromise that the London Association should admit to membership professional clubs within the jurisdictions of the Associations of Middlesex and Surrey, and that the two last-named Associations should continue as before to admit only amateurs. This proposal was peremptorily rejected by the Council of the London Association as "unsatisfactory," presumably because they did not wish to lose the subscriptions of the amateur clubs which would be transferred to the other Associations, and the original motion was brought on again at a special general meeting of the London Association on 6th February last. A good deal of canvassing was done by the supporters of the Council, and there is abundant evidence that on their side advantage was freely taken of the fact that, whereas the rules of the Association provide that each senior club should be entitled to send two representative *members*, and each junior club one such *member*, to vote at general meetings, the notice convening this meeting invited the clubs to send *representatives*, ignoring the necessity for such representatives to be members of the clubs whom they might purport to represent.

A moment's reflection will show the enormous advantage gained by our opponents who took the view that a vote might be tendered on behalf of a club by a person who was not a member of it. I am aware of an assertion that illegal voting of this kind occurred on both sides, and my answer is that whereas the party to which I belong have in their possession numerous letters indiscriminately soliciting tickets of admission, no one, so far as I know, has ever offered to produce such a document emanating from our side, or suggested a fragment of evidence in support of the charge. Again, the rules of the London Association provide that "no alteration shall be made in the rules . . . unless supported by, at least, two-thirds of those *present*." Each representative as he entered the room was required to state in writing his name and that of the club which he claimed to represent, and he thereupon received a voting-paper with which he could, if he wished, record his vote there and then, without waiting to hear the discussion. Every vote so tendered was accepted and counted, and at the conclusion of the meeting the result was announced by the chairman, Lord Kinnaird, in substance as follows:—607 voting papers were issued (or in other words, as we think, the number of those present within the meaning of the rule last quoted was 607). Of these, 562 voted, 376 for the motion, and 186 against. Two-thirds of 607 being

404·66, it seemed to us, especially having regard to the fact that all those who left before the poll took place were allowed to vote if they wished, that the motion was lost; but another view commended itself to the chairman. By the ingenious assumption that those who voted before the poll was taken were "present," and that all those who for any reason did not see fit to vote (even though they might have remained in the room till now) were not present, he arrived at the conclusion that the number of those present was 562, and that two-thirds of 562 being 374·66 the motion was accordingly carried with *a vote and a fraction* to spare. Rather a doubtful short head, I think you will agree! I have had a good deal to do with both lawyers and sportsmen, and indeed I claim to belong to both classes myself, but I do not hesitate to express the opinion that in order to find an argument in favour of this decision it would be wiser to consult a member of that profession which a friend once described to me as being frequently mentioned in the Gospels, but never, so far as he knew, with any pronounced marks of approval.

Immediately upon hearing the chairman's declaration the leaders of the minority demanded a scrutiny of the votes, and according to the report of the meeting which appeared in the *Sportsman* of the following day the chairman announced that a scrutiny would be held; but nevertheless all subsequent efforts to obtain from the Council of the London Association any definite promise to hold a scrutiny proved entirely unsuccessful, and on 22nd February the representatives of the dissentient clubs forming the minority held a meeting and appointed a committee to deal with the matter. This committee, on 3rd March, wrote to the Secretary of the Football Association requesting the Council to receive a deputation to discuss, first, the decision of the London Association with regard to the meeting of 6th February; and secondly, the possibility of forming an Amateur Association to be affiliated to the Football Association. On 22nd March the Secretary replied that, in the opinion of his officers, the first point was entirely a matter for the London Association and not for the Football Association, and that the second point would be considered at a meeting to be held on 2nd April. So far as I know, no such meeting was ever held, nor has the matter ever received any further consideration by the Football Association. About this time a number of the dissentient clubs, who although met on all sides by a blank refusal to consider their grievances were nevertheless actuated by the desire to find a peaceful solution of the difficulty, affiliated themselves to one or other of the still purely amateur Associations of Middlesex and Surrey, so that by merely dropping

their subscriptions to the London Association they might still remain duly affiliated to a District Association governed according to their own ideas. Thereupon the officers of the Football Association, with that high courage which disdains to accept any offer of help out of a difficulty, altered their rules so as to prohibit any withdrawal from membership of a District Association, even for the purpose of transfer to another such Association, except by leave of the Football Association.

The last door of escape having been in this way closed against them, the dissentient clubs, with the object of discovering some means of securing justice, formed a combination which they called the Amateur Defence Federation, and the committee of this body among other steps took that of recommending certain clubs to abstain from entering for the London Association Cup Competitions. The Council of the Football Association promptly called upon them for an explanation of their conduct, and in reply the committee of the Amateur Defence Federation delivered a written statement setting out in full detail, but without any of the comments which I have made, the bare facts briefly recorded above from December 1905 onwards. On 5th November the Council of the Football Association met to consider the explanation, and without making the smallest attempt to dispute any fact alleged or to answer any argument contained in the statement, after some discussion baldly resolved that it was "unsatisfactory," and without more words called upon all clubs who had joined the Amateur Defence Federation immediately to withdraw therefrom. The principal subject of the discussion which I have mentioned was whether the epithet should be "unjustifiable" or "unsportsmanlike," and no one suggested that the explanation deserved more courteous consideration than this blunt resolution. In my time the Council of the Football Association has stigmatised as "unsportsmanlike" the conduct of an Old Boy club which in a hard frost postponed an Amateur Cup tie overnight without consulting the referee. Unfortunately now the same Council has regarded our conduct as "unsatisfactory," and we are left with the consolation that we have so far escaped the charge of being discourteous.

In deference to this last decision of the Council, at a meeting of the Amateur Defence Federation held on 27th November it was resolved that the Federation should be disbanded forthwith, and a Committee was formed to take the necessary steps to call a General Meeting of the Football Association to review the Council's decision of 5th November. This is the position of matters as I write, and it is not for me to attempt to forecast further developments. There are reasons to anticipate that the Council may probably endeavour to

find some ground—I cannot think what—for depriving all clubs which joined the Amateur Defence Federation of the right to play against any other club under the control of the Association. One effect of this would be to leave the Corinthians unable to find a team in England fit to play against them, a contingency which I understand even the Council themselves regard in the light of a calamity, and another effect would be to inflict a grave hardship on many provincial clubs by depriving them, for a time at all events, of the possibility of finding any opponents within reach.

It has been urged upon me by one of the leaders of the professional party—I presume with the object of persuading my party to submit without question to the wise judgment of the Council—that it would not look well for "amateurs to break off" from the Association and give ground for the comment, just or unjust, that they consider themselves too good to play with the poorer classes. The suggestion that such a comment might be made is only too well founded, and I quote it as a specimen of the methods which are employed against us in this controversy. It can hardly be necessary for me to point out that the amateurs had exhausted every resource to *avoid* a split with the Association before they formed their Defence Federation, and if there be a split it will come about only through the suspension of the amateurs by the Football Association, upon the head of whose Council the whole blame will rest. To sum up, speaking merely for myself, it seems clear that the amateurs are determined to resist by all legitimate and honourable means that illegal policy of coercion the object of which is to force them ultimately to submit to professional government. Unless I am very much mistaken the only possible solutions are that the Football Association will either abandon that policy or drive the amateurs to form a separate association, and one or other of these alternatives must in my opinion be realised before the beginning of next football season.

I trust that in this article, the inevitable length of which I regret, I may have succeeded in explaining the controversy sufficiently to enable any sportsman who may wish to do so to interest himself in the further developments which must now be rapidly approaching.

THE HAUNTED HUNT

BY RALPH JOHN

THE smoke-room of the Haycester and County Club looked cheerful enough in the firelight which was slowly getting the better of the dreary winter's day, and the white-haired man lay back in his chair, and, stretching out his slight, neatly-gaitered legs to the blaze, pulled thoughtfully at his cigar.

"As you all probably know," he said at length, "Anthony Nunn took the hounds close on fifty years ago, and hunted them himself for eleven seasons until his death."

He paused with a grim, short laugh.

"'*Until*,' did I say? Well, be that as it may, it is thirty-nine years since Anthony Nunn met with his death, and the Haycester lost the keenest huntsman that ever cheered a hound. The man was born to hunt hounds, he lived to hunt hounds, he died hunting hounds—and then came that ghastly day which I can never recall without a shudder.

"He was too keen; he thought of nothing but the hounds from year's end to year's end. In fact, whether he was always so, or whether it grew upon him, there is not a shadow of doubt that at the last he was a monomaniac on the subject of fox-hunting.

"He always killed a May fox; and there were strange tales about his having been seen cub-hunting by himself with a few couple of hounds in out-of-the-way parts of the country before the end of June. Of course he always denied it, and said that he was merely exercising the hounds; but, knowing the man, I can well believe that rumour, for once, was no liar. It was just the sort of thing he would do. Indeed, as he himself said, only lack of sufficient means prevented him from hunting seven days a week.

"He was very far from being an ideal Master of Hounds. He never considered the field in the least; and time and time again he slipped out of cover without so much as a touch on the horn, leaving the entire field, and sometimes even the whips, too, behind.

It was not selfishness; only that in the hunting field he was practically a hound himself.

"Many considered him bloodthirsty; and certainly he would go to extraordinary lengths to kill his fox, often digging him out of what had seemed the most impregnable places at all hours of the night. The more trouble a fox gave him, the more bent on killing him he became; and if he and his hounds were baffled he used to get beside himself with rage. With him, hunting was not a sport, it was an obsession.

"Fortunately the fox supply in the Haycester country has always been exceptionally good, and fortunately they take a good deal of killing; he would have well-nigh exhausted most countries in a very short time. As it was the show of foxes in some of the more open parts was not what it should have been for several years after Nunn's *régime*.

"He was no society man. He cut an awkward little figure on foot, with his bandy legs and wizened, scowling face like a monkey's. He was a bachelor, and lived by himself in the huntsman's cottage at the kennels, acting as his own kennel-huntsman. He never entertained, and rarely went out anywhere. Away from the hounds he was impossible, curt and morose almost to rudeness; but the Haycester people forgave him all his faults for the sake of the sport he showed.

"The way Anthony Nunn hunted hounds was Fine Art: to watch and listen to him was the most exquisite pleasure I have ever enjoyed. He had a voice like a bell, and the cleverness of the fox himself. I verily believe that people preferred the bad-scenting days to the good in his time, it was such a delight to watch him help hounds. The sheer inspiration of some of his casts was enough to take away one's breath.

"With the hounds he was on the best of terms, and going to cover or returning home used to talk to them as if they were human beings, keeping up a continual prattle, after this style: 'Shall we find a fox in Coney Rough, my lads, think ye? Old Challenger there thinks not. Didn't find there last time, says Challenger.—And which of you boys is going to cut out old Marksman to-day? You, Primate? Primate thinks he'll have a try.—Well, Sympathy, are you going to let us hear your voice to-day, Sympathy? You and I will have to part if you don't find your voice, you know, Sympathy;'—and so on, addressing not a word to any of the field; and even in answer to a question only growling a monosyllable over his shoulder. To ride over hounds would have been as much as anyone's life was worth. I once saw him thrash a man, whose horse had kicked a hound, till he had to be dragged off him. Although he

looked such a shrivelled-up little fellow, Nunn could box like Nat Langham and hit like a kicking horse.

"There was one hound in particular that was the apple of his eye; an ugly hare-pied brute called Marksman, in his eighth season and still running to head when Nunn's death took place. This hound was so savage that none of the men at the kennels dared handle him, but with Nunn he was as gentle as a lamb. He was a wonderful working hound with a curious deep voice, and a marvel at holding a cold line. We used to say that Nunn's 'For-ard to Marksman!' was as good as a view-hallo, and that the two were sufficient to account for any fox. Anthony Nunn and the Haycester Marksman were renowned all over England.

"I have dwelt somewhat on Nunn's peculiarities because, to my mind, when it is realised what manner of man he was, the experiences which I am about to relate become so much more credible. Looking back with a calm mind, the whole thing seems to me in perfect accord.

"I have told you how the killing of his fox was the be-all and end-all with him, how he looked upon the hunted fox as his natural and most deadly enemy, and how he would rage if Reynard managed to save his brush. To lose a fox affected him like a mortal insult, and he would brood over it until he was satisfied that he had brought the offender to book.

"That last fox was a typical instance. Twelve days before Nunn's death the hounds met at Yewbarrow Mill, then as now in the Monday country. We found a fox in Canonby Whin, and he broke close to where I was standing. He was good to know, that fox, and I could have sworn to him again among hundreds: a great raking, grey dog-fox, with most of his brush missing. Details of the run are immaterial; it is enough to tell you that after a clinker of eighty minutes we lost him the other side of Hareham, and, try as he might, Anthony Nunn with all his craft was beaten. Of course it upset him as usual, and he took hounds home there and then.

"No one acquainted with Nunn's idiosyncrasies was surprised when the following Monday's meet was changed from Wingley to Yewbarrow Mill. Again we found the big grey fox in Canonby Whin; and he gave us an even better run than before: by Hareham, Owland Banks, and Buckfield; over Priestland Park and Shepley Down; past Hindholt to Windleby, where, after two hours and thirty minutes, we lost him again. This time Nunn's fury was a sight to behold. He raved and cursed, and screamed out, '*I'll kill that —— bobtail if I have to jump the gates of Hell to do it!*' He tried forward and back, round and round, every place that could

possibly hold a fox. Long after the last remnant of the field had gone home he was at it, until pitch darkness forced him to give it up.

"Eccentric as we thought him, no one was prepared for his next move. The next day messengers and telegrams were flying about the country to say that Wednesday's meet was abandoned, and that hounds would meet next on Friday at Yewbarrow Mill *at* 9 *a.m.* The telegrams bore the cryptic addition, '*Cub-hunting.*'

"Naturally the people, especially those on the Wednesday and Friday sides, were furious, and the weight of their wrath fell on the Secretary, a mild person, very much in awe of Nunn, who could throw no light on the enigma. Many indignation meetings were held, and feeling ran so high that the Mastership of the Haycester Hounds would certainly have become vacant at the end of the season, even had the event not been precipitated as it was.

"Under the circumstances a very small field turned out at Yewbarrow Mill on the Friday. There were not half a dozen of us, besides the remarkable cavalcade that arrived with hounds. Nunn had with him not only the whips and second horseman, but every man and boy in any way connected with the kennels; all his own and the hunt servants' horses were out, ridden by stablemen, feeders, and what not; and he had brought every hound that had a leg to stand on: dogs and bitches, forty-seven couple in all.

"Nunn himself looked as if he had been out of bed for a week; and we heard afterwards that, having spent all the preceding days in destroying every earth and stopping every place where the fox could get in between Canonby Whin and Ridgeweather Hill, he had been out with the earthstopper the night before the meet, had gone carefully over all his work again to make sure that it was intact, and had then returned to Canonby Whin, watched the grey fox out, and made all safe behind him.

"He never even stopped his horse at the meet, ignored our salutations, and went straight on to cover.

"When we got to the Whin he turned round and addressed us; and then we understood the meaning of the strange telegram and of his miscellaneous following. 'Get all round it,' he said, 'and hold him up like a cub.' I think it had dawned upon all of us by this time that the man was insane, so, thinking it best to humour him, we spread ourselves out round the Whin.

"However, you know what a wild, straggling place it is, even now; and we were not nearly numerous enough to invest every corner of it, especially with a bold, enterprising customer like the grey fox inside. And sure enough, hounds were barely in when he broke at the far end and went away like a greyhound.

"Nunn came tearing out to the hallo, black in the face with

passion, and blowing the gone-away note as if he would burst his lips. The forty-seven couple swept out like a great breaking wave and opened on the line with a crash of music that I have never heard the like of. I could hear old Marksman throwing his tongue like an organ above them all, and Nunn's beautiful voice blaspheming and cheering them on.

"THE HORSE WENT INTO THE BANK LIKE A SHOT FROM A GUN, AND TURNED A COMPLETE SOMERSAULT"

"I can shut my eyes and think I see him now, with his eyes glaring out of his ape face with madness. Driving his horse along and 'forrarding' to the hounds, he never seemed to realise that there was a bank just in front of him, and was within two strides of it when he awoke to his danger. He tried to collect his

horse, but the impetus was too great; the horse went into it like a shot from a gun, turned a complete somersault, and came down on the other side with a *thud* that could have been heard fields away. When we got over, there were two things to be done at once: to send for a gun to finish the horse, and the whips after the hounds to stop them if possible. One look at Nunn as we turned him over was enough. The full weight of the horse must have come on his head with tremendous force, smashing his skull and driving his face into the ground.

"It was the middle of January when Nunn was killed; and a fortnight after the funeral we hunted again, the first whip carrying the horn, under a temporary committee, for a couple of months.

"Next season Furlong, from the Burstover, took the mastership, bringing his own whips and engaging a professional huntsman. This huntsman was one of the slow, 'try-back,' family-coachman sort, and although, thanks to a succession of good-scenting days in the early part of the season, we had fair sport, the proceedings seemed very dull after Nunn's brilliance.

"Furlong brought a few hounds of his own, but took over the greater part of Nunn's pack, and even these seemed affected by the changed spirit of things. Old Marksman in particular was not like the same animal: from being the oracle of the pack he became a mute, listless shirker; so markedly so that Furlong talked of putting him down, and the huntsman remarked with a grin, 'So this is the famous Marksman!'

"The hounds had not been in Canonby Whin at all that season until one day late in December, nearly a year after Nunn's death, when they met at the 'Black Bull,' which, as you know, is a very few miles from there. There was no scent in the morning, and we had done nothing but potter about until we came to the Whin in the afternoon. There I got on to my second horse, a brown, five-year-old thoroughbred called Pride of Tyrone, which I had bought out of Ireland for a longer price than I could really afford, but which I confidently expected him to recover with interest as a steeplechaser: I even cherished golden dreams of future Grand Nationals. My young horse was rather a handful in a crowd, so I went on to the whip at the far end of the cover.

"We had not long to wait before there was a whimper; and half a minute later, there, stealing away, was my old acquaintance the big, grey, bobtailed fox. Away he went on his familiar line; and I, with the thoughtlessness of youth, and in the excitement of getting well away with hounds, never recked that I was riding at the very part of the bank which had been fatal to Anthony Nunn. I was coming nicely at it, when suddenly Pride of Tyrone swerved,

crossed his legs and fell, shooting me out of the saddle. Quite unhurt, I picked myself up at once. Pride of Tyrone was already on his feet some yards away, drenched with sweat and plunging back towards the Whin. As I started to go after him, he circled round at a canter and went at the bank exactly as if he had been ridden at it. I was too late to intercept him, and he popped on and off like a bird, and strode away over the rise of the next field.

"I remember noticing as he went past me that the reins had somehow got caught on the saddle.

"By this time the field were galloping by me, some going over the bank as the shortest way, others following the huntsman through a gap a hundred yards or more to the right.

"Running across the next field and climbing on to the next bank for a better view, I could see the hounds fairly racing, and close up with them, served by his great speed, was the runaway Pride of Tyrone; a widening space between him and the rapidly tailing field.

"Pursuit on foot and in riding boots was out of the question, and as there was no probability of anyone stopping him my anxiety was great lest he should manage to injure himself.

"I was at my wits' end what to do until it occurred to me that my first horse might still be within hail. I ran back as fast as I could across the two fields and on to the road at the top of the Whin, where I came upon a group of second horsemen just turning away from watching the disappearing hounds, and among them was my man. Fortunately we had done nothing to speak of before I changed on to Pride of Tyrone, so the horse was quite fresh, and I galloped down the line in pursuit of the fugitive.

"Hounds and Pride of Tyrone and all were out of sight and earshot by this time, but the tracks of the horses led straight away over the line the grey fox knew so well. It was not long before I began to meet people coming back, thrown out by falling or beaten by the pace, among them the first whip with his horse badly staked. But of Pride of Tyrone there was not a sign, and the tale of casualties did not tend to lessen my uneasiness on his account.

"The tracks became fewer and fewer, and at length between Humbleby Farm and Buckfield I encountered a man leading his horse back. From him I learnt that the pace, terrific for the first few miles, had slackened to a slow hunting run, when he, alone of all the field anywhere within sight of the hounds, had come to grief. He said that when he last saw the hounds they were running straight ahead, more slowly now, but in full cry; and right up alongside them, moving like a machine, as though he revelled in the game, was my embryo racehorse.

"Wasting no time, I followed Pride of Tyrone's trail. For the greater part of the way it was plain enough, and I was able to travel at a good pace; but in places, especially on the Downs and higher-lying grass lands, it was only with the greatest difficulty that I could find anything to guide me at all.

"The tracks went straight over Priestland Park and Shepley Down to just below Hindholt, where the fox had evidently been headed and had swung left-handed along Kelton Bottom. I saw the tracks of the hounds in the soft ground there, and knew that Pride of Tyrone was still with them.

"Coming up by Checkley on to the high land again the line lay to the right over Anyman's Down to Cockover Wood, where the hoof-prints were a puzzle that took me some time to unravel. From what I could make of it, Pride of Tyrone had galloped into the wood, had turned back half way down the ride, had walked and trotted back, standing still more than once, and had broken into a gallop again before leaving the wood by the way he had entered it, going away in the direction of Swingstone.

"In another hour or so it would be too dark to see any tracks at all, and as I seemed to be no nearer to Pride of Tyrone than when I started, my chance of catching him before nightfall appeared remote in the extreme; but I was determined to persevere while I could, and kept plodding along on the trail.

"From Swingstone it led right on by High Firs and Kyte Common, as straight as a die past Ridgeweather Hill, and on to the Teal Valley. Sinking the valley, I followed it on through Frogbere plantations and across the water-meadows straight to the Teal.

"'Surely,' I thought, 'the water would stop him.' But no; I saw the marks where he had taken off. 'What a horse!' I thought, 'what a horse!' The Teal at that point was 30 ft. across.

"I knew the horse I was riding could not jump it, so going round by the bridge, quarter of a mile higher up towards the village, I came along the opposite bank till I found the tracks again. As the valley was already in twilight this was no easy matter, but I struck them at length and discovered that Pride of Tyrone had landed with a yard to spare, and gone straight on without hesitating.

"By this time my mount had had quite enough of it, and as I had more and more difficulty every minute in tracking my way along, I came to the conclusion that further pursuit was hopeless, and was just turning my horse's head in the direction of home when the sound of a hoof on a road caught my ear.

"I rode quickly towards the sound, and, sitting on his horse in the lane which leads up out of the valley by the edge of Baron's Wood, came upon the new huntsman listening intently with his hand behind

his ear. Though how he, who never jumped a stick if he could help it, and almost a stranger in the country, had managed to get so far, I could not imagine. Certainly he had a marvellous knack of picking his way about by lanes and gates, and this was the only direction in which I ever knew him to exhibit the least intelligence.

" ' Hark ! ' he said, when he caught sight of me, ' Hark ! they're in there,' and pointed up to where Baron's Wood, lying along the top of the valley side, loomed against the sunset sky. I stopped my horse and listened, but the bellringers were practising in Frogbere Church, and the sound, echoing from both sides of the valley, lent itself to any construction the imagination liked to put upon it.

" ' They're in there,' said the huntsman, ' I heard them before the bells began. And there's someone hunting them ! '

" Someone hunting them ! At this piece of information the notion flashed across me that I had come all this way on a wild-goose chase. What more likely than that someone had nicked in with them, probably when the fox had swung out to Checkley and back to Cockover Wood ? And had I read aright the riddle of the returning tracks in Cockover Wood ? I was convinced that I had been following a single line of tracks and that those belonged to Pride of Tyrone. ' But,' I said to myself, ' I am not a Red Indian, and it is quite possible that I have made a mistake somewhere in spite of all my care.' After all, was it probable that any horse, least of all a young one who had that season seen hounds for the first time, would, of his own free will and riderless, stick to them all through a run like that, jumping everything as it came and the Teal as well ? The more I reasoned the more absurd did the idea seem.

" As we sat there straining our ears, a labourer came down the lane from the direction of the wood. ' The Hounds ? ' he said in answer to our questions. ' Yes, they've been up there hunting about in the big wood this half-hour. Yes, there's someone with them, I heard him. No, I didn't see him ; I saw some of the dogs ; and there's a horse that's lost his master.'

" We rode up the lane and turned into the wood. ' Now,' said the huntsman, ' we shall see who is meddling with my hounds.'

" We had gone some way along the main ride before we heard the hounds running towards us from the left. They came nearer and nearer, and presently burst out of the undergrowth about eighty yards ahead of us, turned sharp left-handed, and went straight up the ride in full cry. Just as they passed a branch ride leading from the left, an object dashed out of it and followed in their wake. It was Pride of Tyrone in full career.

" Both our horses were dead beat, so, bucket along as we might, we could not keep the hounds in view, and the cry was getting

fainter and fainter when the huntsman's horse behind me came down with a squelch and a clatter. I never even stopped—I am afraid I set more value on Pride of Tyrone—but sent my horse along for all he was worth to the end of the wood. There I found that the hounds had crossed the road into Oxlow Wood, Pride of Tyrone with them.

"As you know, Oxlow Wood is an irregular crescent in shape, with only one ride through it lengthways, and a horse can therefore only get in or out at the ends, or horns, of the crescent. It was just the same in those days; so, having made sure that Pride of Tyrone had entered, I cut across to the far end, thinking to intercept him. There were no tracks leading out of the wood, and the chances were against his turning back, so I awaited developments.

"The sun was just setting blood-red. The sky in the west was like a sheet of flame. Not a breath of wind stirred the woods, and behind them the mist was creeping out of the Teal Valley. The bells of Frogbere Church were still faintly audible, mingling with the intermittent cry of hounds, which, now on one side of the wood, now on the other, was gradually coming towards me.

"At length the cry ceased altogether, and then from the wood came a sound that made my spine crawl.

"It was a voice.

"A voice that never had a like: the voice of *Anthony Nunn!*

"'*Yeu-eup!*' it went, '*Try for-ard!*'

"With the cold sweat dripping off me I sat there paralysed; and the beautiful voice came on:

"'*Eu, Marksman!—Yooi, my lads!—Yooi, wind him!*' Nearer and nearer it came, ringing and echoing through the wood like a bell. And still I sat there. My limbs were lead and my brain was numb, and I sat there waiting, for what unspeakable apparition I had no conception.

"Louder and louder it grew: '*Yeu-eup!—Push him up!—Yooi, my lads!—Yeu, try in there!*'

"Then from the wood there crept the dim form of the grey bobtailed fox. With one foot raised he stood listening a moment, and stole away towards the sunset.

"In cover a hound spoke, then another: a deep note like an otter-hound.

"The voice cheered him till the air throbbed, '*Huic!—Huic!—Huic! to Marksman!—Ho-o-o-o-ick!*'

"The old hound crashed through the brushwood, alert and eager—the Marksman of yore. Throwing that sonorous tongue of his, with his nose on the line he drove along. Scoring to cry the hounds poured out. And then, every muscle on my body literally twitching, I heard the voice close at hand, and an approaching horse.

"It seemed hours that I stared with aching eyes that I dared not blink at the end of the ride where the Thing must appear.

"What I saw burnt into my brain.

"Out of the wood came—*Pride of Tyrone!*

"Pride of Tyrone, white with lather, eyes wild and nostrils

"OUT OF THE WOOD CAME PRIDE OF TYRONE"

distended. The bit was pressing on his mouth; the reins extended stiffly back from the bit to empty air above the withers. They were held in a grasp, and they were held by—*nothing!*

"And from the empty air above the saddle, from on a level with my own head, pealed and cheered that clarion voice.

"Pride of Tyrone passed close by me: I could have touched

him. And as he passed a sense of unutterable, nameless horror and doom swept over me. And the voice blared like a trumpet right in my ear: '*For-ard. Awa-ay!*'

"Blind with terror, I drove the spurs into my horse and rode for my life.

"My recollection of the journey home is a blurred jumble of furious galloping and weary leading of a foundered horse.

"Next morning I went to the kennels. I found the huntsman, scared and shaken, big with news. After the fall his horse was dead lame, and as he could not hear a sound of the hounds he went home. It was after nine o'clock when he got to the kennels; the whips were already there, having collected four and a half couple of lost hounds—all new hounds of Furlong's. Of the rest of the eighteen couple taken out in the morning there was not a trace.

"He got his supper and went to bed; and had been asleep some time when he was aroused by a violent knocking at the door, which continued until his hand was on the latch to open it. He looked out. In the yard, which was as light as day with brilliant moonlight, stood six couple of hounds. Not a sign of anything else. He was about to call out, when such a feeling of utter horror came over him as he had no words to describe. Something was hurled past his head into the house. And out of nothing, right in his face rang yells and shrieks of unearthly laughter.

"How he even managed to bang the door to, and how long he crouched there sick with fright, he had no idea. He left the six couple outside to shift for themselves till daylight.

"He showed me the object thrown through the door. Still lying where it had fallen was the mangled, wolfish mask of a great dog-fox, and crammed into the mouth were the four pads and a grey fragment of a brush.

"During the next few days tidings came in.

"Pride of Tyrone was found, stiff and dead, in a lonely by-road within five miles of the kennels.

"Singly and in twos and threes the rest of the hounds came back, led, in carts, and limping home alone on weary bleeding feet.

"By the end of the week there was only one hound unaccounted for. Then we had the story of the doctor at Stoatswold, in the heart of the Oaklands country.

"Driving home late on the night of the run, he heard hounds killing a fox on the moor above the village, and someone whooping and whooping till the whole countryside resounded.

"The doctor said it was gruesome and turned him cold. The villagers heard it, broad awake, and shivered in their beds.

"Next day on the moor, surrounded by the remains and frag-

ments of a fox, they found a hound, dead. It was old Marksman. They must have run nearly forty miles.

"Nothing of a like nature ever occurred again," said the white-haired man, after a pause. "For years there were rumours among the country people of a deep-voiced hound being heard at night,

"HOUNDS WERE KILLING A FOX ON THE MOORS ABOVE THE VILLAGE"

particularly in one part, and of a man's voice cheering him. But the evidence was never at first hand."

The white-haired man lit a fresh cigar.

"Yes," he said, "it is strange that we never find a fox in Canonby Whin."

THE SHIPWRECK OF A BOBSLEIGH

CONCERNING TOBOGGANING AND TOBOGGANS

BY M. C. FAIR

IT is prophesied by many that the winter now upon us will be a hard one, with long spells of snow and frost. If these prophets prove true, everyone will be getting skates out and in readiness; and there will be many in hilly districts who will be manufacturing, or causing to be made for them by the village carpenter and blacksmith, toboggans whereon they may disport themselves in the snow.

There are few sports more delightful than tobogganing, but it is not, as a rule, made nearly as much of in England as it might be. The average English exponent of the art, unless he or she has been in Switzerland or elsewhere outside their native land, does not seem to realise the fact that a toboggan can be steered easily round corners and otherwise guided and controlled; also that the usual home-made affairs are clumsy, heavy, and generally primitive in construction.

The kind of toboggan largely used in Switzerland (known by some as Château D'Oex "luges") is very suitable for the kind of tobogganing we get in England or Scotland. These are light, handy

to carry or drag, if due care is taken in their construction they will steer almost to a hair's-breadth, and a great pace can be got out of them on a track which has got beaten hard and firm.*

I have one at present in my possession (brought from Switzerland strapped into a hold-all) which has seen service for some six years, and is as strong and sound as ever. It could easily be copied by any carpenter, and the runners made by a blacksmith.

Its measurements are as follows:—

Top frame (A, B, in diagram)	- 30 in. long by	1¼ in. by	¾ in. thick.
Cross-pieces of top (C, D, in diagram)	16 in. ,,	1¼ in. ,,	1 in. ,,
Four uprights (E, F, in diagram)	- 5¼ in. ,,	1¼ in. ,,	1 in. ,,

TOWING THE TOBOGGAN UP THE HILL

Whole length of runners is 35 in.; width, 1 in.; depth, including iron shoeing, 1½ in. These runners between the uprights (G, H) are 15 in.; behind the back uprights, 2¾ in. (K, L).

The seat is formed of three slats 20 in. long by 1½ in. by ⅜ in. These slats are run through the two cross-pieces of the framework.

The toboggan must be made of well-seasoned ash wood, regular and straight in grain, and free from knots or flaws. The two runners must be accurately adjusted and straight, or the toboggan will not

steer properly. They are of bent wood (in one piece) iron shod. The little vehicle is steered either by means of a spiked stick held in each hand, or (and the steering is finer by this method) by means

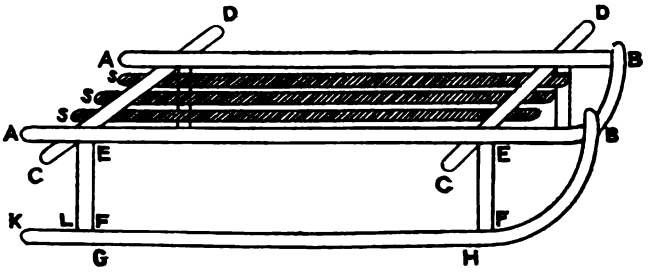


DIAGRAM OF CHATEAU D'OEX TOBOGGAN
S Slats forming seat

of the heels of the rider. Thick boots, the heels square and edged with ice-nails, are the best for this method. A touch will be found sufficient for the purpose, especially as much is also achieved by the balance of the body. Corners are best "negotiated" on the *inner* side of the curve. If the toboggan is taken round a sharp curve at a high speed a skid is the result, and the rider bites the snow. If, however, you hug the inside of the curve you will go neatly round the corner and maintain your equilibrium. Jumps should be taken with the toboggan heading quite straight for the obstacle; if you try to take a jump sideways a spill is certain.

ON A ROAD WHERE THERE IS MUCH TOBOGGANING IN SWITZERLAND—AN AWKWARD CURVE AND THE PLACE TO TAKE IT IN SAFETY

A "bobsleigh" of two or more persons on single toboggans is formed by the first taking hold of the ankles of the toboggan rider behind, and so on *ad infinitum*. The steering is done by the leader with a little assistance by means of spiked sticks from the last

member of the "bob" team. A long "bob" formed in this way is very difficult to engineer safely round corners; one of four or five persons will gather tremendous pace, and be found as a rule quite sufficient to manage in safety.

It is possible, in case of emergency, to pull up very quickly when riding a toboggan by taking hold of the upper frame just where the curve of the runners joins the side-pieces, and throwing the weight on to the heel of the runners.

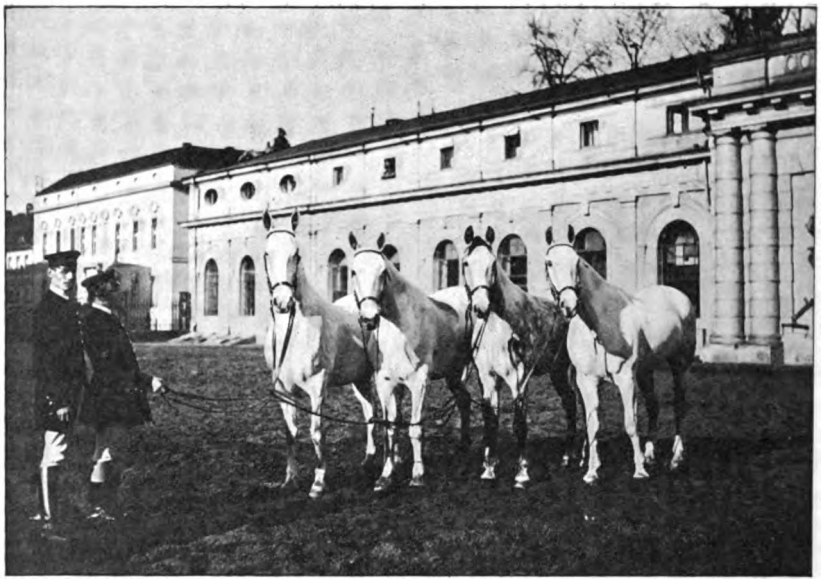
Toboggan races on the time system are easily organised, and

COASTING—THE START

are a capital winter sport, especially with a good long track with banked curves and a hard surface. Jumps are dangerous on a racing track, and should be avoided.

"Coasting" is a fascinating, though dangerous, variety of the sport. In this form the rider pushes off in a kneeling position, and when fairly started lies head foremost, steering either with the feet or a spiked stick. Coasting, however, save for experts, is not to be recommended, though it is very exciting, and a tremendous pace may be got up.

Digitized by Google



MATADOR, MARLBROOK, MACBETH, AND MASTER, ARE DEEPLY INTERESTED IN THE CAMERA

THE RIDING STABLES OF THE GERMAN EMPEROR

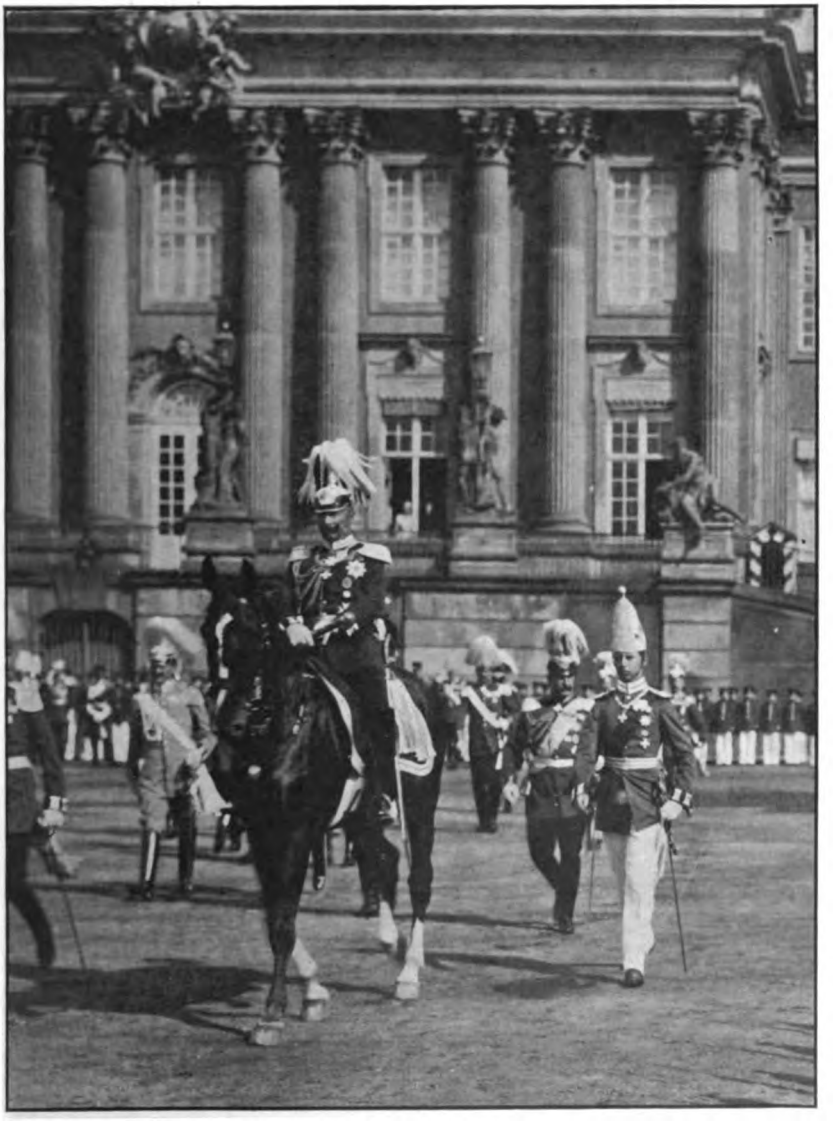
BY ANNE TOPHAM [1]

PROBABLY no monarch of modern times is so frequently seen on horseback by his subjects as William II., German Emperor and King of Prussia. In Berlin, in the New Palace near Potsdam, at Wilhelmshöhe, in Homburg, wherever, in fact, it is possible to provide sufficient accommodation for his numerous horses, the Kaiser rides forth daily, weather and circumstances permitting. The ride may be taken through the town, or only along the country cornfields; but a certain amount of ceremony, traditional in the Prussian Court, is always observed on these occasions.

The Emperor and the five or six gentlemen and equerries of his retinue invariably wear uniform, as do the regular stable officials in attendance on His Majesty. These latter consist of the Leibstallmeister, or personal Master of the Horse, who is usually a cavalry officer of much experience and skill, to whom is entrusted the

[1] The writer of this paper speaks from experience, having frequently ridden with Their Majesties and the Imperial Princes.—ED.

superintendence and training of all horses ridden by the Emperor; a Sattelmeister or non-commissioned officer of one of the cavalry regiments of which His Majesty is colonel, who also partakes largely



THE EMPEROR ON NETTELBECK AT THE INSTALLATION IN THE REGIMENT OF HIS FIFTH SON, PRINCE OSCAR

in the same duties; a soldier of the Life Guards, and six or seven grooms in the royal livery. If the Empress accompanies her husband on his ride, a lady-in-waiting, a second Stallmeister and

Sattelmeister, and several extra grooms, are added to the cavalcade, which then consists of from twenty to twenty-five riders.

During the residence of Their Majesties at Wilhelmshöhe, near Cassel, in the month of August, a little crowd of people is always gathered round the gate of the Castle Gardens to see the Emperor come out for his morning ride. Soon after seven o'clock, while the dew still lingers on every blade of grass, sparkling in the early sunshine, a flurried sentry flings open the light iron gate, and round the curve of the garden path a gallant figure in hussar or jäger uniform, William II., surrounded by his brilliant suite, comes slowly pacing forth. They pass along the road between the ranks of the people, who flutter wildly enthusiastic handkerchiefs under the noses of the horses, pressing forward and waving hats and umbrellas with an exuberant loyalty that has a sublime disregard for equine nerves. It is rarely, however, that any of the horses are at all discomposed by these affectionate demonstrations, for they have all undergone a training whose object has been to make them proof against the varied shocks they are likely to encounter in their career, and have learned to remain calm in the face of shrieking crowds, banging drums, barking snapping dogs, bicycles, automobiles, and all the thousand-and-one terrors that modern civilisation is prone suddenly to spring on them.

Still, horses are inconsequential creatures, and, like Voltaire's prophet Habakkuk, *capable de tout*. In spite of the most detailed care and precaution, there is always the chance of an animal stumbling on a greasy road, or of its suddenly exhibiting, in the irrational way of its kind, some little trick or hitherto unrevealed waywardness extremely out of place in a royal horse.

A heavy burden of care and responsibility lies on the shoulders of the Oberstallmeister, as the head of the stables is called. He has 360 carriage and saddle horses under his charge, besides the small army of grooms, stablemen, etc., the measures for whose discipline and welfare exact constant attention and thought. He needs, in addition to a deep and all-embracing knowledge of matters equine, an unusual amount of tact, forcefulness, and diplomacy, together with correct judgment of both men and horses, and almost supernatural insight and patience. To the manifold duties of his post must be added a capacity for listening affably to much superabundant advice, which men with pet theories on horsemanship, but no practical experience and equally little conception of the difficulties of stable management, will pour upon him like water. The present chief of the stables, Baron von Reischach, formerly Master of the Horse to the late Empress Frederic, was appointed to the position barely two years ago, and has, in the comparatively

short time he has been in office, introduced many useful reforms into stable methods.

He is ably seconded in all his efforts at improvement and efficiency by perhaps the best man for the purpose who could have been found in Germany, Freiherr von Holzing, distinguished as a dashing and clever rider, an enthusiast in his particular branch of work, and full to the finger-tips of sporting instincts. To him falls the difficult but honourable task of selecting and training the horses of the Emperor.

ODO AND STALLMEISTER HERR VON ESEBECK

When one reflects upon the fact that the art of equitation in the Fatherland has, up to comparatively recent times, been almost entirely restricted to the various German Courts, and to the army, it is not surprising to find German ideals on the subject very different from English ones, and it is only natural that the above-mentioned influences should have tended greatly to modify the style of horsemanship.

The German, while conceding to the Englishman superiority as a rider, considers himself, and with some reason, to be a much better "breaker" of horses. He is astonished that the Englishman

spends so little time and pains in properly schooling the animals he rides, and has himself, inspired by the responsibility of providing safe yet withal young and fiery horses for the use of royal and princely personages, evolved a very complete and effective system of breaking, which he practises with that diligent and painstaking industry characteristic of Teutonic methods. He spends countless long hours with his pupil in the riding-school, teaching him with praiseworthy interest and patience to arch his neck, to champ the bit, to stand and move gracefully, to trot, to gallop, starting with the right or left leg as his master wishes; sometimes, if the pupil be particularly apt, he is taught various artificial steps, such as Spanish trot, marching, etc.; then, after weeks of unwearied effort, the horse, like a young lady making her *début*, is allowed to appear in public and show off his accomplishments, while his rider proceeds to "witch the world with noble horsemanship." Displays of too much equine spirits are peculiarly out of place when involved with parades or court ceremonials, and there is no question of the German method being very efficacious in rendering a horse docile.

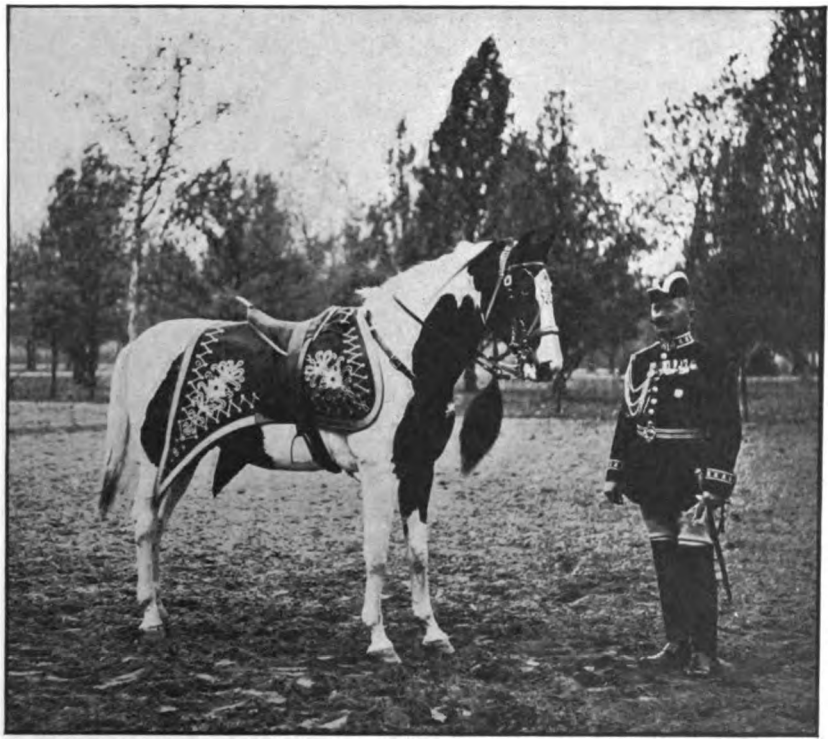
The younger generation in Germany has, however, begun to awaken to the charms of a freer style of riding, and, much to the regret of the old school, now prefers to risk its bones in the hunting field, instead of cultivating the safer elegances of the "Reitbahn."

An Englishman rides principally that he may hunt, he needs a quick intelligent horse, a willing jumper, and one that can take him swiftly and safely over obstacles and varieties of ground; and he does not much mind how ugly may be the animal that carries him if only he is "a good 'un to go." Riding in England has always been more connected with sport than with utility, it has been confined to no particular class, and the sporting farmer, a totally unknown species in Germany, has ever been welcomed and encouraged among the hunting fraternity. The Englishman has little love for the accomplishments of the riding-school, he prefers to train his horse out of doors, and rides it untrammelled by any particular rules beyond the few simple axioms presented to him in his youth by the family coachman, travelling gaily onwards across country, his conscience as unsmitten by the length of his steed's neck as it was by the vicious kick the said steed bestowed on the ribs of Mrs. Jones's mare as they crowded together through the gateway.

For many years, in the Fatherland, the standard of beauty in a horse has been the "classic" form, the curvetting, prancing steed of the equestrian statue, with its beautifully rounded neck and thickened muscles, one foot gracefully pawing the air, while the

other three engage in a kind of circus dance; and in proportion as a horse approached to this model was it admired.

Unfortunately, this classic style, the beloved of artists and sculptors of all ages, out of which no hero of ancient or modern times could be considered efficiently portrayed on horseback, either on canvas, in marble or bronze, and more or less faithful artistic conceptions of which style meet the eye of the admiring tourist so frequently in the streets of Berlin, is, if too zealously persisted in



HARLEQUIN, WITH SADDLE TRAPPINGS, AS RIDDEN BY THE EMPEROR WHEN IN COMMAND OF THE 2ND HUSSARS

apt to stultify the development of the more useful characteristics of a horse. To many, it is directly harmful. By dint of being industriously ridden on the curb in the riding-school for some time, the animal acquires a gracefully curved neck with outstanding, muscles, reminiscent of Grecian friezes, together with a stately, rocking-horse gait. Across country he would be quite useless, as it is physically impossible for him to jump any ordinary obstacle with the head held in the position inexorably demanded by the rules of classic form; but for military exercises and parades, the dignified

trot or canter of a horse trained in this manner creates an effect of controlled power and majesty very appropriate to the occasion, and extremely satisfying to the eye of the spectator.

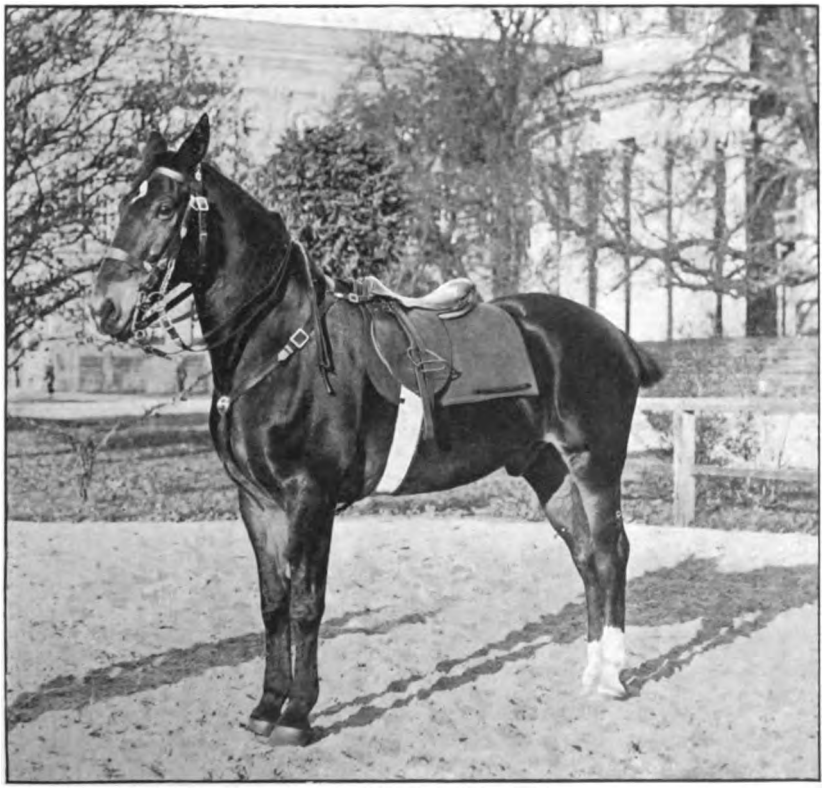
Naturally a horse cannot be a specialist in the art of the riding-school and also across country, but he is capable of learning something of both styles, and of adapting them to circumstances, with a little help from his rider. An animal trained to go only in the classic style is in danger of learning it "not wisely, but too well," for, perceiving, with that brute intelligence that sometimes in rare individuals amounts to reason, but in the majority of cases is merely a perception of cause and effect, that his rider wishes him to carry his head downwards towards his chest, he does it with such good will and exaggerated zeal that the curb loses its governing power, and the horse, if at all hard-mouthed, becomes impossible of control.

One animal who for years adorned the royal stables, Pastor by name, was a warning example, among others, of the mischief worked by persistence in an educational groove. He had been subjected to an unadulterated course of beauty culture, and made a splendid figure in the riding-school, where he would trot or canter or volt or sweep in gradually decreasing circles, with a grace and docility which excited the admiration of all beholders. He was also occasionally exercised in company with several stable companions upon the Bornstedter Feld, the extensive sandy plain where the Cavalry manœuvre, and across which the Emperor gallops daily when in residence at the New Palace.

The humble writer of these lines, having ridden Pastor several times in the riding-school with great success, was permitted, by a recently appointed Stallmeister, who rashly assumed from the propriety of the horse's behaviour in his presence that he was peculiarly suitable as a lady's mount, to sally forth accompanied by a Sattelmeister to "see how he went outside."

All went well until Pastor, who I am convinced to this day was a horse of the best intentions, was allowed to start galloping in the delightfully untrammelled freedom and space found outside the riding-school, when he seemed to become totally oblivious of any further wishes of his rider. All known and unknown methods of bringing a horse to a walk, beginning with the most delicate and gently persuasive down to the vigorous measures inspired by the energy of despair, failed to have any further effect than to make him lay his chin comfortably on his own chest and continue, always correctly "classic," sweeping onward in a delirium of speed. A gate or fence might have caused him to slacken his pace, but these do not exist in the country lying round Potsdam, where broad sandy cart-roads stretch on for miles between the cornfields.

Indispensable to a complete enjoyment of the sensation of being hurried through space is the willing acquiescence in the scheme of things of the person hurried. In this instance it was totally lacking. Fortunately the man who had been pounding alongside with a horror-stricken face, shouting ineffectual advice, and making frequent futile grabs at the reins, at last pulled up; and immediately he did so Pastor stopped likewise. He was accustomed to be exercised in company with other horses, and to model his conduct on theirs,



HERCULES, A GRAND BROWN HORSE FREQUENTLY RIDDEN AT PARADES BY THE EMPEROR

and had no doubt been waiting to hear the "Halt" with which the German Sattelmeister brings the squad of horses under his charge to a standstill. The uncomfortable pressure of the bit, the poor misguided beast had evidently, to judge by results, merely regarded as a hint to put his nose lower down. To keep constantly hauling up his head by the snaffle was the only possible way to control him, and this arm-wrenching performance was so little conducive to the

pleasure of the ride that it was on the whole better to "give him leave to go." His mighty gallop was certainly exhilarating to the spirits, but so unorthodox for any horse destined to appear in court circles that on the following days it was thought more prudent to seek out the most solitary and least frequented paths, where these unhallowed spins could take place remote from the cold and searching eye of official criticism, an evasion of destiny which proved to be of but a short and temporary nature. For, a fortnight after the first trial, the Stallmeister having obtruded his superfluous presence into our ride, Pastor's candidateship for the position of "Damen-Pferd" suddenly ceased, and he retired once more to the seclusion of the Potsdam riding-school. But he was certainly not worse than several of his stable companions who also entered into competition for the same honour.

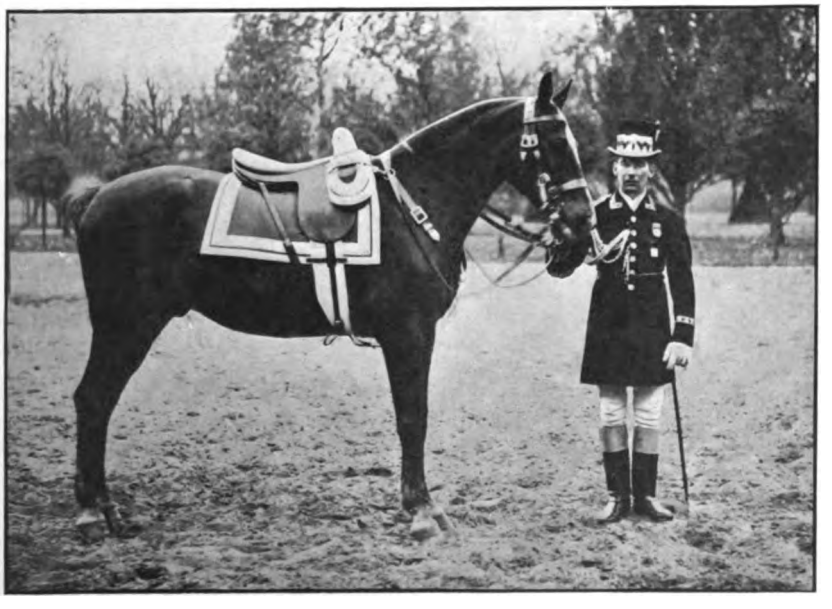
The recently appointed authorities are, however, nothing if not up to date, and the present system of equine education as now carried out in the royal stables is a happy blending of the best of the old methods with the more modern and enlightened ideas of the new. Obsolete and hide-bound conventional theories have been abandoned, and all that has been proved good in principle and practice retained, so that the horses, while acquiring grace and "tournure," develop in the direction of those free and natural movements which provoke the admiration of modern taste.

To explain why the stables are Royal, not Imperial, it is necessary to remember that they belong to the Kingdom of Prussia, not to the German Empire, and their expenses fall on the Prussian, not the Imperial, Exchequer. There are no Imperial Stables properly speaking, though they are often erroneously so called, just as there is a German Emperor, but no Emperor of Germany—a subtle but important distinction.

The Marstall, or Royal Mews, in the New Palace, the principal residence of the Emperor and his family, lying about a mile and a half from Potsdam, is of modern construction, and though possessing little architectural beauty, is built in a simple, not unpleasing style, with large airy boxes, and leaves nothing to be desired in point of convenience and suitability. Here are kept all the horses which are in daily use, and when extra ones are needed they are sent over from Potsdam. These stables stand on the edge of the beautiful forest of Wildpark, an exercise ground second to none in the world. Its broad sandy paths absorb moisture so quickly that after a week of heavy rain they are still in excellent condition, and when all around is frozen fast and hard these same roads often remain for a long time soft and gallopable. Here too is found a straight stretch of grass, a rare thing in Germany, extending from the stable-

yard for nearly a mile and a half, and bordered by trees planted by the late Emperor Frederic when Crown Prince.

The surplus animals required only at times of extra pressure, such as manœuvres, parades, etc., are kept in the Potsdam stables, adjoining the Stadt Schloss. Many historic associations cling around these old buildings, which are not remarkably convenient, having been converted from an orangery into a royal mews by the utilitarian and peppery father of Frederic the Great, Frederic William II., who at the same time swept away the trees and turf of the adjoining public Lustgarten to make a suitable parade



FROH, RIDDEN BY THE EMPRESS AS COLONEL OF THE CUIRASSIER REGIMENT IN THE LATE MANŒUVRES

ground for the famous tall soldiers of whom he was so fond. Here Condé, the old horse of Frederic the Great, spent his last days in peace, allowed to roam up and down in freedom—once, it is said, wandering off as far as Sans Souci to look for his old master. His bones are buried there on the terrace, beside those of the tiny greyhounds which were almost the sole companions of the last lonely years of the mighty Frederic. In these stables, too, was lodged the white horse upon which Napoleon made his triumphant entry into Berlin from Potsdam, in the year 1806, when the German states lay crushed under the heel of the conqueror, and Waterloo was yet undreamed of.

In Berlin, the horses occupy a splendid building, the best arranged and architecturally the most pleasing of all the royal stables. The ground floor, being occupied by carriages, automobiles, and straw and fodder stores, the horses are installed on the first story, to which they gain access by a "Rampe" or slanting covered way. On the same floor is a fine riding-school or Reitbahn, where, during hard frost or bad weather, both saddle and carriage horses are exercised and trained. At each end of the "Bahn" is a gallery from which the performance of the horses may be watched. On three sides it is lighted by large windows, and is excellently well adapted to its purpose. There is a separate entrance and staircase for the use of the Imperial family. Originally the "Bahn" was divided into two distinct parts by a wooden partition running through the centre, which could be (at least so said the designer) easily taken down in an hour, throwing both divisions into one. As, however, on the first occasion when it was necessary to do away with the partition, fully five hours were required for its complete removal, the boards were never replaced, as it was found simpler to retain the two halves as exercising grounds, without any other line of demarcation than the central pillars supporting the roof.

Two or three fox-terriers, who live with the horses, play a very useful part in their education, being not only permitted but encouraged to bark and snap at the horses' heels as they trot or gallop round, thus accustoming them to the sudden onslaughts of the many village curs who find a pleasure in trying to upset the nerves of any horse who chances to pass by. The horses are frequently ridden to hounds by the stable officials, for though the Emperor has not sufficient time at his disposal to hunt regularly, he always appears a few times during the season at the Royal Parforce Jagd in Döberitz. This pack of foxhounds hunts, not foxes, but three-year-old wild boars, several of which are carted over from the Grünewald Forest every week. The pace on these occasions is usually hot, for the boar generally runs fast and straight and does not double like a fox. Matador and Marlborough (Marlbrook is the Germanised version of his name) are the horses most frequently hunted this season by His Majesty; both of them are of English birth and education, and can gallop "barbarously," as the Germans express it. When Matador is let out on the Bornstedter Feld by his Imperial rider, it is a case of "they'll have fleet steeds that follow." There tails out an ever-lengthening line of gentlemen, whose horses strain pantingly in a vain effort to keep up, and those who at the end of the gallop find themselves anywhere in the immediate neighbourhood of the Emperor may congratulate themselves on being exceptionally well mounted. Matador has a peculiar trick, when strangers in the

stable approach his box, of running furiously at them from the furthest corner, with ears laid back and an expression of countenance extremely intimidating to nervous people. When the horses are in Berlin, the royal mews may be visited by the public at certain hours, and scarcely a day passes but some of the Berlin tourists fall over each other in the confusion and alarm caused by Matador's fiery reception of their well-meant attempts at friendship. It is only a little joke of his own, as he is really a most good-tempered beast.

A fine but peculiar looking animal, frequently ridden by the Emperor, is a curiously marked skewbald with pale, glassy eyes.

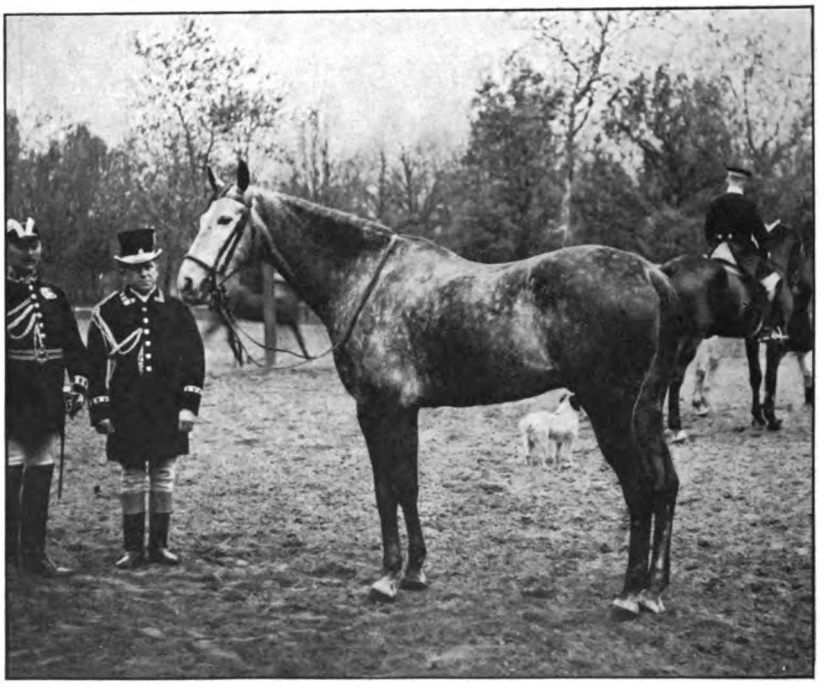
CAPTAIN FREIHERR VON HOLZING ON MATADOR

He looks as though his proper sphere ought to be the sawdust ring of a circus with lovely ladies in spangles pirouetting on his broad back. But Harlequin, as he is most appropriately named, has talents of a totally different order. He possesses perhaps the easiest gait of any of the Kaiser's horses, and, though he has a tendency to put on unnecessary flesh, can keep up with the best, his parti-coloured body being always in the van.

The six or seven horses constantly ridden by the Emperor are big, upstanding animals mostly of the type of the English weight-carrying hunter. The Empress has four or five equally excellent

saddle-horses for her personal use, half-a-dozen very good ones are trained as mounts for the ladies of her suite, and upwards of a hundred horses are kept exclusively for the purpose of mounting royal or princely visitors and their attendant suites.

Any English visitor finding himself in Berlin during the months of February or March, if possessing a love of horses, cannot do better than present himself at eleven o'clock at the door of the royal mews in the Breitestrasse. Here he can gratify, not only any passion he may have for seeing excellent specimens of horseflesh, but may also feed his national pride by remarking how many of the best among them had their origin and upbringing in the British Isles.



NICKEL, RIDDEN BY THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT DURING THE LATE ARMY MANŒUVRES

DOWN THE LANE

ON FOOT WITH THE HOUNDS

BY MAUD J. HARVEY

"BELIEVE me, my beloved 'earers, if a man's inclined for the chase, he'll ride a'most anything, or walk sooner than stay at 'ome. I often thinks could the keen foot-folks change places with the fumigatin' yards o' leather and scarlet, wot a much better chance there would be for the chase! They at all events come out from a genuine inclination for the sport, and not for mere show-sake, as too many do."

So said immortal Jorrocks, and I often wonder if those people who for various reasons cannot ride know what a lot of sport can be seen by following hounds on foot. Of course to do the thing thoroughly you must begin with the early cubbing season; and though this means turning out of bed in the middle of the night—by no means pleasant at the time—when once you are out you have a delightfully virtuous feeling at finding yourself up and about whilst all the world is still asleep. My two sisters and I have spent many a sunny autumn morning with the hounds, between the hours of

three and eight, among the dew-drenched fields and leafy woods. It is during the early cubbing season that we learn the lie of the land, the coverts, the gaps, short cuts, and bridges—knowledge that comes in so useful later on. Then there is generally not so much walking to do, and we gradually get into training for the long days that are to come. Notwithstanding, a long morning out cubbing is often quite as hard work as a full day's tramp in the regular season. The summer has scarcely passed away, and though it is often very cold in the small hours of the morning, yet as soon as the sun is up it gets very warm, and nothing is more tiring than walking in the heat; also the grass is long and the dew thick, and even a short skirt soon gets very heavy after brushing through a few clover or turnip fields.

We generally ride to the meet on our trusty bicycles. Often we have started by moonlight, long before "put-out" time; not that we need lamps, for there is little fear of meeting the representative of the law in the deserted lanes—our country policeman is generally safe at home in his downy bed at that hour. As soon as we arrive at the meet, we leave our cycles at the nearest farm and run the rest of the time on foot; for we find that, in an ordinary way, there is far more to be seen across country than by keeping to the roads. For instance, on foot we can watch hounds working in covert or picking up a cold scent on the plough; but on the road we should only hear their voices and see nothing. Also it is far more exciting to be on the spot and watch the field manipulating an awkward ditch and fence, than to stand on a hill and observe a crowd of small specks bobbing away in the distance. Of course there are times when the fox follows the road and makes for covert some five or six miles away, and then bicycles are decidedly useful, though cycling amongst a crowd of galloping horses requires both nerve and judgment—one has to be ready to dismount at any moment. We have never been run down yet, though once my front wheel was within an inch of a horse who jumped over the hedge in front of me!

Often it has been said to us, "I suppose you see much more of the hounds in the cubbing season? I expect you get left behind when they begin to run?" But we are of the opinion that we have quite as much fun on an average good day in the hunting season as we have during the cubbing time. The fox does not always run straight, and we foot-followers can often cut off a big corner, or take a small circle whilst the hounds are running in a large circle. Of course there are times when we have no luck, when hounds are always a mile or two ahead, and no sooner do we get near them and are on the point of overtaking them than they move on again, till in despair we give it up and go home; or, worse still, when we never

see hounds again after the meet. These days are equivalent to "blank days" to us. The ones we like best are when both we and the hunt have a fair amount of sport. I will endeavour to describe such a day, taken from among numerous others, equally good, in our hunting diary.

A bright winter's morning, not too much sun, and the wind in the south-west, and our bicycles go flying along the road at twelve good miles to the hour, as my two sisters, respectively Number One and

THE PARK WALL

Number Three, and I set out for the meet. We have nine miles to ride, and though the roads are wet with last night's rain, at any rate they are not slippery; so we splash along, leaving the carts and carriages which we pass far behind us.

Soon we begin to overtake the hunt-people jogging along in our direction, and the farmers' wives stand at their doors to watch "t' red coats" go by. Quite a crowd has collected at the cross-roads, waiting for the hounds to arrive. Grooms with led horses

are standing by the roadside; old Aire, the earth-stopper, in a very much bedraggled pink coat, is doing a roaring trade in holding horses and receiving largesse for his trouble. There is also another pink-coated follower, Tom, the "tarrier man"; he is a good man to follow, too, for he knows every inch of the country, and seldom is wrong as to the direction a fox will take. Here come the hounds, and we learn from the Master where they are going to draw to-day. Our bicycles have been carefully stowed away in a cart-shed, and as soon as hounds move off we set out at a brisk pace for the Firs, about half a mile away, which is the first draw, followed by a crowd of small boys, farm-lads, and miners armed with blackthorns, all determined to see as much of the sport as possible. "Weä wants ter beä wi' 'ounds, weä does," they affirm, "weä doänt care abart t' osses." A fox is quickly found, and before many minutes is halloed away, straight in the direction of Campsall, a park about two miles off. There is a rush down the lane, where the field divides, half taking a line across country, and half making for the road, which is really more direct. We three take to the road. Tom is already in front, walking at his steady five miles an hour; our crowd of ragamuffins comes clumping past, exhausting themselves in the first mile with their hurried flight. But we tramp steadily on: there is no need to run yet: Campsall Park has many coverts, and we know that they will not have gone far by the time we get there. One of the charms of following the hounds is the feeling that the whole country-side is open to you, you may go through any man's park, over anyone's fields; we have even sometimes taken a short cut through a cottage, in at the back door and out at the front. But there is the horn, and we turn off the road and proceed to climb an awkward wall. That is the worst of parks—they are so well guarded. Sometimes we have had to drop down eight or ten feet from the top of a wall which was easily accessible from the outside. Number Three once sprang from a particularly high wall on to the branch of a tree, and climbed down that way. However, we are all three safely over this time, and a quick run soon brings us up with the field. The fox, we are told, has made good his escape, and whilst hounds are drawing covert after covert, we sit on the railings listening for the first sound of a whimper, and taking all the rest we can in the meantime.

"Yoi in over there!" shouts the Master, whilst the various members of the field stand round in gossiping groups. A rustling among the fern and bracken, the whirr of a startled pheasant, then Anodine speaks, hesitatingly at first, but she is soon joined by the others, and a hallo on the other side of the wood tells us that the fox has gone away and is making in the direction of Askerne.

Away go the horsemen helter-skelter, we and the miners and a boy on a donkey bringing up the rear. When hounds are out of sight we slow down again; we have already gained considerably on the other foot-followers, and even Tom is now behind us. On the top of the hill we find a small crowd of farm men. "T' fox passed raight by yon stacks," they tell us; "if yew nobbut stan' 'ere, miss, yew'll see 'em all in t' distance; 'e's off to Owston, is t' fox."

Seeing them "in the distance" will not do for us though, and away we go again. A steady tramp soon brings us to the cross-

A DECIDED CHECK

roads at Owston; hounds have, of course, left the wood by now, so we all separate and look for the tracks.

"This way!" calls out Number Three, pointing with her stick in the direction of Shirley.

Sure enough all the road-men have gone down the lane; they were galloping, too, which tells us that the hounds were still running. Next we come across an open gate and a broken fence. "Straight across country," commands Number One, leading the way over a ploughed field, through which we plod laboriously, rejoicing to see grass-land in front of us on the far side. But this is a very low-lying part of the country, and the further we go the

boggier it becomes, until at last it is all we can do to keep from sinking up to the top of our boots in mud.

"Listen!" says Number One; "surely that is the horn! We had better wait here a few minutes; I think they are coming back."

So we stand by the gateway, listening to the distant music of the hounds which comes to us now and again, and always nearer and nearer.

"Look out for the fox!" says Number One.

"Hush!" whispers Number Three, holding up her hand, "here he comes."

Cautiously the fox creeps out of the wood in front of us. He does not seem to be at all in a hurry, for he stops and listens to the hounds behind him, and then comes trotting across the field straight for us, and passes through the gateway beside us. All this time we stand as still as statues; but once the fox is safely past, and we have marked the direction he is taking, we all three give a long "Tally-ho-o!"

The quick answering note on the horn tells us that the Master, on the other side of the wood, has heard us, and in a few minutes he appears, galloping beside his hounds, who have just picked up the scent. With a glorious burst of music they sweep past us through the gateway, and we dash after them, the whole field thundering behind us, and we race across the open country as hard as we can go. No time now to choose the cleanest route: the sooner we get through the gates the better; so we make a bee-line, splashing through the bog and dashing through the hedges, over the plough once more, then across the high road, until at last, when most of the field is in front of us, and the rest, except for a few slow-coaches, are cantering up the high road on our left, we slow down to recover our wind, and find out which way they are going next. The men on the road have stopped, and one of them opens a gate into the field in front of us, and makes for the wood on our right hand. We immediately swing to the right too, for now we can just hear the horn across there. But presently the man and his following return and gallop off down the road as hard as they can go. We soon find out what it is that has turned them—an objectionable little river, with steep banks, lies between us and the hounds. This is a decided check. Number One tries how deep it is with her stick; the stick goes in and in—evidently it is far too deep to ford. We can plainly hear the hounds now; they are off again, running away from us this time. Number Three takes a quick run, and with a spring lands on the opposite side.

"I think you can manage it," she says to me.

I gather my courage and make a valiant attempt, landing with

a splash on the edge. However, I am on the right side, and a little extra wetting does not make much difference to an already heavy, muddy skirt. After my bad attempt, Number One will not be persuaded to try, but she discovers a narrow plank across the stream a little farther up, and with some difficulty manages to cross on that. Then on we go again, although the hounds are far away by now, and no sign or sound is left to tell us in which direction they have gone. Not even Tom is to be seen, nor yet a solitary road-man, nor the boy on the donkey. If the earth had opened and swallowed up the whole hunt they could not have disappeared more completely. The sun is sinking behind the woods, and the shadows grow longer

THE WATER JUMP

and longer, but still we tramp on. Then we discover a man in pink on the road, and make for him. He is going home, of course, but tells us that hounds are still running, and that he left them at Barnby Dun. On again, but still no sign of the hounds.

"I think we had better be turning homeward," I suggest.

"Very well," agrees Number One, and we turn our faces in the direction of our bicycles, seven miles away as the crow flies. When we reach Owston Wood a sound comes to us which makes us all three stop suddenly.

"It *is* the horn," says Number One, convincingly, as again the note rings through the wood.

"There he goes!" whispers Number Three, excitedly, as a fox crosses in front of us and turns in the direction of Campsall.

"Tally-ho-o! tally-ho-o!" we yell, until the Master comes galloping out of the wood, his hounds behind him.

"Which way has he gone?" he shouts.

But hounds are already on the scent, and away we go behind them, in spite of our stiffness and the long day's tramp we have had. On goes the fox, straight through Campsall and away to Spellow, whilst we follow manfully, until we lose them in the purple twilight. We are now only a mile from our bicycles; it is getting quite dark, the sun has set long ago, and a crescent moon is rising over the hill. So we retrace our steps in the direction of the farm, agreeing that we have been far enough for one day. We have been walking hard for nearly six hours, and are glad enough to see the lights of the farm shining in front of us.

A horseman meets us on the road. It is too dark to see who he is, but he recognises us, and calls out, "Good-night; we didn't get that fox; he will give us another good run, I hope, some day." It is the Master going home.

The good lady at the farm has been anxiously on the look-out for us. She was quite sure we were lost, she tells us, and asks us to come in and have a cup of tea.

There is no need for a second invitation. We *are* just glad of it! Then, much refreshed, we set out on our nine-mile journey back, with the crescent moon high in the heavens, all agreeing that we have had a "rattling day."

AN AUTUMN RIDE

BY MILDRED, LADY BOYNTON

Oh, who will o'er the downs so free;
Oh, who will with me ride?

THE delights of hunting, shooting, and fishing have often been sung and said; but the milder pleasures of riding pure and simple have seldom found a chronicler. And yet on a fresh autumn morning, such as greets one early in October in the North, there are many worse things to be done than "going for a ride."

To the poor captive, by nature a sportsman, kept a prisoner in town during October, toiling for his living, the very breath he draws on his doorstep must, one would think, recall happier days and conjure up visions of breezy moorlands and open pastures where just a wind frolicked round him. Let us draw him a picture in words and lead him figuratively forth for a ride.

Ere yet the sun has gained his full power we cross the stable-yard, busy with the morning routine: a black kitten curvets gracefully round our feet, and darts away at the sight of Togo, an Irish terrier with a tattered ear, the honourable scar of some "pleasant venture" in days gone by. We pass the hunters' boxes—whence the stamp of feet and rattle of rack-chains loudly proclaim that their toilet is in full swing. Fat, sleek, and glossy do they look now, fresh from their "summering"; let us hope the winter's work before them will prove a tax on the hardest condition, for that means sport and the best of it.

We are expected, and our mount is brought out as we approach —a dark brown mare, nearly thoroughbred. What a picture she looks as she stands there, with a coat like polished mahogany,

muscle standing out in lumps, her ears cocked, and every bit of steel on bit and bridle burnished like silver shining in the sun! We run our hand fondly down her neck as we take up the reins and mount. A whistle to the terrier, and we pass through the gates into the park. A heavy dew has hung every bush and blade of grass with diamonds, the bracken is beginning to turn, here and there are bright patches of gold among the green. The oak trees are shedding their leaves, while the Scotch firs with their blue foliage show up well against the russets and yellow greens of the beeches and elms. The deer grouped together under a clump of big hawthorns, with their short tails flickering white in the shadow, make a pretty bit of middle distance.

We break into a trot, the mare tosses her head, then bends to our hand, gives a little caper as she comes to a familiar bit of level turf, and we canter gaily down to the lodge with much bowing and shying at Togo scurrying fruitlessly after rabbits on the way. The lodge-keeper's children spy us coming, and have the gate ready open with bobs and smiles, and "Mother" gives us good-day over the hedge, where she is hanging out her good man's shirt. Through the village, past the blacksmith's forge, where hangs in a wicker cage a blackbird, long the object of our concealed envy, so rich and mellow a note does it possess. Down a lane on the left, up a steep hill straight as a Roman road; on the skyline stand out weird objects, which resolve themselves into cows upon nearer inspection. Some cows are grazing on the roadside, tended by old "Gaiters." Many a chat we have had with him, and words of wisdom occasionally fall like pearls from those wrinkled lips. To-day, however, he is "nobbut middlin'," and won't go beyond telling us that the black cow "'ull eat owt and fatten as it might be on nowt, while t' red un yonder," a beast with a crooked horn rakishly cocked over one eye, "is strainge and dainty, and will nobbut pick a bit here and there." We express a preference for the black. "Well, I dunno; t' red un gives a power o' milk," but it appears "black un's cream 's a long sight the best"; so we give it up and jog on for a couple of miles or so. Then we turn off into a by-lane—big bramble hedges on either side, with fruit hanging in heavy clusters—till we come to a gate into a plantation where men are felling timber. The pine needles make soft going for our feet, and the firs warmed by the bright sun are deliciously aromatic. Togo has to be sharply rated and ordered to heel, as we are now on foreign land and rabbits are sacred.

Once through the wood, we emerge on to a big stubble, and we give the mare her head, and with a swish of her bang tail and a curl of her back she is off: we keep along the headland with due regard for the farmer's feelings and his seeds. A flock of sheep on the

other side of the fence rush away alarmed at the sound of the mare's hoofs. Startled, she gives a big plunge, and the pace becomes almost a gallop—there is an inviting-looking dead fence at the bottom of the field, we shorten our reins, steady her, and over she goes, to repeat the fun at the next two fences.

Here we may combine a little business with our pleasure, for they are repairing the outbuildings on this farm, and we turn aside for a word with the foreman and see how matters are progressing. If the "Master" is at home he will very likely ask us to stop and have a look at his four-year-old, which is "like making a nice horse,

PULLING UP TO LISTEN FOR THE GUNS

he has come on so since last season." Be it goose or swan, we are glad to give him a word of encouragement, and he opens the gate into the pasture for us, with a cheery good-day.

A little further on we come upon a party of shooters walking up partridges. The swedes are still too wet for birds to be in them; they are more probably in the adjoining flat of whites. Several wily old hares have already made good their escape, stealing out at the top of the field at the first sound of danger. Not so a timid leveret just put up by a beater; it rushes wildly down a row; but Fate, in the shape of a charge of No. 6, interferes, and a mass of

white turning head over heels among the high leaves tells its own tale. Ah! there are the birds, as we said, just over the border in the turnips—a fine lot; four down, one—a long shot—a runner, which falls on the stubble and at once starts hot foot back to the turnips. A good chance for a young dog! So the keeper thinks, for he hastens to the spot with a black retriever in a string, loosens him, and puts him on the line, taking him a little below the fall of the bird to give him the wind. This is interesting, and we pull up to watch the process. There is certainly a scent, for the dog, hitting it off at once, goes full speed back to the turnips and turns sharp to the left down a row, the bird evidently making for the fence. It is pretty to see him; he frames well—see how steadily he works, nose down, stern going like that of a foxhound. Suddenly the bird gives a jump and a flutter not ten yards in front of the dog. This demoralises the youngster; up goes his head, he plunges wildly after the partridge, gives one or two frenzied bounds—and the bird has disappeared. Baffled, he looks round for his master, who cautions him with upraised hand and a "Steady there!" He quarters his ground very nicely—ah! now he is on it again, and in another moment or two we see a sudden dart, a stop, and with a "Bring it on!" from the keeper, who walks rapidly away, he returns triumphant, to be rewarded by an encouraging pat as he brings the bird right up to his master's hand. "Very nicely done," is our silent comment. We exchange a few words with the guns, who report the birds numerous and very wild; they resume their beat, and we jog on again. Past a gorse cover, whence we recall only last season a rattling twenty minutes to ground late in the evening after a long day, when we and four others, by a lucky turn through the plantation, were fortunate enough to have about the best of it. (One doesn't forget those moments in a hurry!) We even catch sight, with a shudder, of the very bit of Scotch paling which, owing to a greasy take-off, but for fine shoulders and a quick recovery would have laid us low! A cock pheasant getting up at our feet turns our thoughts into pleasanter channels. Truly is the pheasant the aristocrat among birds! Pampered from birth, carefully guarded, richly fed, gaily apparelled, allowed as much liberty as he likes, coaxed to return—what gilded youth can outvie him? A short life and a merry one, and no forebodings! Can philosophy give us anything happier?

Now the scene changes: we are on heather, bracken, and sand, with tall Scotch firs standing gaunt and grim, but wonderfully picturesque, though here and there a giant with barkless branches grey and bare gleams like a skeleton against the dark background. The land is honeycombed with rabbit holes, their occupants

hurriedly popping in as Togo, wildly excited, rushes first in one direction and then in another. Overhead a kestrel is hovering, doubtless intent upon the capture of some wretched, but let us hope unconscious, little "grass-mouse," while right across our path flies a magpie. We instinctively touch our hat—of course we are not the very least superstitious, but still we gaze anxiously around for number two ; ah, there he is! and our sigh of relief is genuine.

We are on high ground here; below us stretches a vast extent of almost flat country, but worth looking at nevertheless, so blue and soft is it to-day, bathed in the autumn sunshine. And what a

IN THE ROOTS
(Photograph by W. A. Rouch)

country to ride over! That aspect of scenery seldom touches the artist, but how it transforms dross into gold in the eye of the sportsman! He can espy beauties and advantages others wot not of; little he cares if it be thinly wooded and "as flat as an iron." Look at the big fields, the distance you can see hounds, the fair fences, the—well—um—well, perhaps the plough *is* a bore, but it means having a good horse under you, or you couldn't be there.

However, this is an unnecessary apology, because the country just here is unquestionably pretty. The clouds drifting along overhead throw fleeting shadows on the land; the red roofs of the farms, and the newly-thatched stacks nestling in the dark trees all

misty in the purple haze, give a look of comfort and prosperity pleasant to see, while in the far distance runs the faint blue line of the Wolds.

But our time is limited to-day; we canter on through a line of gates once more into the high road, where we settle down to a steady walk, regain the park—not without encountering the usual "alarum" on the part of the inevitable motor, followed by the equally usual "excursion" on the part of the mare as it flashes by—and reach the stables cool, and both of us all the better for the exercise which is, we trust, but a preliminary to

Forty minutes quick and straight,
With every hound well up;
For keener joy can ne'er be found
In all life's brimming cup!

A CURIOUS HOUND-BREEDING EXPERIMENT

In sending his article on the Cottesmore Country, Major Hughes-Onslow encloses the following interesting communication :

" I have lately received two letters and some photos from an old friend who, with his brother, hunts the wild boar in central France with a pack of English foxhounds. I am sure they will greatly interest all readers of the *Badminton Magazine*, and many of them will recollect the writer, Frank Barton, as a crack soldier jockey some fifteen years ago, when he was in the Guards. I cannot do better than to quote them at length, and I expect it will surprise most people to hear that such wild and exciting sport is still to be had in France. My friend writes under date of 18 November 1906 :

" ' I am sending you some photographs which may interest you from a hound point of view. You may remember that I told you of an experiment in crossing a wolf with a hound to see what the result would be ; I am afraid the photographs are not very good, as the animals would not stand up and show themselves singly. The best is the group showing all the litter together, where the difference between the two hound-marked ones and the wolf-marked ones is striking : the latter are small and lack size, but are very wiry. They are just about eighteen months old and have entered well ; two of them hunt like demons and are quite fast—namely, the hound on the right (lying down) and No. 5 from the right. They are quite amenable and good-tempered, one or two are somewhat shy, but the others quite friendly, and they only betray the wolf by their gait and their drooping quarters, also by their eyes and their grin when they snarl at the other hounds. These animals are the second cross from the wolf ; the first cross were bred by M. Marc de Pully, who gave them to my brother, and the dog was the father of this litter ; the bitch was useless and would not breed, and both had to be destroyed as they turned savage. It will be very interesting to see how these turn out. The season here so far has been bad, weather very dry until lately, and scent wretched, so we have had great difficulties to contend against, with many unentered hounds and nothing in the way of cub-hunting. We had a most disastrous day on the 5th, our regular opening day, as we lost six couple of hounds killed and drowned. We hunted a good pig who at the finish took refuge in a

swamp, over a hundred acres in extent, very boggy, and all but a few acres in the centre covered with reeds six or seven feet high and water from one to five or six feet deep. He just got in ahead of the hounds by a few yards, having charged us and ripped the horse of a man who tried to head him off it.

" 'The hounds soon brought him to bay, and then there was the devil to pay, as we could not get in to help them and knife him, besides which the place was so big that with a gale of wind blowing it was difficult to locate them. Eventually most of them struggled out, but six couple perished before they conquered the game old boar. It is a severe loss at the beginning of the season;

it showed, however, the courage and tenacity of the fox-hound. Since then we have killed two more boar, so the hounds are all right again, and hunted as keen as mustard yesterday.'

" In the second letter he says:

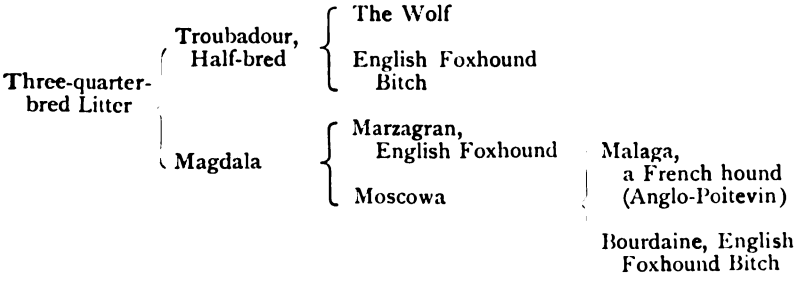
" 'With regard to further reproduction I don't see why the fox-hound cross should not continue with good results; at all events, my brother is going to try next spring. The original wolf had been caught as a cub. I enclose pedigree of litter. The experiment was tried with a view to getting the stamina and nose of the wolf, for it is a well-known fact over here that when wolves were prevalent and regularly hunted, no pack of hounds could fairly run one down. Cubs, yes; but an old one would just lob along in front of hounds for a month. The old Duke of Beaufort had a go at them in

the sixties; he brought his hounds from Badminton and hunted in Poitou, but could not catch them. I have met men over here who hunted with him, and he and his hounds are by no means forgotten; his hounds and horses created a great impression.

"'My brother, who at one time hunted a good deal in the V. W. H. and Warwickshire countries, started these hounds to hunt pig, which were prevalent here but not regularly hunted. They, the pig, are gallant brutes, full of wiles and resources, and their endurance is phenomenal, so they take a lot of catching in these big wild woodlands and forests. We tumbled on a real customer last

week who beat us in the end; I don't know how he managed it, as he was driven along for hours. I got home at 10 p.m.'"

PEDIGREE



BOOKS ON SPORT

THE FINE ART OF JUJUTSU. By Mrs. Roger Watts. With One Hundred and Forty-one Action Photographs by G. W. Beldam. London: William Heinemann. 1906.

Several little books have been published on the subject of what is here called Jujutsu, for that is the way in which Mrs. Watts spells the word in which an "i" is generally found in place of the second "u." If she knows as much about the etymology as she does about sport her version may be confidently accepted, for this is by far the most elaborate treatise which has been published, and it appears from some remarks in the introduction that it is Mrs. Watts herself who appears in the illustrations, for she considers it "almost necessary to apologise for the ferocious expression" which is sometimes found in the pictures.

To learn Jujutsu from a book is, the author admits, impossible: but she thinks, nevertheless, that a great deal of instruction may be gained from her explanations aided by the remarkably excellent photographs. These should, at any rate, enable the student to practise on the right lines, and practice may well be encouraged by what is said in the Preface, contributed by Sir Lauder Brunton. This distinguished authority observes that "Those exercises which consist in alternate flexion and extension of the joints of the limbs and body are well adapted to strengthen the muscles, but they stand to the exercises required for complete bodily development in the same relation that pothooks and hangers do to finished penmanship." It is not merely the muscles that require to be strengthened: training is even more essential for the nerve centres, and Sir Lauder believes that there is no exercise so good for the development of the highest centres as Jujutsu. This recommendation may enable the student to try his hand—together with the rest of his organisation.

That a lifetime is really long enough to learn all that is to be learnt really seems questionable; those who make up their minds to try can, however, doubtless go far enough to do themselves good. The art of falling is only one of many things which have to be learned, "it is essential to know how to take your falls as well as to give them," and you are to begin by trying to imagine that your legs have no joints, or that they are in splints, which, as Mrs. Watts remarks, certainly does require some nerve. If you can find the courage to take the first half-dozen falls fearlessly, according to the methods set forth, you will be delighted to find how absolutely painless they can be.

That Jujutsu is easy to learn no one pretends, and speaking without the light of experience we can only wonder whether all the advice given is practicable? One chapter, for instance, is devoted to the subject of repelling attacks from behind. It is assumed that the intended victim is suddenly gripped by some one who has thus stolen upon him, and he or she is told that "this is the moment to swing right round to your right with your left foot, bringing it well forward so that all the weight of the body is upon it," together with a good deal more. This would be all very well if the assailant had not firmly gripped you; in the circumstances it is surely a little doubtful whether the person attacked, with the very best intentions in the world, with a knowledge of the right thing to do and an earnest desire to do it, would be able to obey the complex directions given. Mr. Beldam's photographs are marvellously realistic. Of course they depict Mrs. Watts and her associates in the most amazing positions, but what these positions mean is always clearly explained. Those who want to know anything about Jujutsu could not have a more accomplished instructress.

AN IDLER IN THE WILDS. By Tickner Edwardes. Illustrated. London: John Murray. 1906.

Mr. Edwardes is a keen devotee and observer of Nature, and this volume gives the results of his observations. It will delight the lover of country life, and at any rate in the vast majority of cases enable him to see with clearer vision than he has previously exercised. Mr. Edwardes has nothing new to say, because he deals with things which have been going on much as they are for centuries past; and yet a great deal of what he says will be new to most readers. He writes of "The Home of the Sedge-Warbler," "The Flight of the Swift," "The Song of the Skylark," and such-like themes, with imagination and poetic sensibility. Here, for instance, is a sketch of the kingfisher, "sitting like a great glittering dewdrop in the full light of the sun mutely watching the speeding river below

him, his brilliant colours flashing now blue, now green, now orange red, as he turns himself curiously from side to side. The faintest rustle in the bushes, or crack of dry twig under foot, and he will be off with the speed of an arrow, uttering his shrill defiant note as he flies. But as yet he has no cognisance of an enemy. The leaf-strewn waters journey on. Every clear break in the spangled tide receives his vigilant scrutiny. At last, when the eye is dazed with watching his changing brilliance, he stoops and plunges straight down like a falling stone. The clear ringing note of the plunge sends a blackbird out of the thicket behind you, screaming an alarm to all the hills. A ring of ripples forms on the water, spreads and dies away. A moment more the gleaming emerald of the halcyon shows again. With a burst and a spatter of diamond-drops he is on the wing once more, all his bright colours gaily flaunting as he speeds back to his old station on the willow tree. You had just time to note the glittering, writhing minnow held caterways in the spearlike bill. Then with one gulp his prey is down his azure throttle; he is sitting in the sunshine again as quietly, as alertly as ever, watching the depths for the gliding silver treasure he loves so well."

We have not found the jay so wary and difficult to approach as Mr. Edwardes represents. With all his love for the creatures of the woods, the author freely admits that the bird does a great deal of mischief. For ourselves, we regard him as an enemy, and shoot him whenever a chance offers, and these chances are not in the least difficult to find and take. A chapter on "The Black Republic" deals with that quaint and interesting bird the rook. As for the idea that sociability induces the creature to build his airy castle near to human habitation, Mr. Edwardes is convinced that he merely does this as a choice of the lesser evil, the bird knowing that there are more dangerous things than man farther afield. He knows a vast deal indeed, amongst other things the difference between a walking-stick and a gun. For eight months in the year the rook and his wife see little or nothing of each other; during the remaining four months he is an excellent husband, and having repaired his old nest or built a new one, looks after his family with great assiduity. "He waits upon his mate with unwearying attention, and on rare occasions will even take his turn upon the eggs, while she stretches her wings a little, flapping about ponderously in the neighbouring branches, the pair keeping up a running fire of comment on the affairs of the rookery in general in that rich, deep language of which we can gather the merest inkling now and then." It does not seem certain that we gain any correct inkling at all, and it would be amazingly interesting if we could.

Watching a colony of rooks gives rise to the intensest curiosity. They appear to be working together, to be carrying out some scheme of operations by mutual agreement, but Mr. Edwardes has no belief in their amiability and confidence in each other. The half-built nest is never left unguarded, he says. One of the partners invariably remains on the watch while the other is absent foraging for sticks. "Sometimes in the midst of the busy cawing and bustle of the day a sudden hubbub will arise. Round one of the nests a fierce conflict is waging. Half a dozen birds have launched themselves upon it, rending it into fragments and casting it like chaff to the ground, while others are chasing off the luckless proprietors, following them through the blue air with a sound not wholly unlike that of a pack of hounds in full cry. It is difficult to make sure of the motive for this determined eviction, but in all likelihood a pilferer from other nests has been caught at his work, and destruction of his own home and banishment from the colony is the ordained penalty for the offence."

We have all noticed a solitary rook flying busily but apparently aimlessly about. This Mr. Edwardes takes to be a bachelor whose unpopularity is great until he finds a wife and settles down to nest-building. The other rooks who have paired disapprove of his interference in their concerns. That when the rooks are delving in the furrows a sentinel is always posted on a convenient tree, to warn his people of the approach of an enemy, is an idea generally entertained. In similar fashion the author deals with the other creatures that have attracted his attention. The illustrations are not of particular interest—not so good, indeed, as the letterpress deserves.

BRITISH DOGS AT WORK. By A. Croxton Smith. With twenty full-page illustrations in colour by G. Vernon Stokes. London: Adam and Charles Black. 1906.

This latest addition to the many dog-books which have recently appeared is by a competent hand, and is rendered particularly interesting by the excellent pictures, portraits of various dogs whose owners' kindness in allowing them to serve as models the artist acknowledges. With what Mr. Kipling so happily describes as "man's first friend" the author is closely acquainted, though some of his instructions and directions are rather sketchy. Thus in the chapter on "The Buying of Dogs" the reader is told that "if he has half an eye he should be able to see at a glance if the animal looks healthy and strong"; but this is too general an observation to be of any material assistance to the purchaser. So, too, with regard to the animal's age, the inquirer is informed that "there is a general look about a dog that reaches his fifth year which is not easily mistakable," a comment which scarcely seems of much value as a

guide. With reference to feeding, useful hints are given. The basis of a dog's food should be meat; and, excellent as some biscuits are, we agree with this opinion, which may be commended to the attention of many kindly people who deprive their beloved pets of what the animals enjoy in the belief that it is all for their good. Another mistake which many well-meaning dog-owners make, realising how fond dogs are of exercise, is to take them for unduly long and fast journeys behind cycles or horses. Many dogs are thus made to suffer much. With the advice as to a daily grooming for long-haired dogs with dandy brush and comb, and for short-coated ones with brush and hound-glove or towel, we entirely agree, as also that there is nothing like the naked hand for a final polish. Mr. Smith speaks of a couple of puppies which he once sold for a comparatively small figure; had they been neglected from puppy-hood they would have been worth very little; as it was, one changed hands at £100 when he was about a year old, and the other proved to be worth a good deal more.

There is a well-written chapter on Hounds at Work, one incident recorded justifying the observation that the proceedings of a certain bloodhound came as near reasoning as one is likely to get in a dumb animal. This was during some trials near Winslow, promoted by the Association of Bloodhound Breeders, with Lord Lonsdale as judge. "At one point was a lane which had been traversed by a herd of cattle as well as a number of farm hands. Kickshaw carried the line slowly along this difficult piece of country, until she came to a field where the scent of the runner was no longer foiled. Evidently she was not quite satisfied by this time that she was on the correct course, so she returned to the beginning of the lane, verified her line, and once more took it up at the end of the lane without taking any notice of the intervening portion."

The old question between pointers and setters is once more discussed. Mr. Arkwright and some other enthusiastic pointer-men of course will not agree with the preference for the setter, but as Mr. Croxton Smith remarks of this dog, "no matter what kind you have he is a beautiful animal, and when the shooting days are over, man need want no better or more intelligent companion." Terriers are naturally not neglected. They are treated at due length, but the author passes too casually, as it seems to us, over the foxhound, about whom there is surely a great deal more to be said? The collie he thinks is not so popular to-day among the exhibiting fraternity as he was seven or eight years ago. The idea that he is scarcely to be trusted is not current without good ground. The few observations on the commonest ailments of dogs, and the simplest forms of treatment, contain much useful information in a few pages.

ANNALS OF THE CORINTHIAN FOOTBALL CLUB. Edited by B. L. Corbett. Illustrated. London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1906.

The Corinthians well deserve a record, and Mr. Corbett's book is excellent in parts. The character sketches contributed by Mr. C. B. Fry are, for example, particularly graphic and interesting. Here are found enthusiastic appreciations of Mr. W. N. Cobbold, "the Bayard of the football field"; of Mr. E. C. Bambridge, whom nothing less than a broken limb could knock out, and who indeed, having fractured a leg, was only anxious that it should be mended in order that he might play again; for Mr. Fry writes of what he calls "the good, wholesome, hacking days." Mr. G. O. Smith is eulogised as "the greatest by far of all latter-day Corinthian forwards," with Mr. R. E. Foster as his only rival; Mr. Tinsley Lindley (a son-in-law of Sir Francis Burnand) is one of various others who is not neglected, and Mr. Fry is careful to describe wherein these notable players excelled.

The Corinthians, as most readers are aware, went on various foreign tours, half a dozen of which are described, between 1897 and 1906, and the chapters on these would have borne a little revision. Thus it was scarcely worth while to describe how during the Scandinavian trip the players lunched at the Yacht Club, went in the evening to hear *Cavalleria Rusticana* and *Orpheus*, and proceeded by boat to Drottingåten to visit one of the King's summer residences. The hints on the game, however, may be commended to all players, each of the seven chapters being the work of a master. Thus Mr. T. S. Rowlandson writes of "Goal-keeping," Mr. L. V. Lodge of "Full Back Play," Mr. B. Middleditch of "How to Play Half Back." "Half Back Play" is also treated by Mr. M. Morgan-Owen, "Forward Play" by Mr. G. O. Smith and Mr. S. S. Harris, "Wing Play" by the Editor. Photographs of distinguished footballers are given, together with a summary of the results of matches at home and abroad, and a list of members of the Club.

WHO'S WHO, 1907. London: A. & C. Black.

It will suffice merely to mention the issue of the new volume of this absolutely indispensable work, which now extends to 1,958 pages. The difficulty is to imagine how one ever got on without it. If only as a directory, it would be worth many times its price to busy men with much correspondence.

WHO'S WHO YEAR BOOK.

This companion volume to "Who's Who" is brimful of information which one constantly wants, and which it would be extremely hard to find elsewhere.

SPORTING NONSENSE RHYMES. By Finch Mason. London: A. Webster & Co. 1907.

These are capital specimens of Mr. Finch Mason's rollicking humour. He has produced just the sort of book that comes in usefully to pick up and laugh over for ten minutes before dinner, though he really should not pretend that "Toots" is a rhyme to "*luxe*"! There is a sketch of Mr. Arthur Yates's famous exploit at Croydon when he caught his horse by the tail after a fall, got on again, and won his race; but the rest of the subjects are fiction. Thus we have a drawing of a terrified young man coming to grief at the water jump.

Said young Crœsus, "It's odd with my cash-an'-all,
If I can't go and win the Grand National!"
But through being unskilled
He got deuced near killed,
And now he's a little more rational.

All the same he was a good plucked one to try.

There is a drawing of a most extraordinary-looking person out hunting:—

Such a rum'un you never did see!
The question was, "Who could he be?"
"By jingo I've hit it,"
Said little Tom Tippit,
"He must be a Labour M.P.!"

Mr. Mason's rhymes are again somewhat too free, it will be seen. It should be noted that the drawings are reproduced in colour.

BADMINTON NOTÂ BENE

MR. HILL, of 5, Knightsbridge Green, is anxious to have it known that he has succeeded in his action for the infringement of his patent relating to "Lace-Stud Leggings," the advantages of which—comfort, neatness, and the ease and rapidity with which they can be put on and taken off—have gained for them so much popularity.

* * * * *

Owners of country houses may or may not be lucky enough to have mushroom fields which yield well on their property. If they have not—and this applies to owners of other than houses away in the country—they will do well to study a little book compiled by Mr. J. F. Barter, "Mushrooms and How to Grow Them." The reader will almost certainly find a number of things in the little volume of which he had no idea, and it should enable him, especially if he applies to Mr. Barter (Napier Road, Wembley R.S.O., Middlesex) for assistance, to provide a supply of this succulent edible.

* * * * *

When the Edinburgh Royal Infirmary gives trial to a newly-discovered remedy the invention immediately becomes worthy of notice, and this is the case with Mr. Philip V. Summer's "Akou-Vibra" Massage Instrument for the cure of deafness. The treatment is based on the analogy between the ear and the telephone, and it is claimed for this instrument that it cannot fail greatly to ameliorate and generally to cure deafness which arises from middle-ear catarrh, the origin of 75 per cent. of cases of the infirmity. Mr. Summer's address is 11, Walker Street, Edinburgh.

* * * * *

An appeal is issued by the Rev. William Adamson, Vicar of Old Ford, one of the poorest parishes in the metropolis, for aid for his suffering and deserving poor. Money will be most acceptable, but gifts of clothing, blankets, or any of the necessities which the poor lack will be received with gratitude. Those fortunate persons who can afford benefactions could not have a better scope for their charity.

* * * * *

In writing last month of the Officers' Employment Bureau, the old address of the institution was given by mistake. It should have been 14, Belfast Chambers, 156, Regent Street, W.

"HUNTING IN LONDON"

THIS competition has ended with the success of thirty-nine competitors out of an enormous "field." The prizes split up yield the modest amount of 9*s.* 2*d.* to each—we regret that it is not more, but it nearly pays for a year's subscription to the magazine, at any rate? The choice of subjects was rather difficult, for we did not want to be too trying on the one hand, nor on the other to select places which no one was likely to recognise. A good many competitors mistook the Serpentine for the St. James's Park water, as we rather fancied some might do. St. John's Gate, Clerkenwell, "threw" a considerable number. To speak frankly, we were surprised to find so many as nine and thirty—together with a couple whose letters came after the advertised last day—hitting off the Richmond Terrace carriage drive. That, we had imagined, would prove an almost insoluble puzzle, and to a certain extent we were correct, for hundreds failed only in that one. The Royal Commissions House was one of the pictures which occasioned mistakes; but that on the whole the competition was a fair one is proved by the fact that as many as nine and thirty scored. We append their names and addresses, and the prizes will have reached them before this issue of the magazine appears. It will be seen that successful competitors come from all parts of the kingdom. The pictures are reproduced for reference.

Mrs. W. H. Ames, 24, Barkston Gardens, South Kensington, S.W.
Mr. W. Appleby, Green Bat, Alnwick, Northumberland.
Mr. G. F. Bacon, 22, Essex Street, Strand, W.C.
Mrs. Bampfield, 256, St. James' Court, Buckingham Gate, S.W.
Mr. J. B. Beamish, Woodcote, Elgin Road, Wallington, Surrey.
Mr. Henry Birch, Hereward, Purley Park Road, Purley, Surrey.
Mrs. G. Blount, 7, Ormond Road, Richmond, Surrey.
Mr. Robert Boyle, Westbrook House, Rugeley.
Mrs. Burrows, 10 and 11, Northumberland Street, Strand, W.C.
Mrs. J. H. Christie, Debden House, 12, Pelham Place, Seaford, Sussex.
Mr. A. Val Catmur, 18, Ebury Street, S.W.
Mr. H. A. Collins, 1, New Square, Lincoln's Inn, W.C.
Mr. William Evans, 35, Cato Road, Clapham, S.W.
Mr. George R. Holland, Langley House, King's Langley, Herts.
Mr. J. E. Thoresby Jones, 103, Sutherland Avenue, W.
Mr. Harry Keeble, Lyndhurst, Forest Glade, Leytonstone, Essex.
The Hon. Derek Keppel, 10, Buckingham Gate, S.W.
Mr. J. A. Lane, Castle View, Leighton, Welshpool.
Mr. Albert Lees, 28, Broughton Road, Stoke Newington, N.
Mr. E. Lewis Leonard, Tulse Hill, S.W.
Lady Diana Manners, 16, Arlington Street, S.W.
Mr. J. J. McNaughton, 66, Victoria Street, Westminster, S.W.
Mr. G. K. Oakes, 45, Alderney Road, N.E.
Mr. W. O. Phillips, Teesdale Lodge, 127, Brixton Hill, S.W.
Miss M. Quinn, Holm Hill, Dalston, Cumberland.
Mr. G. Radcliffe, 41, Courtfield Gardens, South Kensington, S.W.
Miss Kate Roberts, Dane Hill, Uckfield, Sussex.
Mr. K. Slevin, 95, Yerbury Road, Tufnell Park, N.
Mr. J. Grice Statten, 2, Queen Anne's Gate, Westminster, S.W.
Mr. H. J. Spon, 23, Southwark Bridge Road, S.E.
Mr. A. Smallpiece, 1b, Morpeth Terrace, S.W.
Mr. Charles C. Smart, 19, Willoughby Road, Hornsey.
Mr. A. Thornton, Milkbank, Lockerbie, Scotland.
Mr. A. R. Taylour, 14, Victoria Road, Kensington, W.
Mr. J. A. C. Thynne, 67, Eaton Place, S.W.
Miss Ethel Thesiger, The Cottage, Cholderton, Salisbury.
Mr. C. C. Trollope, Fairmile Hatch, Cobham, Surrey.
Mr. H. Wilkins, 29, Upper Montagu Street, Portman Square, W.
Miss Ada Wright, 10, Porchester Gardens, Queen's Road, W.

Marlborough House from The Mall

Lodge at Entrance to St. James's Park from Buckingham Palace Road

Carriage Drive, Richmond Terrace, Whitehall

Pediment over the Royal Stables, Buckingham Palace Road

The Serpentine, Kensington Gardens

View from the Bridge

Stratford House, Stratford Place, W.

Royal Commissions House,
Old Palace Yard, Westminster

Gateway, Middle Temple Lane,
Fleet Street

The Foundling Hospital,
Guilford Street, Russell Square

British Museum, corner of
Montague Street

King Charles's Statue,
Charing Cross

St. John's Gate, Clerkenwell

A PRIZE COMPETITION.

THE Proprietors of the *Badminton Magazine* offer a prize or prizes to the value of Ten Guineas each month for the best original photograph or photographs sent in representing any sporting subject. Competitors may also send any photographs they have by them on two conditions: that they have been taken by the sender, and that they have never been previously published. A few lines explaining when and where the photographs were taken should accompany each subject. Residents in the country who have access to shooting-parties, or who chance to be in the neighbourhood when hounds are running, will doubtless find interesting subjects; these will also be provided at football or cricket matches, and wherever golf, cycling, fishing, skating, polo, or athletics are practised. Racing and steeple-chasing, including Hunt Meetings and Point-to-point contests, should also supply excellent material. Photographs of Public School interest will be specially welcome.

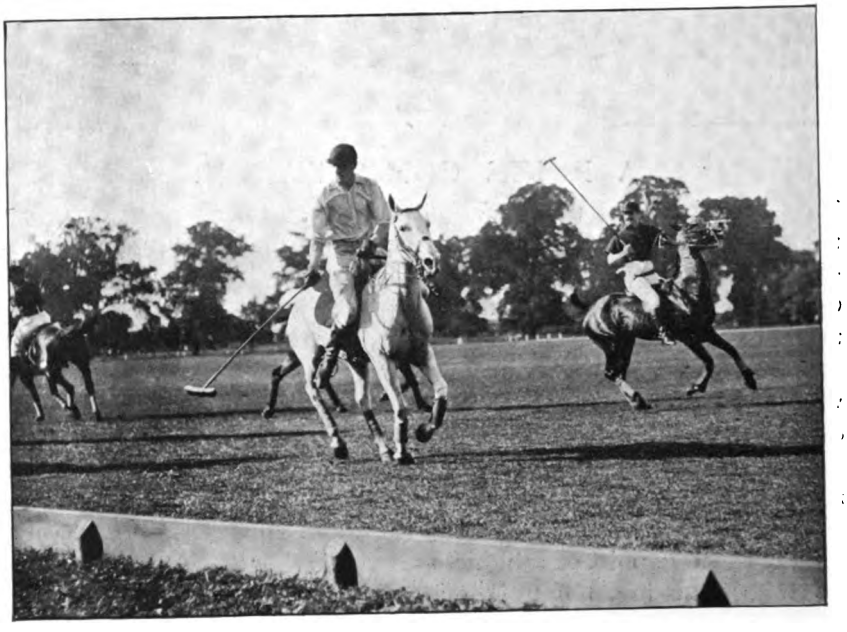
The size of the prints, the number of subjects sent, the date of sending, the method of toning, printing, and mounting, are all matters left entirely to the competitors.

The Proprietors are unable to return any rejected matter except under special circumstances, and they reserve the right of using anything of interest that may be sent in, even if it should not receive a prize. They also reserve to themselves the copyright in all photographs which shall receive a prize, and it is understood that all photographs sent are offered on this condition.

The result of the January competition will be announced in the March issue.

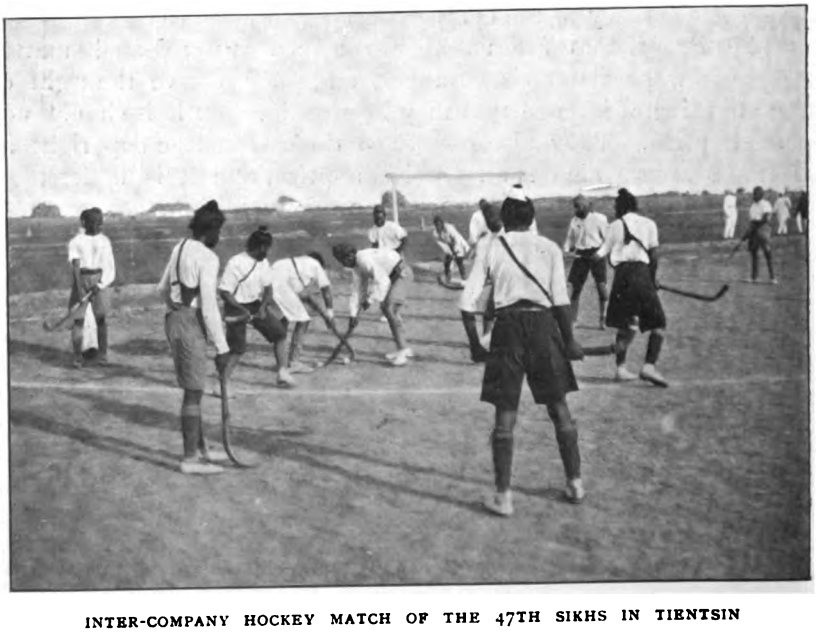
THE NOVEMBER COMPETITION

The Prize in the November competition has been divided among the following competitors:—Mr. B. N. Wood, Westbourne Grove, W.; Mrs. Hughes, Dalchoolin, Craigavad, Co. Down; Miss G. Murray, Cheltenham; Mr. Henry Teare, Egremont, Cheshire; Mr. J. R. Aitchison, Granton, Edinburgh; Mr. J. H. Nicholson, Halliwell Dene, Hexham, Northumberland; Mr. E. C. Denison, H.M.S. *Drake*, 2nd Cruiser Squadron; Mr. T. N. James, H.M.S. *Diana*, Mediterranean Squadron; Mr. H. P. Boyd, H.M.S. *Jupiter*, Channel Fleet; and Mr. W. P. Crake, Norfolk Crescent, Hyde Park, W.



RANELAGH OPEN CUP FINAL

Photograph by Mr. B. N. Wood, Westbourne Grove, W.



INTER-COMPANY HOCKEY MATCH OF THE 47TH SIKHS IN TIENTSIN

Photograph by Captain H. C. Brown, I.M.S., Tientsin, North China

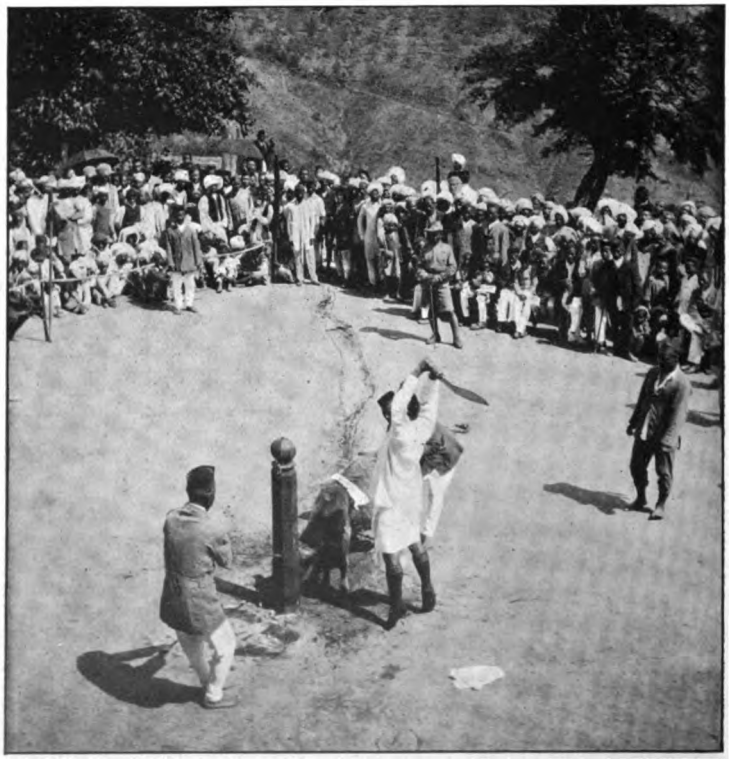
A ROUGH "YOUNG ONE"

Photograph by Mrs. Hughes, Dalchoolin, Craigavad, County Down

LADIES' HOCKEY AT CHELTENHAM

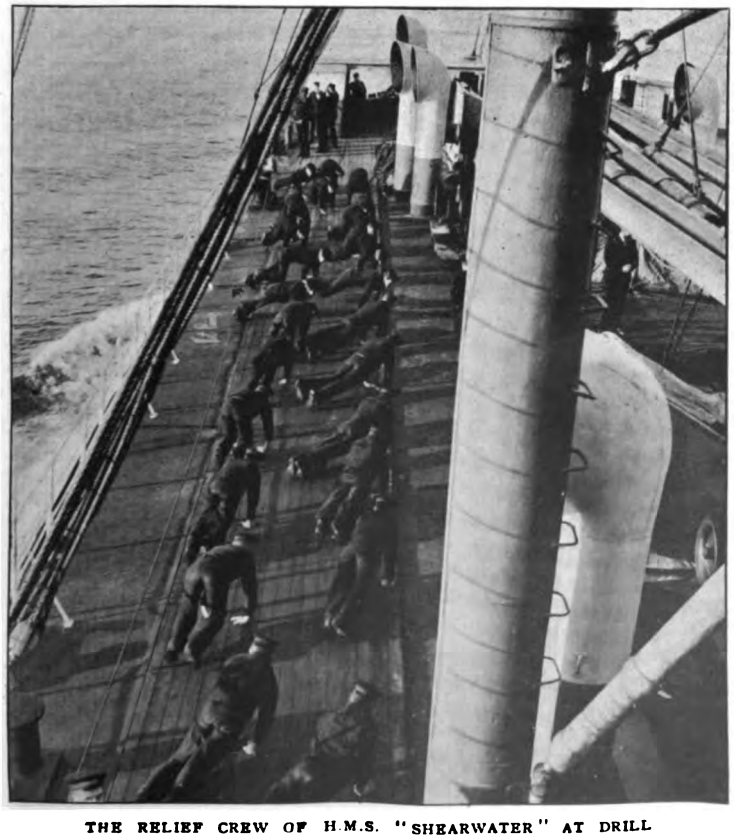
Photograph by Miss G. Murray, Cheltenham

WITH MR. G. FITZWILLIAM'S HOUNDS
Photograph by Mr. G. C. W. Whitmore, Apethorpe, Wansford, Northamptonshire

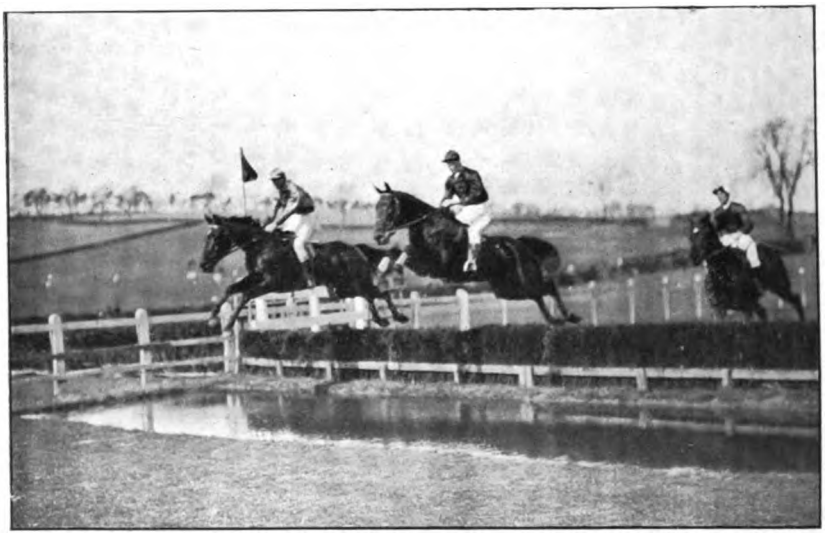


PICKED MAN FROM THE GURKHAS REGIMENT BEHEADING A BULLOCK, AT THE DARSHERA FESTIVAL, WITH ONE SWEEP OF THE KŪKRI
Photograph by Mr. C. H. Reinhold, Lieutenant I.M.S., Bakloh, Punjab

SOUTH DEVON FOXHOUNDS—OPENING MEET AT BLAGDON BARTON
Photograph by Mr. Carslake Winter-Wood, Kenwick, Paignton



THE RELIEF CREW OF H.M.S. "SHEARWATER" AT DRILL
Photograph by Mr. Henry Teare, Egremont, Cheshire



UNITED BORDER HUNT MEETING AT KELSO—THE ROXBURGH STEEPLECHASE
Photograph by Mr. J. R. Aitchison, Granton, Edinburgh

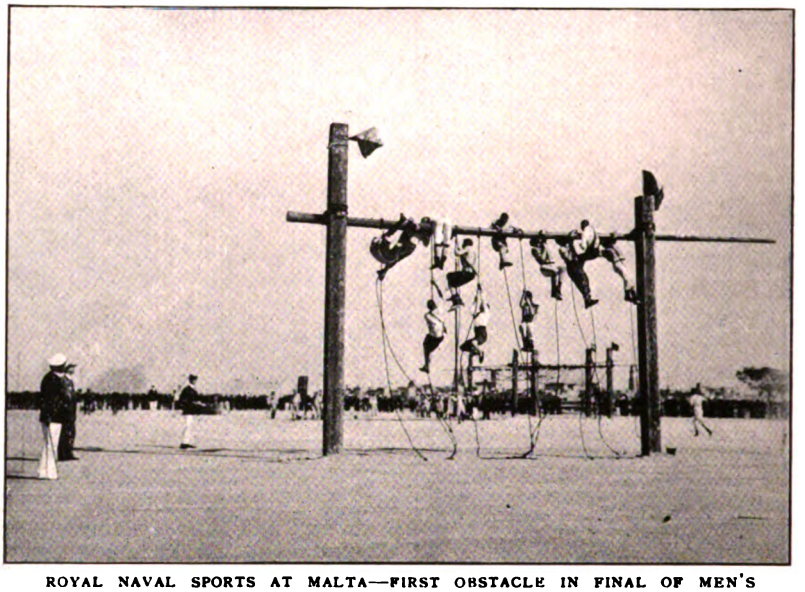
WITH THE DEVON AND SOMERSET STAGHOUNDS AT PORLOCK WEIR—CARRYING THE STAG FROM THE BOAT TO THE BEACH
Photograph by Mr. Charles E. Cobb, The Albany, Piccadilly

THE NORTH DOWN HARRIERS

Photograph by Mrs. Hughes, Dalchoolin, Craigavad, County Down

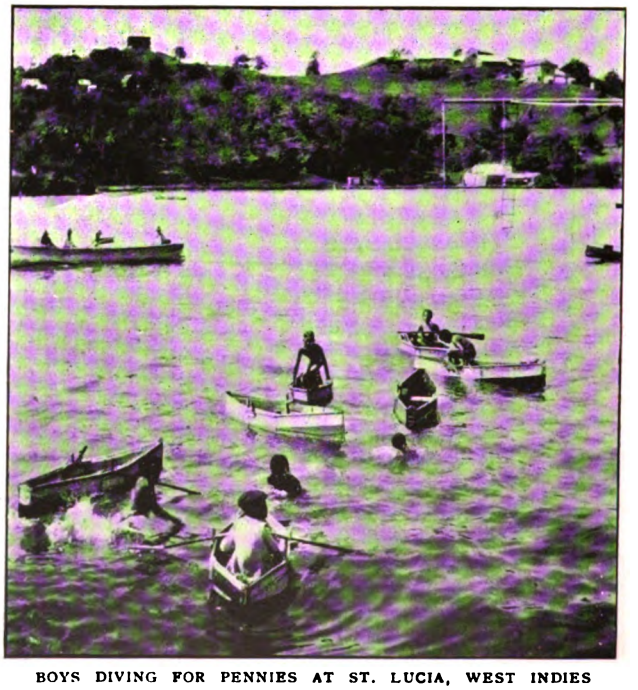
LEAPING SALMON

Photograph by Mr. J. H. Nicholson, Halliwell Dene, Hexham, Northumberland



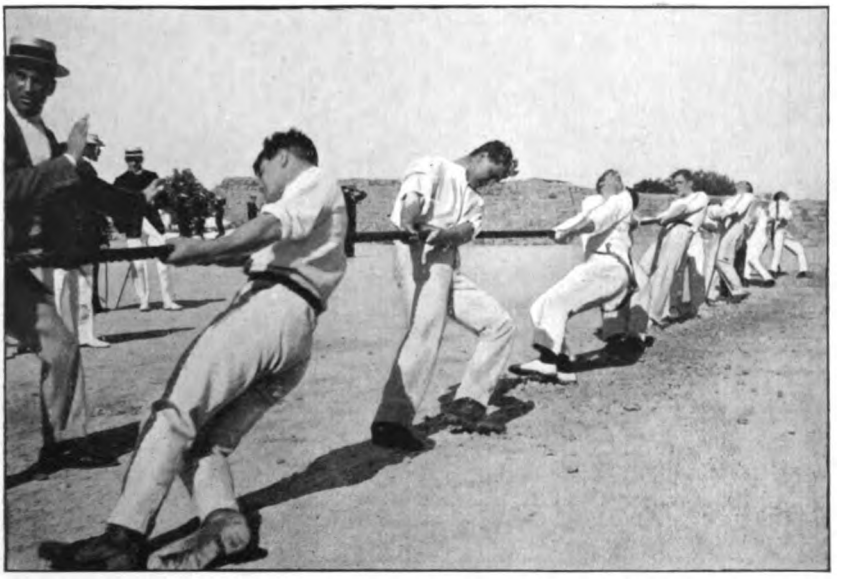
ROYAL NAVAL SPORTS AT MALTA—FIRST OBSTACLE IN FINAL OF MEN'S OBSTACLE RACE

Photograph by Mr. E. H. Sparling, H.M.S. "Leviathan," Mediterranean Station, Malta



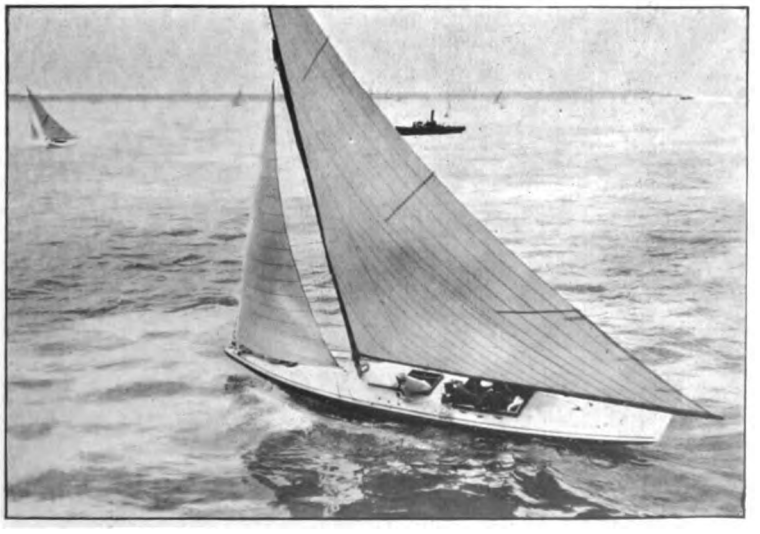
BOYS DIVING FOR PENNIES AT ST. LUCIA, WEST INDIES

Photograph by Mr. E. C. Denison, Midshipman R.N., H.M.S. "Drake," 2nd Cruiser Squadron



OFFICERS' TUG-OF-WAR, "FORMIDABLES" TEAM, ROYAL NAVAL ATHLETIC SPORTS, MALTA

Photograph by Mr. T. N. James, Lieutenant R.N., H.M.S. "Diana," Mediterranean Squadron



MR. W. W. GREENHILL'S 24-FOOTER "SYRINGA" RACING IN THE ROYAL ALBERT YACHT CLUB RACES OFF SOUTHSEA

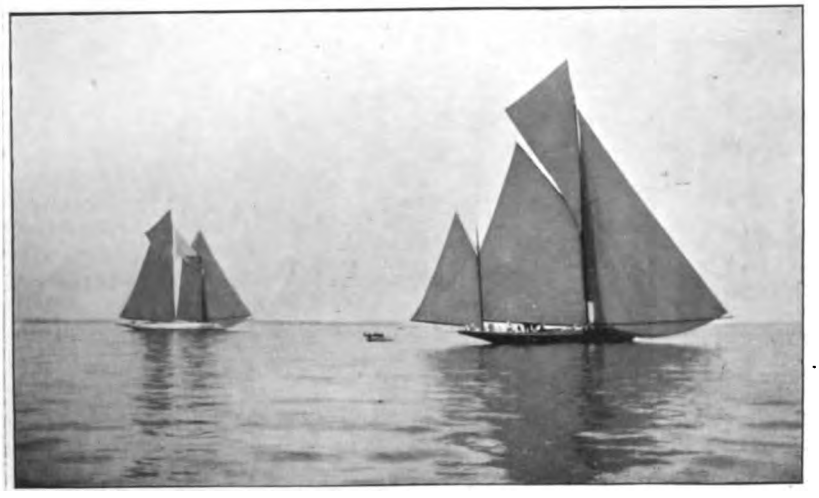
Photograph by Mr. H. P. Boyd, Lieutenant R.N., H.M.S. "Jupiter," Channel Fleet

NORTH SHROPSHIRE HOUNDS CUBBING AT COTON

Photograph by Mr. T. F. Wilson, Chepstow Mansions, Pembroke Villas, W.

SWIMMING

Photograph by Mr. R. W. Cole, Bexhill-on-Sea



RACE FOR THE KING'S CUP, COWES—"METEOR" AND "SATANITA"

Photograph by Count William Bentinck, Hanover

TAME BUSTARDS AT VEREZ-DE-LA-FRONTERA, SPAIN

Photograph by Mr. R. Whitbread, Coldstream Guards, Ramillies Barracks, Aldershot

A PLAYFUL DEER

Photograph by Mr. W. P. Crake, Norfolk Crescent, Hyde Park

DEER-STALKING IN THE STYRIAN ALPS

Photograph by Mr. R. Bence Shipway, Hampton Wick, Middlesex

BEDFORD COTTAGE, NEWMARKET

The Badminton Magazine

SPORTSMEN OF MARK

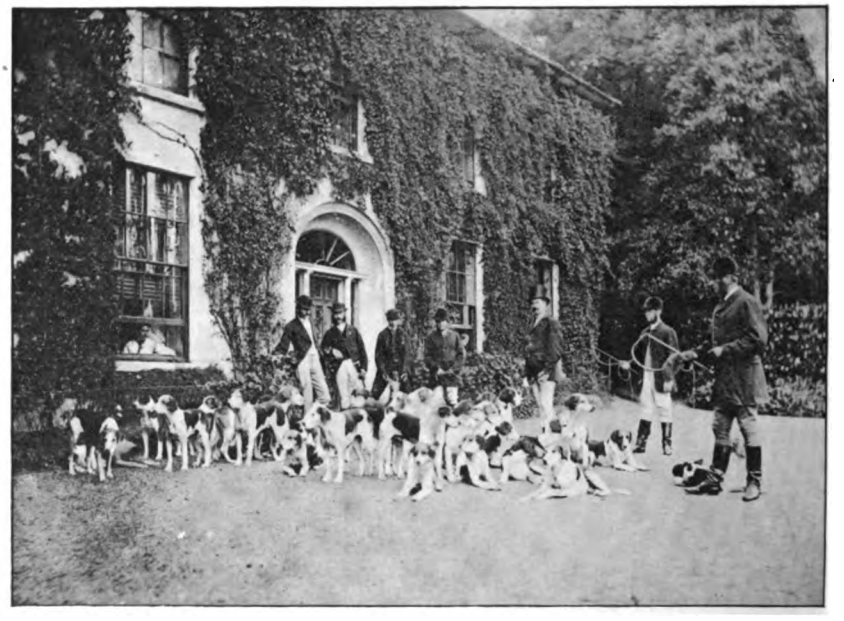
XVI.—MAJOR CHARLES H. L. BEATTY, D.S.O.

BY ALFRED E. T. WATSON

THE gentleman-trainer is a comparatively recent introduction, and when he first appeared was received with a good deal of hesitation and doubt. It was supposed that he would not thoroughly understand his business, or, understanding it, would be lax in its execution. There seemed no sound reason why a man of good education should be inferior to others whose advantages in this respect had presumably been less, especially considering that no one was likely to undertake the training of horses unless he had had long and intimate experience; nor was it evident why a gentleman should be slacker in the performance of responsible duties than the modern development of the old-fashioned training-groom. As a matter of fact, not a few professional trainers of to-day are men of no little general cultivation; but the question was not of their intelligence, but of the possibilities about the amateur—a question, however, which no longer exists, as it happens that two of these amateurs stand out by themselves at the head of the list of winning trainers of last year,

in which list Major Beatty holds a position that is certainly conspicuous, considering the material he had at command. He has never been first, but he has been second, a remarkable performance considering for how short a time he has trained, and it was only by a piece of shocking bad riding that he missed the lead in 1902. I am referring to what should have been Rising Glass's Eclipse. If the horses are good enough, there is no sort of doubt about the Bedford Cottage trainer.

Major Beatty comes of a race of soldiers and sportsmen. His great-grandfather fought through the Peninsular War, for over forty years his grandfather hunted his own hounds at Borodale in the



BORODALE AND THE WEXFORD HOUNDS, TAKEN ABOUT 1848

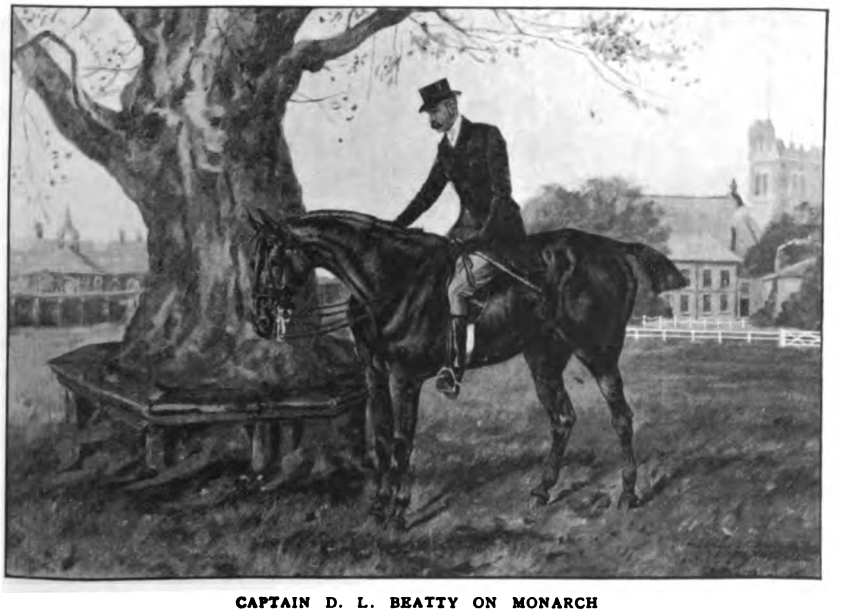
county of Wexford, in which and in County Cork he owned estates. At Borodale his son, David Beatty, was born, and partly educated in Germany, where he specially distinguished himself in many students' duels. In course of time he joined the 4th Hussars, one of his brother officers being Captain Fred Ellis, father of Lord Howard de Walden, of whose horses Major Beatty now has charge. What distinction David Beatty would have gained between flags had he been eight or ten inches shorter, and two or three stone lighter, can only be guessed. No man was ever keener about riding, and few have equalled him as a horseman; but he stood 6 ft. 3 in., and turned the scale at 13 stone. To point-to-point and regimental races he was,

MAJOR CHARLES H. L. BEATTY, D.S.O.

therefore, obliged to confine himself; but it was his delight to school everything that he thought could carry him, and there is no dissent from the opinion that he was one of the finest men to hounds ever known. Borodale—which, at the death of Captain David Beatty, came into the possession of the subject of this sketch—has high claims to consideration as a home of sport. Besides the shooting and fishing, which would go far to qualify it in this respect, that good 'chaser The Midshipmite was bred there, as was the great mare Frigate, winner of the National in 1889, "next door." David Beatty, however, in course of time went to live at The Moat, Rugby, chiefly for the sake of the hunting; and here the youthful Charlie, who had taken as naturally to the saddle as ducks do to the water, shared his father's sport, and became ambitious to do a little race-riding as well. Of course he had started long before this. When he was seven and his brother David (now a naval officer of distinction and like Charles a D.S.O) was six, they hunted constantly on Iceland ponies with Sir Watkin Wynn's Hounds. In 1888 Charles obtained a commission in the 4th Battalion of the Royal Warwickshire Regiment, a brother officer being the late Harry McCalmont, whose career as an owner began and ended in connection with his friend. One day Captain Maunsell asked Harry McCalmont why he didn't get a few 'chasers? He replied that he would rather like some, but shouldn't know what to do with them. "Send them to young Beatty," was the reply, "he'll be delighted to train them for you"; and so it befell that an animal called The Seer was purchased to begin with, on whom Charles Beatty finished a bad third of four runners for a military steeplechase in Suffolk, won by the late Lord Molyneux on Fugleman. Poor Roddy Owen had been the previous proprietor of this hog-maned chestnut, who, if I remember aright, had a little interlude in a butcher's cart in the course of his chequered Turf career.

At this time it should be said Captain David Beatty and his son (who were accustomed to compete in point-to-points) were training a considerable number of horses for their friends, amongst others one named Radical, an honest old brown, who jumped well and stayed for ever; and it was upon this son of Republican that Charlie Beatty won his first race at Rugby Steeplechases; the distance was three miles, and Radical came home comfortably about two furlongs in front of the second. He was a sorry-looking animal, with a hip down, a more than doubtful leg, and other infirmities; but you could not make him fall, and Charles Beatty was never defeated on him on a left-handed course. Things were busy at The Moat about this time, for there were something like forty 'chasers in training, the property of Mr. Arthur James, Mr. Yerburgh, late member for

Chester, Mr. Harry McCalmont, and others, and the stable used practically to farm hunt-meetings round about Rugby, Leamington, and Stratford-on-Avon. There was an excellent schooling ground, two and a half miles round without jumping the same fence twice. Charles Beatty's usual day's work five times in the week was to come out about seven, ride two or three schools and a few gallops, which probably meant ten or twelve miles. Hounds would then meet very likely another ten miles off. He would hunt all day, ride home, which might easily mean twenty or thirty miles more, and get ready for the next morning's work. Thursday was "an easy day." The Warwickshire used generally to meet at Long Itchington, Shuckburgh, or somewhere round the neighbourhood not very far



CAPTAIN D. L. BEATTY ON MONARCH

from home, and the day was devoted entirely to hunting, riding gallops being left to the boys.

I never quite understood why Captain McCalmont, as he then was, did not care to get some good steeplechase horses, for he took the keenest delight in the performances of the very moderate animals at The Moat. I had the pleasure, some ten years ago, of dedicating a volume of sporting stories to this best of good friends, and when he died proprietor of the *Badminton Magazine* I emphasized the fact that he was "an owner of horses ranging from Isinglass to Lemon Squash," this latter being an extremely poor specimen of the genus. And perhaps, as it bears on the subject so directly, I may be allowed

to quote a little anecdote from a biographical sketch I wrote of the lamented member for Newmarket at the time of his death. "I well recollect shooting one day in the year that Isinglass accumulated £31,498 in three races, and during the afternoon a telegram was brought out to us to say that Lord Lieutenant, a steeplechase horse of Harry's, had won. His owner was delighted. When we got back to the house another telegram was there, announcing yet another victory achieved, this time of Lemon Squash, whose owner was again most jubilant. One of the party that year was Mr. Gordon Bennett, the proprietor of the *New York Herald*, and, incidentally, of the yacht *Namouna*, of whom, as a yachting man, Harry McCalmont saw much in the Riviera. 'Are those very valuable races?' he asked, having in mind perhaps the Jockey Club Stakes, which had totalled up to a good deal over £11,000 that year. 'Well, nominally they are worth £24 each,' the owner of these exceedingly moderate animals answered, 'but when the expenses have been deducted I don't suppose I shall get more than about £30 for the pair of them; but I am glad, because Charlie Beatty will be so pleased at riding two winners from the stable,' was the explanation." The two animals named, Runnelstone, St. Servan, Belmont, and a few others, carried the light blue and scarlet jacket with success, the last-named breaking his leg in a steeplechase on his owner's own course at Newmarket; probably he landed on a bit of rough ground over a fence. I well remember we had all thought it a good thing; but good things not seldom fall out thus. Lord Lieutenant, that same afternoon, his trainer up, had won the Cambridge Steeplechase.

As a rider in jump races Mr. Beatty decidedly held his own. At the Grafton Hunt in 1895 the card contained seven races. He won the first on Arab King, he did not ride in the second, the third he won on Lord Lieutenant, the fourth on Roseal, the fifth on Hugh Roberts, and he was second in the other two; certainly a good day's work, involving, by the way, altogether seventeen miles racing over fences. In more important events, one of his notable achievements was finishing second on Filbert for the Grand National of 1897. The horse belonged to Captain G. R. Powell, and was a common, mean-looking little brute on whom his owner had won two or three small stakes. In the Veterans' Race at Sandown he fell, Captain Powell broke his arm, and asked Mr. Beatty to ride him at Liverpool, which he said he would do if he might take him home and finish his preparation. This was the year of Manifesto's first win, when he finished so far ahead that many people missed him altogether, and concentrated their attention on Filbert and Ford o' Fyne (Mr. Fred Withington up), who fought out a desperate struggle for second place, which fell

to Filbert by a short head. On Colonel W. A. Lawson's Kestrel Mr. Beatty won the Grand International Steeplechase at Sandown. He scored also on The Nun, a one-eyed mare who was occasionally asked to do more than she could compass, as for instance when pitted against The Midshipmite and Why Not at Liverpool. Barsac is another horse associated with Mr. Beatty, who won the £500 steeplechase at Hawthorn Hill on him as a four-year-old. He was a wayward, sluggish beast, but an extraordinarily fine jumper, for whom the Liverpool course had no terrors, and he could gallop when he liked. I rather think another friend of mine, Mr. Gwyn Saunders-Davies, had an intimate acquaintance with him.

MAJOR CHARLES BEATTY IN THE UNIFORM OF THE 4TH BATT. ROYAL WARWICKSHIRE REGIMENT

In 1898 the late James Jewitt, who had long been Captain Machell's right-hand man, and had done great things for Captain McCalmont with Isinglass, Suspender, Raconteur, and other animals, died, and the question arose under whose charge the horses should be placed? I well recollect Captain McCalmont saying to me, "I am going to do what you will probably think a very foolish thing—get Charlie Beatty to come to Newmarket

and train the horses. People tell me he doesn't know anything about it, but I have an idea he knows a good deal more than they think, and what he doesn't know he is quite sharp enough to learn." His judgment proved correct. Mr. Beatty came to Newmarket and took over what, as it happened, was at the time a moderate string; but before he had well settled down to the work the South African war broke out, and the regiment, under Colonel Harry McCalmont's command, was sent away. The duty appointed to it was the guarding of Boer prisoners, but Captain Beatty, as he had become, anxious to be as near the front as possible, obtained his desire, was sent on special service with Mounted Infantry, and saw a good deal of the fighting, about which, however, my efforts to obtain information from him have been unavailing. In a little record of the war called "Mentioned in Despatches" I find this paragraph:—"C. H. L. Beatty, at Evergreen, Eastern Transvaal, February 17th, when Major Howard and orderly were killed, went back to fetch assistance through very close and heavy fire. His horse was killed, hit three times." From other sources I have heard the action was such a gallant one that it was believed Captain Beatty would have been awarded the V.C. A D.S.O. was bestowed upon him, however, together with the information that if he cared to stay out he might reckon upon a lucrative appointment. Major Howard and his orderly, it may be incidentally remarked, fell into a trap; seeing the hopelessness of the case they surrendered and were murdered in cold blood. Meantime his second brother David was with the British forces in China and received his D.S.O. for gallant service at the capture of Tientsin.

When the war approached its end, Major Beatty, as he then was, had his choice of two or three lucrative posts, but Colonel McCalmont was anxious that he should return and train the horses, it being well understood that he would in no way suffer pecuniarily, and in 1901 he came back, and took over thirty animals which Captain Machell had been superintending. One of these was St. Maclou, whose purchase at Doncaster in 1898 had been the first act of responsibility the young trainer had performed. The son of St. Simon and Mimi had only won a single race in the previous year, but he had left off by finishing third for the Liverpool Autumn Cup with 7 st. 6 lb., and he was reasonably handicapped at Lincoln with 7 st. 12 lb. It was generally believed, however, that Sceptre could not be beaten, seeing that they met at practically weight for age; but after a great race St. Maclou got home by a head. Other races emphasised the fact that he was a really good horse. Certainly he was an extremely difficult one to deal with. His temper when in

training was very bad. He would throw himself down, bite the ground, scream like a mad animal, and the difficulty of saddling him was extreme. When other means of evincing his objection to the process failed he was accustomed to roll over on his back and kick violently; indeed the only method of circumventing him was to get the saddle on him in his box at home. A third in the Hunt Cup was followed by a second in the Cambridgeshire, the "certainty" Ballantrae, who started at 9 to 4, only squeezing home by a neck in receipt of 31 lb. St. Maclou wound up by comfortably carrying 9 st. 4 lb. first past the post in the Manchester November Handicap.

In what may be described as Major Beatty's first year in absolute command of the stable the results seemed excellent. Colonel

ST. MACLOU, M. CANNON UP

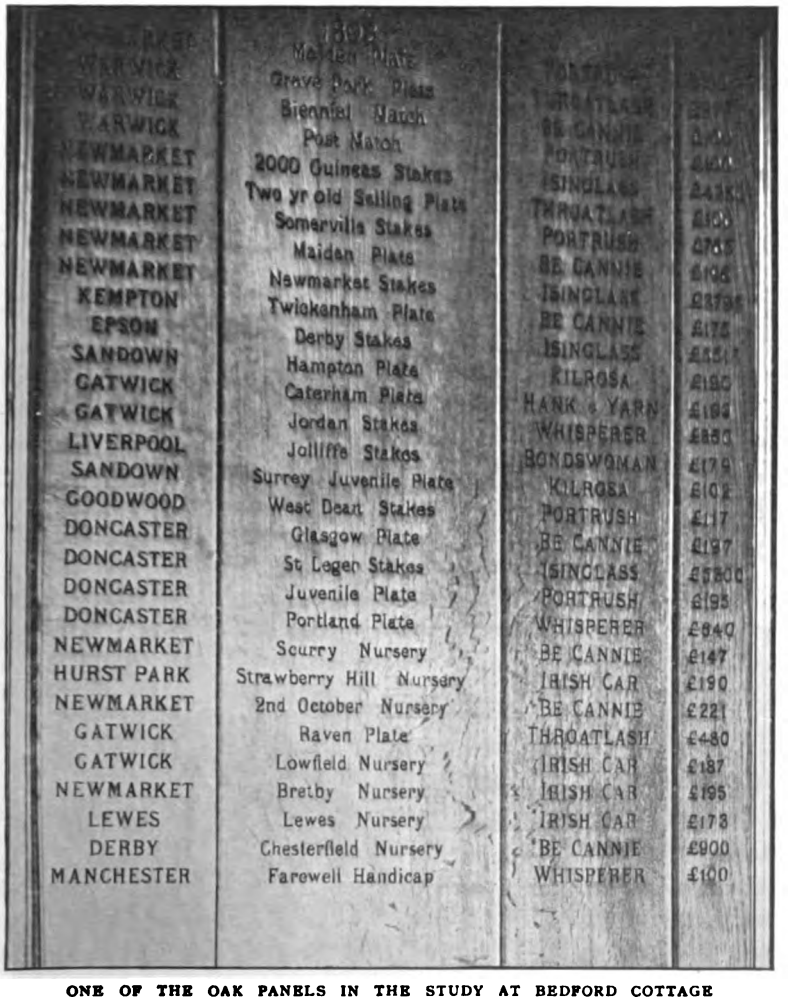
McCalmont was second in the list of winning owners, with twenty races worth £18,140; but nevertheless several severe disappointments were experienced. The number of seconds which the Bedford Cottage horses ran was altogether exceptional. Rising Glass was second in the Derby, second for the Leger, and second for the Eclipse Stakes, nothing that has ever happened in racing being more certain than that he ought not only to have beaten Cheers at Sandown, but to have beaten that clumsy, lumbering animal with the greatest ease. Glass Jug was second for the Oaks and second for the Knowesley Dinner Stakes at Liverpool. St. Maclou, as already remarked, was second in the Cambridgeshire. *Zinfandel*

was second for the Rous Memorial, and, it may be observed, reduced his owner and trainer to a veritable state of consternation by his failure to produce in public anything approaching to his private form. Kilglass was second for the only race he ran that year at Ascot; Spinning Minnow was second in the Clearwell Stakes, Set Fair was second for the Double Trial Plate at Newmarket, Amoret II ran four seconds, and no doubt examination would show others. Of Rising Glass and Glass Jug Major Beatty had a very high opinion. "What will you give me if I win the Derby and

Oaks for you?" he chaffingly said to Colonel McCalmont one day in the early spring, to which his friend replied, "Let us begin by winning the Lincolnshire Handicap!" which was promptly done.

Shortly after St. Maclou had won, Rising Glass and Watershed were tried with him. St. Maclou was set to give the three-year-old 7 lb., weight for age being 20 lb., and Rising Glass ran him to a length; Watershed, a four year old, 8 st. 4 lb., a long way behind. Rising Glass, by the way, was so much back at the knee on his near fore-leg as to be almost deformed, and when he was first taken up grave doubt was felt as to whether it would be worth while keeping

him in training. As it was, he won over £12,000 in stakes, and was second, as mentioned, for races worth a great deal more. *Z*infandel's failure as a two-year-old remains inexplicable. Set Fair had run a good race with Baroness La Flèche at Epsom, and soon afterwards she was tried with *Z*infandel, Kilglass, and Centre-board. *Z*infandel



ONE OF THE OAK PANELS IN THE STUDY AT BEDFORD COTTAGE

was asked to give her 10 lb., and he beat her very easily. It will be remembered what a desperate race Baroness la Flèche and Rock Sand ran for the Coventry Stakes at Ascot, and it was natural enough, therefore, that *Z*infandel should have been strongly fancied for his race an hour later the same afternoon. His great performance in the Cesarewitch is too recent to have been forgotten, and

that he ought to have won the Ascot Cup no one is readier than Morny Cannon to admit. The best of jockeys make mistakes, but few of them have the honesty and courage to say that they have done so.

"I never came across a better loser than poor Harry McCalmont," Major Beatty says. "No matter how badly things were going, he was always cheery, kind, and thoughtful of others. When just beaten by the shortest of heads for the Cambridgeshire with St. Maclou, carrying 8 st. 11 lb., his only remark to me was, 'Never mind, old chap, the horse did make a good fight for it, didn't he?' Many of us standing near thought he had won. Harry was always the same in defeat; one felt he knew that the best possible had been done, and he was contented. He was always fair to jockeys; I never knew him to say an ungenerous thing of anyone, much less an unjust one. We won just under £20,000 in stakes that last year of his life, and everything looked extraordinarily promising and rosy for the following season."

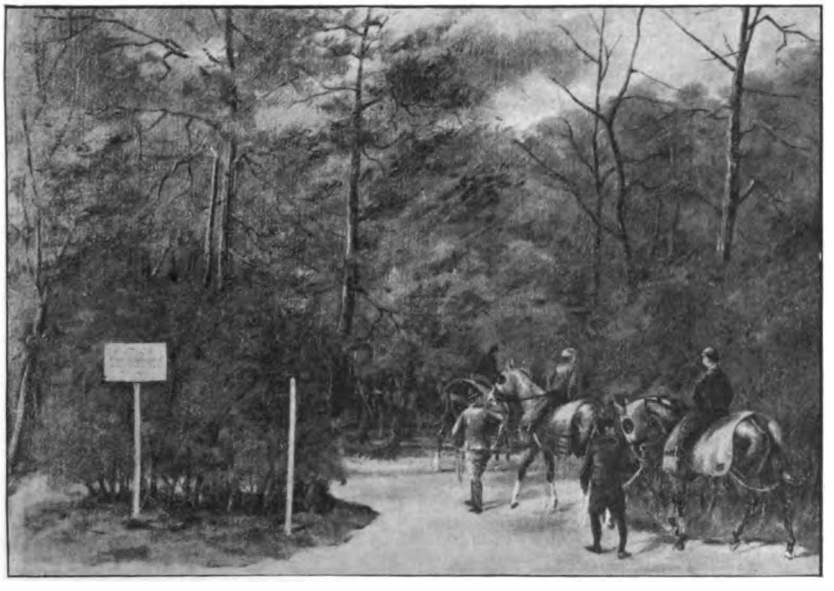
Had Colonel McCalmont lived to race in 1903 he must have had a great year. That *Z*infandel was a considerably better animal than Rock Sand has, I think, been clearly demonstrated. He should have won the Derby and the Hardwicke amongst other races. Rising Glass, St. Maclou, Glass Jug, and other well-known horses were liberally entered, in many cases for stakes they could not have lost. They were, needless to say, disqualified by the death of their nominator—a rule which is frequently condemned by those who do not see why it is often highly desirable; but, nevertheless, after the loss of these engagements, the horses carrying the apricot jacket of Lord Howard de Walden won twenty-two races worth £9,915; for Lord Howard, who had already a few horses at Bedford Cottage, purchased from the McCalmont trustees twenty-eight of the animals in training at a valuation made by that sound judge, John Porter, late of Kingsclere. Lord Howard de Walden is perhaps not quite so keen about racing as some of his friends who are devoted to the great game would like to see him, but he takes more interest in his horses than appears to be generally supposed. Betting is of course no attraction to a man of his wealth; indeed, I fancy he likes to go through the stables and note the development of his horses almost as much as to see them race. Some of the names he invents are excellent—Centre-board for the son of Speed and Ballast for example.

The contents of a trainer's post-bag are often remarkably quaint and amusing. All sorts and conditions of men, for the most part utter strangers, send him letters containing inquiries, criticism, advice, abuse, expostulation, and (very rarely) a little praise. Major

Beatty has preserved some of his correspondence, and for pure, unadulterated impudence this letter from Bute Street, Clapham, is really hard to beat :—

" DEAR SIR," it ran, " I should be glad to know if *Z*infandel is a good thing, as I have had it sent to me as good by a firm of advisers. I should be glad if you will let me know.—Yours truly, E. H——."

In most stables there is someone who bets, and prices would be short if trainers divulged the conclusions they had formed to every casual questioner ; but, the question of betting apart, the " cheek " of this is really sublime.



THE BELT, NEWMARKET

Here is another, if possible more peremptory :—

" CHEAPSIDE, May 26. DEAR SIR,—Mr. —— has sent me your horse *Z*infandel as good in a circular, and wants me to put him 10*s*. on. Please say if it is good. Yours truly, E. C. E——."

Sometimes the trainer is kindly furnished with a little hint as to how he should conduct his business. Here is a specimen :—

" SIR,—Why expose Argosy next week, when he can win a Stewards' Cup, as per Ascot last year ?—Yours, etc., A LITTLE PUNTER WHO FOLLOWS YOUR STABLE."

The following is written in a very friendly spirit, but seems almost too much of an attempt to "run" the stable?

"DEAR SIR,—We all hope you will kinly give us A grand run in the most favoured race of the year with st. Maclou in the Cambridge. Nealy all the midlands is A going for your great horse, he is such a favourite with the Public who like to have there shilling each way, declare he is another Bendigo and that you will keep him for the Cambridge and have him specialey trained and kindley let mcall ride him and ride him for his dear life, for he will sure to get a shop for all us Poor People depend upon a great horse. You was the talk of Brum when you won Lincon and they are all waiting for Dear Col. to run the st. and have him ridden out for us Public like Bendigo did, and he will tread in the footsteps of veracity and never care wether sceptre runs or not he will beat her again. We implore you not to run st. Maclou in Duke of york stakes wate for the Great race on your favourite Ground and let us have another saying the 3 macs was in the first 3 of the beginning of the year and he is in the favourite race of the year the Cambridge. We hope you will Col. there is more honour in the Cambridge, the Duke of York stake is thought nothing of here. I hope it will be this, the macs, Col. Mccalmont, St. Maclou, Macall easy by length we do hope you will keep the St. for Cambridge do Dear Colonel."

This is evidently by the same affable adviser:—

"DEAR MAJOR,—We all hope now you are Certain to have M. Cannon up now frear Tuck has left England do let zinfandel make one of the greatest names and A house hold word by the Public and win the most Poplar race the Cesarewitch of the year. We do hope you will advise Lord howard be Waldron to miss Doncaster stakes has the few hundred Pounds is nothing to the honour, has it will occasion never before in history will Newmarket be has it will be on Cesarewitch day has zinfandel is most Poplar now though us Poor Backer have never been able to back it. You will never forget the Scene I warrant you and the Lord will never forget it, let Rising Glass win the Cup Mr. Beatty Please and never mind the stakes and let him come out in the Cesarewitch with M. Cannon up and win in A common Canter, has they will be all wondering and talking all the Autumn and winter what a great horse Persimmons son his. I do hope Dear major soon has the weights are out for the Doncaster stakes you will scratch him out and keep him specialley for the great race, what even the Papers say they hope to see him go for it. He will be the horse of the Century I am sorry to have to ask you once more.

Here he is once more. This time he was extremely anxious to back Glass Jug and was afraid that if he did not chip in with a little advice Lord Howard de Walden and Major Beatty might make a mess of it ; for if *they* did not want to bet their correspondent did :—

" DEAR SIR,—The Cambridgeshire will soon come round and Poor Mr. Mcalmont did want to win the race has it is one of the favourites of the year with the Public hoping you will keep the horse for it this year has was the favourite in the two the good named Glass Jug and he will win it for Lord Howard de Waldon. He deserves to win a Poplor Handicap and win Glass Jug would, has he will get in at A Beautiful weight and has he has not run this year

BEDFORD COTTAGE STRING AT EXERCISE

his weight will not be a big one has you enter him in races and with draw him they will know nothing about Glass Jugs form till just before the race and he his worth keeping for it. It would be a most remarkable thing if you win this years Cambridge with Glass Jug has the Public thought he was your best and you nearly won with St. Maclou and they will go for st. maclou and it is Glass Jugs time to win it easy I hope he does."

That Glass Jug was a filly and not a "he" is a detail which did not occur to the writer. Glass Jug's win in the Wokingham, by the way, was most unexpected, and in one way rather an expensive success for the trainer. A lady had asked him to put her

on £10 "if he fancied it." He did not fancy it, had not a shilling on, but could not bring himself to disappoint the lady, and as the mare started at 20 to 1 with exaggerated chivalry sent her £200.

This is from a believer in coincidences:—

"DEAR SIR,—I hope I am not trespassing on your valuable time in writing to you but I feel I am Justified in Calling your attention to certain facts as regards some previous Winners of the Cambridge. In 1898 K. Cannon won on Comfray. In 1899 K. Cannon won on Irish Ivy. In 1900 Mr. Sullivan's Birrell won, same owner as Irish Ivy. 1901 Mr. Witney's Watershead won, same Letter commencing owner & Horse Name namely a W. Now this year Mr. Walden's Watershead Should win the Cambridge, as the same Jockey won twice, the same owner won twice, now the same Horse should win twice if allowed to run. I am not writing to you as regards Betting purposes for my outlays are never more than Half Crown at any time I fancy a Horse, as I cannot afford any more, but I should like to have my 2/6 on at present prices if Watershed was Intended to run. If you think the above facts are worth your Notice a post Card with one word yes. or no. would greatly Oblidge Yours Respectfully, J. McG."

Unfortunately the coincidence, such as it was—Walden and Watershed both beginning with "W"—broke down, and I do not think Major Beatty agreed with J. McG. in considering it important.

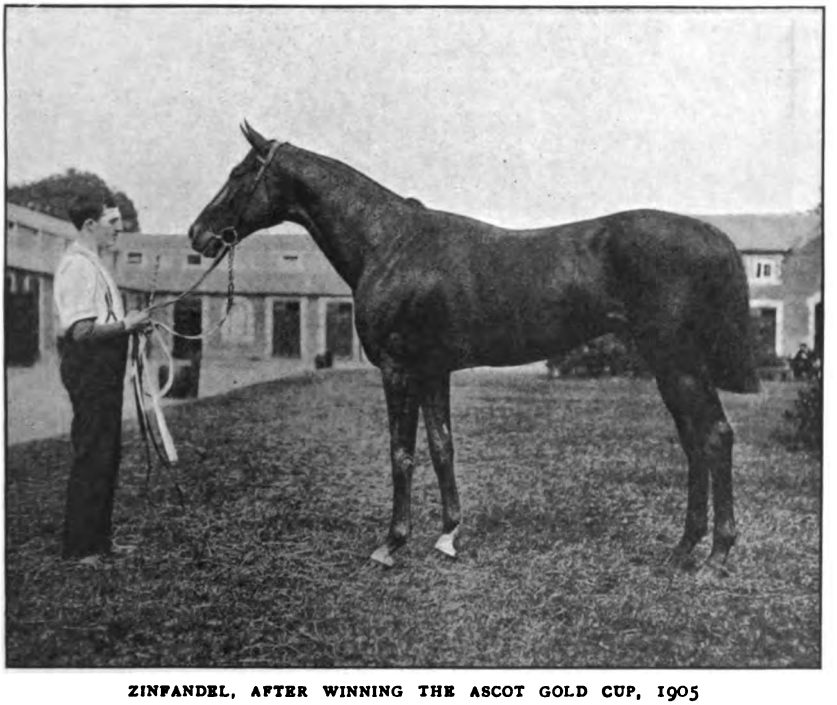
This is from a bookmaker who seems to have had a curious idea that Lord Howard de Walden's horses ought to run for his special benefit if he kindly suggested the way:—

"SIR,—I see you have Watershed engaged in the Great Jubilee Stakes. Do oblige me by running it, as I have already taken pounds on it at starting price. It was a splendid day for me when it ran and lost at Lincoln. I took pounds on it for the Lincoln Handicap, the fellows cursed you terrible when it was such a sell for them. I was delighted as it put pounds into my pocket that day, I could not have paid out had it have won. I know it cannot win the Jubilee Stakes and I dare lay hundreds. Will you kindly run it, as they all will have it laid starting price, it will be such a good day for me if it runs and *looses*. Trusting you will run it. Yours, A. H."

An Irish landlord, Major Beatty sees little of his property; indeed, after the passing of Mr. Gladstone's Irish Land Act in the early eighties his father declared that he could not afford to live at home, and took up his residence at Cherry Hill, in Cheshire, before going to The Moat. Major Beatty shoots, but hunting is his sport, and he never misses a day when he can get one. He was when in practice an excellent polo player, and did notable service as No. 1

for the Rugby team, often on the old pony shown in one of the illustrations—a grey when young, but pure white long before it died at an exceptionally old age.

As a trainer one of his chief cares is thoroughly to study the constitution and temper of each individual horse, recognising the fact that practically no two are quite alike, and should not therefore be treated alike. He has had some particularly troublesome animals to deal with : St. Maclou aforesaid ; His Eminence, who sulks and is difficult to deal with ; Certosa, a queer hot-headed brute, and others. These last two are of course still in training, and there are some good-looking, well-bred two-year-olds.

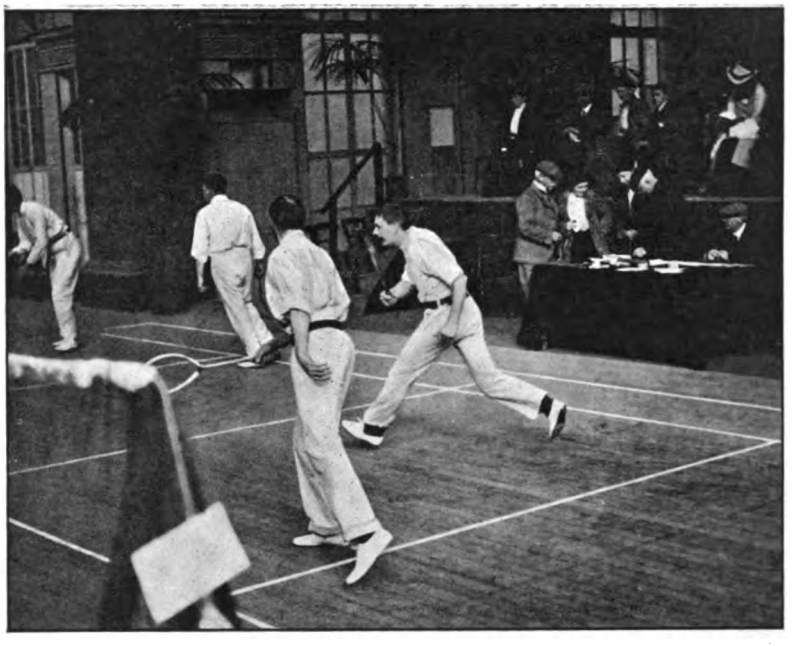


ZINFANDEL, AFTER WINNING THE ASCOT GOLD CUP, 1905

(Photograph by W. A. Rouch)

On the chimney-piece of the study in which Major Beatty sits—a panel in which is shown in the photograph, unfortunately not a good one, but pictures of interiors are frequently difficult—is this sentence : "I shall pass through this world but once ; any good thing therefore that I can do, or any kindness that I can show to any human being, let me not defer it, nor neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again."

Charlie Beatty warmly feels, cordially approves, and diligently acts up to this generous resolution.



CHELTENHAM TOURNAMENT—MESSRS. G. A. THOMAS AND J. C. LLEWELLYN (MEN'S DOUBLES HANDICAP)

(This photograph depicts the "back and front" game)

(Photograph by Miss Murray, Cheltenham)

BADMINTON

BY S. M. MASSEY

(*All England Men's Doubles Champion* 1899, 1903, 1905)

No article on the game of Badminton has ever been published in the *Badminton Magazine*, and it will perhaps be thought well that the omission should be rectified. A scientific game which affords healthy exercise, requires quickness of eye, limb, and subtle wrist, is bound to make its way; while the fact that it is played during the winter months renders it additionally attractive. Then, thanks to numerous experiments, it can be played equally well by artificial light.

The remarkable growth of the game is ample proof of its popularity. The Badminton Association ten years ago numbered only some twenty clubs, now there are at least 200 affiliated to the latter, and the unaffiliated clubs must represent an additional 200. In Ireland Badminton has taken a strong hold, the interests of the game being looked after by the Irish Badminton Union, an off-

shoot of the Badminton Association, a society which has done a great deal of hard and useful work in the distressful country.

The game takes its name from the Duke of Beaufort's seat in Gloucestershire, but it was played a great deal in India before being seriously taken up in this country. It is now a case of the pupil beating his master, as the Anglo-Indian player of to-day cannot hold his own against the English and Irish cracks, owing, no doubt, to the influence of polo, cricket, golf, tennis, etc., which can be played on a much cheaper scale than in England, while the necessity of playing the game in a covered court is a serious drawback in India, where outdoor exercise is the desideratum. Indeed, in India the game is looked upon more as a *pis aller* after an afternoon of polo or a round of golf. A man may have a knock-up at Badminton in a mixed four for half an hour or so before dinner. In short, the game is not now taken seriously in India. Although played occasionally over here out of doors in summer, it is, owing to the wind, a very poor substitute for the scientific indoor game; and the legitimate season does not begin till October, to end in March.

Amongst its supporters are such well-known lawn-tennis players as Mrs. Larcombe (formerly Miss E. W. Thomson), Mrs. Sterry, Misses D. K. Douglass, C. Wilson, H. Lane; Messrs. S. H. Smith, G. Greville, H. N. Marrett, A. D. Prebble. Many others find it an excellent means of keeping eye and hand in for lawn-tennis, while for fencing and boxing, where quickness of foot is indispensable, it is equally valuable as a school of training.

Badminton, like all games when played well, looks easy, but the tiro will be sadly disappointed if he expects to get to the top of the tree in a season or two. Some players, owing to a natural aptitude, make far more rapid progress than others, but whether you reach the first rank or are only a moderate player you will obtain many happy hours of healthy exercise and amusement from the game.

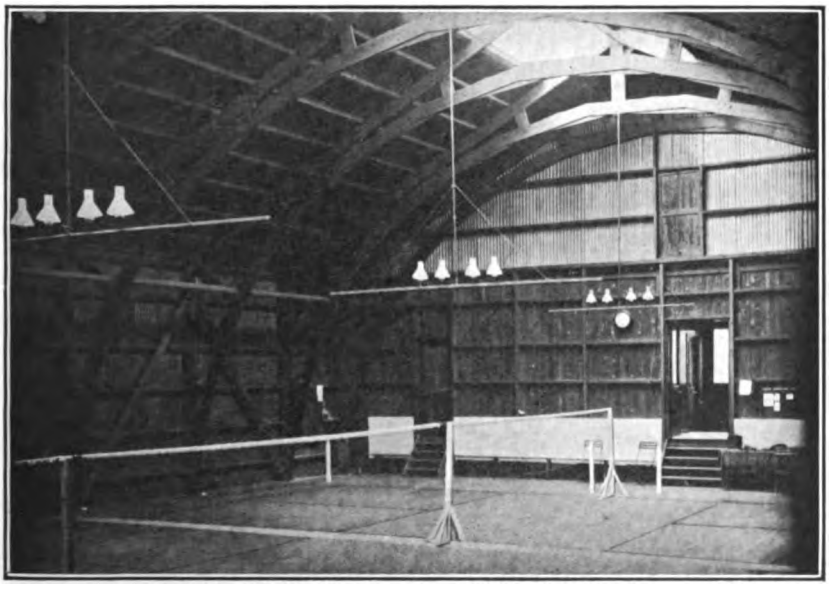
The doubles game is undoubtedly the most popular, so we will deal with that description first. The service, a most difficult art, has to be delivered underhand. "A service is deemed to be overhand if the shuttle at the instant of being struck is higher than the server's waist." There are very few good servers, a fact not at all surprising, as everything points in favour of the striker; but as only the serving side can score this is rather an advantage than otherwise. The slow drop service just over the first service line, and the lob down the middle line, are the most useful. A very fast service, although apparently difficult, is not so, but by way of variation it is decidedly effectual. Always during the rallies try to keep your opponents on the defence and at the back of the court.

Hard hitting (smashing) has become far more popular than hitherto, and its advantages cannot be over estimated; but do not smash while in all sorts of positions, and vary your strokes as much as possible by judicious drops, high lobbing, placing, and aiming (a very paying stroke) at your opponent's body. Don't in the middle of a rally suddenly remember you have not tried your own pet stroke —which every player has—and instantly without rhyme or reason fire off one or two to make up for lost time. Wait your opportunity, and remember the proverb "Everything comes to him who waits." It is equally as necessary to find out your opponent's weak points as to avoid being tied up with your own, and one of the first things a tournament or match couple do is to discuss with one another any weaknesses in their opponents' defence, and who is the inferior player. The latter should be played at as much as possible, but it is quite a mistake to turn an easy stroke into a difficult one—difficult, that is, to the striker—by trying to pull it across to the weaker player. The better player will probably find a hard return more difficult to take than would the lesser light an easy one. In short, throughout a match, always try to make a stroke without any effort, and never get cramped. Good combination in doubles cannot be too strongly urged, and a thorough understanding with a partner is a valuable asset. Put self aside, and never for the sake of the gallery play entirely for your own opening. On the other hand do not hesitate simply because it is in his or her part of the court to take a stroke if you can get to it better than your partner, as it will be shortly the latter's turn to do ditto, and if you combine well you will understand what to take and what to leave. If one player has taken the lead—in other words made the first attacking strokes—in a rally, he should with discretion follow the same up, as his eye at that particular moment is more in than his partner's. A partner who is a good player will readily see this, and play a waiting game similar to that of No. 1 at polo.

Ladies' play has improved wonderfully of late, and the standard is much closer to that of men than in lawn-tennis; but with the exception of a few players everything is sacrificed to caution, the rallies in ladies' games being both lengthy and at times somewhat tedious to watch, through the fact that they have not yet mastered the art of smashing and forcing the game. This may perhaps be accounted for by the circumstance that in mixed games ladies rely on the man to a great extent to kill the stroke, and do not when they play amongst themselves cultivate the stroke in question to a great extent. Long rallies and lengthy matches are very tiring for men, more so for ladies, and so a couple capable of finishing their matches off quickly would find themselves in a very strong position

when called upon to play off the finals. Only those who have seen the wonderful Devonshire pair, Miss M. Lucas and Mrs. Larcombe, can realise to what perfection the ladies' game has been brought—this famous couple, although they have played in almost every first-class event since 1902, have not yet suffered defeat. Devonshire was the first county to start a club in England.

The mixed game has during the last few years shot ahead wonderfully, and in the matter of combination it is now a moot point, and an endless cause of discussion, as to whether the "back and front" game (the lady covering the front of the court and the man the



EALING BADMINTON HALL, SHOWING TWO COURTS AND SPECIAL ARTIFICIAL LIGHTING

(Photograph by Mr. C. Barnes)

back) or the "side by side" game is the more paying. Certainly the first-named combination during the last season or two has been remarkably successful, a success due more, perhaps, to the fact that the supporters of the "side by side" have not yet learnt sufficiently well the counter, than to its individual merits, and it would not be surprising if the last-named combination is not on top again soon. There are very few ladies who have thoroughly mastered the art of playing the waiting game at the net. It is open to doubt, too, if it will ever become very popular with ladies, as they have so little of the game in return for the anxiety and patient watching of the

shuttlecock, and of always being on the *qui vive* to return a "drop" or punish a short return. Whatever may be said for the "back and front" game in a mixed (and there are many things to be said), it is not suited for ladies' doubles, unless both ladies are equally good at playing "up" or "back" alternately: the strain of one player always being at the back is far too great.

Men's doubles perhaps give the spectators the best show for their money, and with so many good combinations now in the field the play of eight years ago can bear no comparison with that of the present day. Here again combination is all-important, and wins or loses many an important match.

Those who wish to excel at singles will have to be possessed of extraordinary powers of endurance in addition to quickness and sound judgment. A single at Badminton is acknowledged by experts at lawn-tennis to be far more gruelling than a single at that game. Hard hitting does not tell so much as in doubles, a player having to harbour his strength, and play far longer for his opening. Judicious harbouring of one's strength is one of the most important factors. The back service line is done away with in singles, the court being reduced in width from 20 to 17 ft., but the same length is maintained, viz. 44 ft. The high lob to the back of the court is about the most successful service, as it enables the scorer to get into a good position for the return stroke.

Inter-club matches play an important part in Badminton, and it is hoped they will always continue to do so. To set aside everything to tournaments is a thing to be avoided. Matches foster the coming champions and promote keenness, and are free from the prize element, which tends to spoil a good many games.

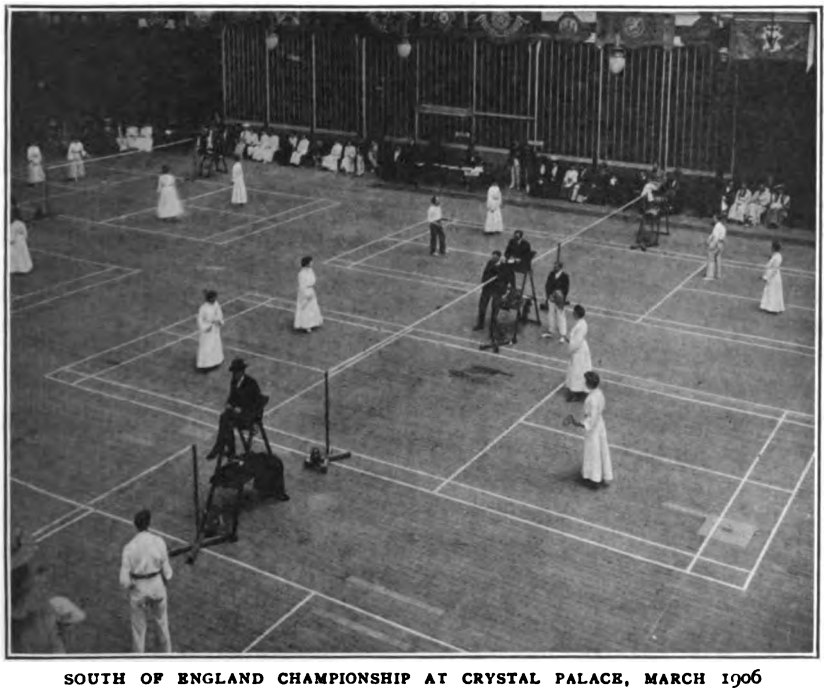
The annual matches between the two crack clubs, Ealing and Crystal Palace, are the most important inter-club matches. Up to some few years back the Ealing side had matters pretty much their own way, now victory generally falls to the last-named club in the mixed matches, and to the representatives from Norwood in the men's, the Sydenham club being able to call upon no fewer than four past or present holders of the All-England Championship, as against Ealing's two. Another club which has come rapidly to the fore of late is Richmond, while up north Lancashire has several good clubs.

The All-England Championships were first played in 1899—one day only being found necessary with four courts available; now four days with play on eight courts are barely sufficient to get the various events through, so great is the number of entries. In addition to the above, Middlesex, Surrey, Hampshire, and South of England Championships are now run, besides a number of

minor tournaments. With the exception of the Sussex meeting, which is limited to Sussex clubs, the others are open to all comers.

The honour of representing England and Ireland is much coveted; already four international matches have been decided—two in England and two in Ireland, the match taking place alternately in London and Dublin.

So far the English players have had their own way, but if stronger players amongst the ladies could be found to represent Ireland the results should be far closer than hitherto. This season



SOUTH OF ENGLAND CHAMPIONSHIP AT CRYSTAL PALACE, MARCH 1906
(Photograph by Messrs. J. Russell & Sons, Crystal Palace)

the venue of the match will be Dublin, and it will, as hitherto, probably be decided at the Rink—an ideal place for the game.

Not only in the British Isles and India has the game established a firm hold, but in all parts of the world, to wit, Cape Town, British Columbia, Falkland Isles, etc., while New York has several clubs, one of which is confined to bachelors and spinsters only, no married persons being eligible for active membership, except those who as members have married.

Before long it is to be hoped an England *v.* America match will be added to the International fixture list. The American

players would receive a hearty welcome if such a match could be arranged, while there should be no great difficulty in getting a team of English players to visit the States.

Drill halls are generally most suited for the game, but any hall capable of holding a court 44 ft. by 20 ft. with a height of about 18 ft. and upwards—the higher the better—is suitable. Some clubs are lucky enough to secure four courts, others having to content themselves with one or two.

Ealing players have built a hall especially for Badminton, containing three excellent courts; and so great is the demand that it could be let twice over. From a sporting point of view the enterprise has proved a great success, while from a sordid financial aspect (the hall being run as a limited company) the results are equally satisfactory.

Not only in play has a great advancement taken place, but in everything connected with the game. The old Indian racket (costing about 3*s.* 6*d.*) now gives place to those costing anything from 9*s.* 6*d.* to 15*s.*, which are as near perfection as possible. The average weight of a racket is about 6 oz., strung with fine but very strong gut. It is a mistake to play with a very light racket, and ladies are rather apt to err on this point. A light racket is excellent for defence, but for all-round play a heavy racket is better, if it can be used without fatigue.

The great difficulty of the past has been to secure a uniform shuttlecock in flight and weight; but after a great deal of experimenting a fairly successful shuttlecock has been arrived at, although its life is short, two and sometimes three shuttlecocks being used in a match of three games of fifteen up. Some of the larger clubs use as many as eight or ten gross in the season—others, of course, fewer, according to the number of members and courts.

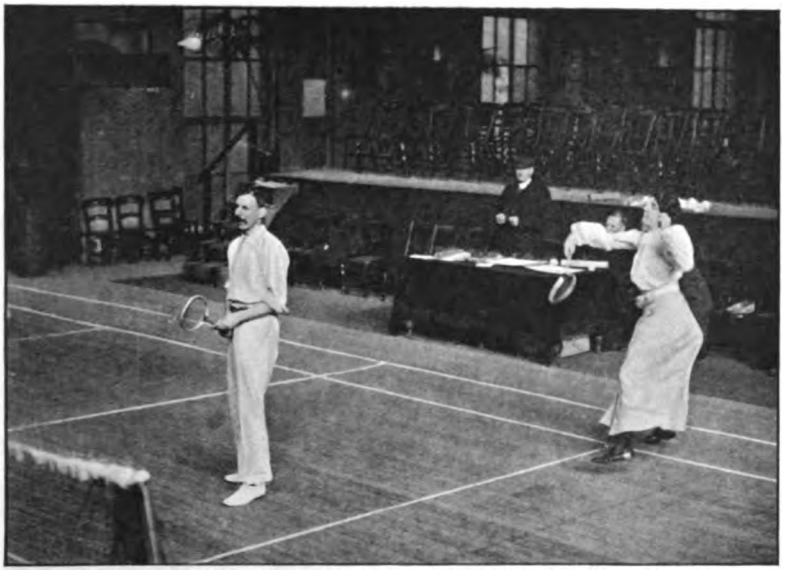
Up to the present the supply has only just met the demand; at times a famine has been threatened—a contingency which, now that the manufacturers have recognised the rapid increase in the game, is not, one hopes, likely to occur again. Strange as it may seem, the shuttlecock industry is almost entirely confined to France, owing no doubt to cheaper labour, for it has been found impossible to make shuttlecocks by machinery.

One cannot conclude this article without a word of praise to Messrs. G. W. Vidal and J. H. E. Hart, who have done so much for Badminton, and made the game what it is. They may rightly claim to be its pioneers in England, and they are undoubtedly the greatest authorities.

Mr. Vidal has undertaken for a number of years the onerous duties of hon. sec. to the Badminton Association, only relinquishing

this post at the end of last season, and may rightly be looked upon as the "W. G." of the Badminton world.

Mr. J. H. E. Hart drew up a code of rules in 1887 for the Bath Badminton Club, taking as his basis those used in Poonah twelve years earlier—these rules formed the framework of the laws of the Badminton Association.



CHELTENHAM TOURNAMENT—MISS M. LUCAS AND MR. LLEWELLYN (MIXED DOUBLES HANDICAP)

(Photograph by Miss Murray, Cheltenham)

STRANGE STORIES OF SPORT

XXIV.—THE CHARMED BULLET

A Tiger Story

BY J. NUGENT

THERE are people who find no difficulty in accepting the supernatural as the natural solution, so to speak, of any event at all out of the common, without caring to satisfy themselves whether in the first place it ever really took place at all, or if it did whether it cannot be accounted for much more easily in some more rational way. Now as to the occult I am a complete sceptic, yet I once met with an experience that I cannot persuade myself to look upon as a mere ordinary occurrence.

I was Assistant Magistrate in Ajabpoor in the North-West Provinces, as they used to be called in those days, and was spending three months' shooting through the wild country to the north of that district along the borders of Nepal. I had just two tents and an elephant and the few servants absolutely necessary in an expedition of the kind.

One day a native came to my camp with a long story, only part of which I understood, for he spoke the patois of the jungle; but the gist of it was that a tiger had harassed his village the whole cold weather and he wanted me to shoot him. At first, as well as I could make out, only cattle had been molested, but of late he had taken to men and killed regularly every three days. They had sacrificed to half the gods in the pantheon, but two days before he had claimed his usual victim. The people were in terror of their lives, and hearing a sahib had come with an elephant they had sent the man to me to beg me to come. The shikari, for so he described himself, struck me as confused; and Khuda Baksh, who was acting

as my interpreter, evidently thought so too, for he commenced a cross-examination in the truculent style invariably adopted by a sahib's servant to any native who will allow himself to be bullied.

"A lame tiger and ye have to send for a sahib! Are ye all afraid?" he began, and proceeded to deliver a tirade about things in general.

"He is a gaon war!" [a yokel], he exclaimed at last, contemptuously, after a long and excited controversy, turning to me. "These jungle folk believe anything!"

"Why, what does he say?" I asked.

"He saith there is an Aghori about the place, whom all the people dread. They think the tiger is his servant and obeyeth his orders. It is only since his coming that the trouble hath been."

I asked him what an Aghori was, and he explained that he was a kind of Hindu fakir that had given up everything, houses, clothes, even caste, and went about wandering in wild places naked, feeding on whatever he could pick up, however unclean—even the corpses of dead men dug up from their graves. "It is said," he ended up, "that their god sometimes giveth them power to change themselves into beasts of prey, but these jungle folk are ignorant and superstitious, they read no books, sahib, and believe what their fathers and grandfathers believed before them."

Khuda Baksh was a bit of a character in his way. He was an old and well-known mahout, and he and his elephant Bara Kallie were well known as the staunchest shikaris in the province. He measured everybody by his own knowledge of woodcraft; it was perhaps because he had initiated a couple of generations of bigwigs into the mysteries of sport that he had such a poor opinion of the intelligence of sahibs in general. To me as a mere griff he used to lay down the law as befitted my ignorance. He was a Mussulman, yet with all the ways of thinking of the Hindus of his class, for he had been born and bred in the jungle, and for all his lofty scorn for the ignorance of the rustics, as he called them, he was in reality as superstitious as any of them. In fact, there was certainly a tentative note in his last sentence, as if he was putting out a feeler to see whether I, too, had any leanings that way.

"Oh, of course," I said, "an educated Mahommedan would laugh at such silliness as that."

He could not write his name, as I knew very well, and the sarcasm told. Besides, to be chaffed by a chota sahib was too much. He shrugged his shoulders sulkily and kept strictly to business for days, whatever I might do to draw him out.

The shikari appeared disappointed that we were not going to start there and then. Next day a kill was due, he said, and perhaps

by going at once we might prevent it. It was not very far, we could get there before night, and so on. He was obviously afraid and wanted our escort, but I could not go at once, and at last he set out to return alone, praying me to tell no one he had come.

Shikarpoor, the tiger's happy hunting-ground, was twenty miles off, and it was late next evening by the time we reached it. It was one of the wretched fever-stricken villages that one comes across in those parts buried away in the forest, and so palpably a product of it that it emphasized rather than dispelled the loneliness of the scene. As we passed through it we could not see a soul, and an air of eerie desolation seemed to pervade the place.

The next morning, after breakfast, Bara Kallie was got ready and we rode over from the camp to the village to make inquiries; but nobody would tell us anything. One would have thought they had never heard of such a thing as a tiger in their lives.

"Why, what do you mean?" I asked the little crowd that had gathered around the elephant. "You sent to fetch me the day before yesterday, and now none of you will speak!"

They stared at one another uncomfortably with open mouths, then began eagerly protesting that they had sent no one and knew nothing at all about the matter.

"Where is Tulsi Ray," I asked, "the man who came to my camp? Send for him and let me ask him."

Then it came out that he was dead. He had been waylaid and killed by the tiger as he was returning the evening before, and his death was evidently looked upon as a warning.

Try as I might I could get no one to come with me, and it was not till next morning that the offer of unprecedented baksheesh at last induced another so-called shikari to act as guide, and even he nearly cried off at the last moment under a volley of vituperation from his wife. An extra rupee, however, finally closured the debate, the enemy retired routed though noisy still, while her husband climbed into the back seat of the howdah behind me, and we set off.

We bumped and scrambled through the thick wood for hours, till at last we came to the river. It being the beginning of the hot weather this had shrunk to a single stream, which flowed in the centre far away in a waste of sand, while between it and us lay an island cut off from the main bank by the bed of what in the rains was one of the channels into which the river spreads itself, but which was now dry and sandy. Along this Ram Din, who now rejoined us, led me for some distance till under an overhanging tree he stopped.

"Look, sahib!" he said, pointing to a mark in the sand below, "This is where he jumped down. He has gone across to the island.

It is the lame tiger." He spoke in a whisper as if afraid of being overheard, though the channel was eighty yards across; and when I proposed that we should return to the elephant he flatly refused to accompany me. He would climb into the tree, he said, and watch; so leaving him carefully concealed in its branches, I hurried back myself, and we got the elephant across.

The island was densely wooded, and should have been full of game; but it was empty as though swept by a pack of wild dogs, and not even an old boar broke cover.

"The animals have fled through fear," whispered Khuda Baksh. "Without doubt it is the home of the tiger," and as he spoke we came upon a lair. Whitening bones were scattered around, and from the dark shadow of a cane brake grinned a bleaching human skull.

Roofed in as it was by overhanging boughs, and floored with rushes trampled into what at first sight looked like a rough mat, it suggested a rude hut rather than a wild beast's den. A ghostly uncomfortable atmosphere hung about, and even Bara Kallie seemed to scent danger, for she thumped her trunk against the ground with a warning tung. Suddenly a monkey chattered in a tree ahead, then another further off; in a moment the whole forest was in full cry. The beast was on foot, and following the chorus we pressed on till we came to the edge of the channel that separated us from the mainland. It was a wide open space, but neither could we find pugs, nor was there any sign of Ram Din, though we got off to search. We could not imagine what had become of him till just under the tree in which he had been perched we found the footmarks of a man.

"Confound the fool!" I cried, "he must have got down out of the tree and the tiger saw him and went back. Why couldn't he sit still instead of spoiling a shot like that!"

But the mahout, who was bending down examining the ground attentively, was muttering to himself. "Far be the evil eye," I heard him exclaim, in an awe-struck tone. Then standing up he said, mysteriously, "These are not Ram Din's footprints, Huzur (sir). See, there is no toe."

"Nonsense!" I cried, irritably. "Whose else could they possibly be? If they were not his, why should he have run away? Of course they're his, and he has spoilt my sport. Do you think a man came down from the skies?"

He shrugged his shoulders resignedly and climbed up the elephant's trunk into his seat in silence. Then, when he had arranged his feet in the stirrups, he said, oracularly, "We shall see, sahib; but it was not Ram Din who stood here." And all the

way back to camp he was silent and meditative: nor could I manage to extract from him what he meant.

Next morning, when we went to the village, the whole place seemed deserted. The mat doors were fastened down tight as for a siege, and the only creature to be seen was a woman with dishevelled hair sitting on the ground and crooning distractedly. "Hai, hai," she wailed. "Did I not warn thee not to go? But when would a husband listen to his wife? Alas, unhappy one! that thou shouldst have meddled with a bhoot" [demon].

It took some time before we could make out what had happened, but at last we discovered that her husband had been killed by the tiger. At nightfall, she told us, he had run back from the forest speechless with terror, and at midnight the lame man-eater had come to the house, dragged him out of his hut, and torn him limb from limb in front of his own door.

I was beginning to feel uncomfortable.

"And who was your husband?" asked Khuda Baksh, who was carrying on the conversation.

"Why, sahib," she said, "Ram Din Goojar, the young man you took with you on the elephant yesterday."

And at the name the old mahout's face turned, I will not call it pale, but the colour of the whitey-brown mottled patch on Bara Kallie's trunk between her two little twinkling eyes.

"Allah re!" he cried, in consternation. "Ram Din killed! It is true she wanted to keep him back." Then after a pause he added inconsequently, still speaking to himself, "He must have seen him in the tree."

Whatever fear had overtaken the woman, it was obvious that it was shared by her neighbours. Panic reigned, no man dared venture into the forest, for he felt as though the sword of Damocles were hanging over his head. The herds were afraid to take their cattle to graze, and those who had come from places around were driving off their beasts to safer grazing grounds. Shikarpoor was being deserted as a plague-stricken spot.

The worst of it was that the scare quickly spread to my servants. A sudden slump seemed to have set in among their relatives, and one after the other came to me for leave on urgent private affairs to marry his daughter or bury his great-aunt, till at last my establishment was reduced to the cook and Khuda Baksh himself, my invaluable factotum, who, with the quiet self-confidence of conscious genius, had constituted himself my bearer and table servant combined.

He had changed of late, and in place of the haughtiness of his former demeanour, he now treated me with a deference almost embarrassing by contrast.

"What is the meaning of all this?" I asked him, the second day after I had tried in vain to get some of the natives to give assistance. "Why should they all be so terrified of this beast?"

He hesitated, looking at the ground, till I encouraged him. Then he spoke.

"Your honour will remember about the Aghori?" he said, diffidently. "It is him they fear. They say he can do magic, and that to vex him is to die. It is by the tiger that he wreaketh vengeance on those against whom he hath a grudge."

I had suspected something of the kind before, though nobody but the old man himself had ever yet said a word about this wonderful personage who I was beginning to think was a fiction of his own brain.

"But you," I said, "who fear neither man nor beast. You don't mean to say you believe this old woman's tale?"

I suppose he suspected me of sarcasm, for he answered deprecatingly, "Your honour must not laugh. This country is not like Wilayat, nor is the forest like the town. Strange things happen in the jungle, strange things such as are not written of by the wise men of the West. Men do change into beasts, sahib; I have known it myself. When I was a boy there was a fakir in the village, and anyone who refused him alms was sure to lose a cow or a bullock by a tiger, till at last he could take what pleased him, like a Brahmanee bull in a bazaar. One day a Colonel Sahib came shooting and hit a tiger. He followed him till he came to a stream where a man was sitting washing a wound in his leg. The Colonel Sahib asked what was the matter, and the man said, 'Why dost thou ask when it was by thee that I was shot?' Then the sahib, growing angry, said it was a tiger he had fired at, not a man; but the other answered, 'I, the fakir, am that tiger.' Everyone knew," he wound up, "and it is true, for my wife's first cousin on the mother's side was the sahib's mahout."

He then set to work to induce me to leave the place and go on a march or so to Baghpattee, the best jungle in the district, he declared, where there was game under every bush and no bullet was wasted. Besides, Mozuffer Hussain was the head constable in charge of the police-station. I had no doubt heard of Mozuffer Hussain, who used always to show sport to the Commissioner Sahib, and had even been out with the Jungee Lat Sahib himself (the commissioner-in-chief). He knew all the country for twenty miles around, and would of a surety give us shikar.

As a matter of fact, were it not that it would have looked like running away, I should gladly have taken his advice, for there did not seem much chance of doing much where we were; but I had

spotted a likely place which I wanted to try, going alone on foot. So I told him that he was to send for Mozuffer Hussain and that we would march to Baghpattee when he came, but meanwhile I was going to have a hunt on my own account next day.

He held up his hands in horror. It was certain death, he declared. To go alone even after a common man-eater was foolhardy; but this was no common beast, but a *bhoot*, as all the villagers knew. Besides, I had only the *Paree dam*.

My Express had got jammed and I was reduced to a curious kind of gun I had picked up somewhere. It was a muzzle-loader built for shot or ball, like the well-known Paradox, the progenitor of which it may have been. "The Paradigm" its makers had christened it, *Paree dam* (Fairy's breath) was the mahout's poetical translation, and for this weapon he had the greatest contempt. I urged that a fairy's breath was just the thing for a magic foe, but the matter was too grave for levity and the joke fell flat. Again and again he tried to dissuade me, and when at last he saw that I had made up my mind he solemnly produced a bullet which he besought me to be sure to use, as in it lay my only hope of salvation. He had made it on purpose from the prescription of an ancient Pir (saint). Lead was useless against a spirit, but this was of silver, and inscribed with a word so potent that no demon could turn it aside. With this, if I loaded with it, I might prevail if I would not be wise and give up the attempt altogether. I accepted the compromise, amused at his pertinacity, and promised what he asked.

Next evening, after beating about all day without success, I was nearing camp on my way home when the bushes beside me rustled and a man stood before me in the path. He was stark naked but for a necklace of bones, and his fierce animal eyes and white fang-like teeth might have been those of a wild beast.

"Baksheesh, sahib bahadoor (brave sahib)," he cried, stretching out his bony hand, "baksheesh for the poor fakir."

He had come upon me so suddenly, and there was such a tone of menace in the professional whine, that involuntarily I stepped back, gripping the gun.

He laughed mockingly.

"Thou startest at a man, Farangi" (foreigner—a contemptuous term for Englishman), he sneered, "thou that huntest after tigers! Yet the tiger thou pursuest is more terrible than a man. Thou hast seen what came to those that helped thee. Beware lest it be thy turn next."

Hideous and repulsive as he was, the voice, the fair skin, were not those of a low-caste criminal or of one born a savage; yet, though the extravagance of bitterness in his voice savoured of

madness, there was no madness in his eyes, only deep implacable hate.

"Sahib bahadoor," he said again, and the sarcastic emphasis on the adjective was unmistakable, "go hence. Leave the jungles to us. Towns and cities are safer for ye, and women the game for the white man. Ask in the village who I am; I am the man tiger, and take warning, brave sahib!"

There was a depth of scorn, a studied insolence in his manner that maddened me. Clearly the filthy apparition meant mischief, or at least thought to bully me with his absurd threats; or it might be he was trying to extort alms perhaps with violence.

"Out of the way, swine!" I cried, a sudden fit of passion seizing me. "Do you take me for one of your wretched dupes? There, there is my baksheesh!" and I struck him full on the head with the barrel of the gun. In my rage I could have killed him where he stood.

He reeled back half stunned, but recovered himself at once, and for a moment I thought he was going to spring, but the blood blinded him, and bending down with a curse that sounded like an angry growl he glided into the brushwood as noiselessly and as lithely as a leopard, and in an instant was gone.

The camp was almost in sight, and Khuda Baksh, who had been on the look-out, came towards me with a lantern in his hand to take the gun.

"I've just met a madman," I said, and told him what had occurred.

"Alhamd il illah!" [Praise be to God], he ejaculated aghast, when I had finished, and without a word went back with the lantern, searching the path by which I had come.

"You struck him, sahib?" he asked, when he returned, his face of the unwholesome colour I had seen before. "Wa! wa! It was not well to strike a fakir. It was the Aghori," he whispered, drawing close and sinking his voice. "Allah guard us from harm this night!"

I used to dine outside the tent as the weather was getting warm, Khuda Baksh, as I have said, acting of late as khidmatgar. That evening, as he was laying the table, he smoothed and resmoothed the cloth, arranged and rearranged each spoon and fork with mathematical and irritating precision. It was obvious he had something on his mind and was waiting for an opportunity to speak. At last out it came. The cook and he wanted to sleep in the village, and as Mozuffer Hussain would probably arrive in the morning, and we were to march that day, he proposed that I too should "convey my honour" to the headman's new cowshed, where my bed could be made up comfortably.

"What!" I cried, "you afraid, too! Why, what has come over you all—you who fear neither man nor beast?" (for this had been his boast).

"Ah, Huzur," he said, shaking his head, "of a truth this thing is neither man nor beast: there is magic abroad. The Aghori is the tiger, and none may escape his wrath. Was not Tulsi Rai killed who brought khabbar [news], and Ram Din Goojar who for greed of pice showed the lair? Consider. In truth I marvelled at the island, for the tiger's pug wanted a toe, the same toe as was missing in the man's footstep; but your honour would not listen. But now what doubt is left? There on the path near the stream are the marks of the man that stopped you. It is the same man, the second toe of the left foot is gone."

"And you think there is magic in that?" I said, chaffingly. "Well, you are certainly all bewitched. But you have slept in a tent every day for a week and nothing has happened. Why should you be frightened now?"

"Your honour struck him," he answered, "and of a surety will he be revenged. And to-day is the third day. He always kills on the third day."

It was useless to argue: that I could see at once. So panic-stricken had the old man become that, faithful servant as he was, one thing was evident—he had made up his mind that for no earthly consideration would he pass the night in the forest. I was his father and mother, he protested, but it was madness to stay, and kneeling and clasping my feet he besought me again to go with him; but I refused, making game of his alarm.

Nevertheless it was with a pang, I confess, that after dinner I saw the last glimmer of the lantern that lighted him and the cook on their way, till it was lost among the trees. I lit a pipe to pretend that I was at ease, trying to persuade myself that I was enjoying the picturesqueness of the scene. But the old mahout's terror had infected me. I could not laugh it off as I had tried to when he was there.

"What if there is real danger?" I began to think. The ghoul-like fakir's evil scowl haunted me. It spoke revenge or the yearning for it. But what could he do, a naked unarmed man, unless indeed he was mad? There was that, no doubt, to reckon with. I knew that he believed in his own threats, I felt certain that he had managed to persuade himself of the possession of the supernatural powers he was credited with; but that was monomania at the most: he was not mad. There was nothing to fear, therefore, on that score. So far I might rest in peace.

All the same I was uncomfortable, the vast loneliness oppressed me as it had never done before. I longed to be among men, even

the headman's cowhouse would have been a palace and a pye-dog's bark music.

The smell of the hot weather was in the air; not a leaf stirred; an occasional sambhur's far-off call only accentuated the silence. The empty cooking tent shone white like a sheeted ghost; there was no sign of life but a solitary vulture on a tree, its uncouth outline silhouetted against the starry sky. Doré might have taken the scene for an illustration for "Paradise Lost."

The stillness got on my nerves. In those gloomy woods all that was uncanny, all that was ghost-like and unearthly, seemed to brood, and thoughts crowded up tinged with the darkness that begot them. Do what I would I could not get rid of the notion that some weird, unhallowed drama was stealthily working itself out.

"Can there be really some mysterious connection between this revolting man and the tiger?" was the question that kept asking itself in spite of me. It was certainly odd about the man at the island. Where had he come from, and was he the Aghori? Whatever it was that had stood under Ram Din's tree, it must have been that which paralysed him with fear, as his wife described. That night, too, he was killed, the third day after Tulsi Rai, and he the third day after the previous victim—and to-night was the third night after Ram Din.

"Strange things happen in the jungle," Khuda Baksh had said, and surely these things were strange? Here was a widespread belief accepted by generations of people concerning a matter of their daily life. Was the whole thing superstition pure and simple, or was there observation in it? Might a man, sunk already to the level of the beasts—— Great Scot! What was I coming to? This confounded solitude was telling on my mind. The sooner I got out of it the better. I stood up and knocked the ashes out of my pipe with a rat-tat that woke the echoes like shots. Bed was ready in the tent, and bed was obviously the best place for so nervous a sportsman. I turned in, and had soon forgotten my metaphysics in the deep sleep of the tired shikari.

Towards two o'clock I awoke with a start; a creepy feeling was upon me. I listened, but the only sound was the clank of the chain with which Bara Kallie was tied, and a roaming jackal's howl of mocking laughter. I lit a candle and propped the rifle handy, still loaded with the wonderful bullet.

Gradually, however, I persuaded myself I must have been dreaming, and was just dozing off again when the tent shook as something brushed against a stay-rope. This time there was no doubt. I started up and grabbed the gun. It must be the Aghori—with a knife, no doubt. Then the purdah at the door was slowly

pushed aside, and as I covered the place with the barrel a tiger looked in.

For a second I sat numb with terror, while he paused as if enjoying my fear. Then, as gathering himself for a spring he hurled himself upon me, I fired wildly.

* * * * *

But the curious part of the story is to come.

I was carried the sixty odd miles into the station unconscious, Mozuffer Hussain, as I afterwards learnt, arriving just in time to take charge of the arrangements. Then I was sent home, and it was a long time before I was able to return to India.

Sometimes, generally when I was shaving, that shoot used to come back to me; but though I grew to think that my imagination might have been responsible perhaps for part of the impression it had left upon my mind, still I could never bring myself to think of it as an ordinary sporting adventure.

Seven years after I met Mozuffer Hussain. He had retired from the police and had settled down in Allahabad, where I held an appointment at the time. He had written to me once or twice about some trouble he had got into, but I had not seen him since the Ajabpoor days till he came one afternoon to call.

"Your honour remembers Shikarpoor?" he asked presently. "I have often wished to see you since."

"I am hardly likely to forget it while I have this to remind me," I said, laughing, pointing to the great scar across my forehead. "Did you ever find out anything afterwards?"

"Allah be praised that your honour escaped," he exclaimed. "They still bless your name in the village. They told me when I went back how you had destroyed their enemy, and they and their cattle were at peace." Then he dropped his voice, as he whispered confidentially: "I found him in the jungle, Huzur, that is what I wanted to say."

"You found him," I said, interested in the fate of my only man-eater. "Tell me about it."

"I lost my way in the forest," he went on, "as I was going back to the outpost, and wandered about till at last I came to the river, and there in an island I found him dying. He was skin and bone, and I could see the bullet under the skin. Having some skill as a hakim [native doctor] I extracted it, but he died."

"In the name of goodness, what foolishness is this?" I asked, thinking he was mad. "What or whom are you talking about?"

"Why, the Aghori, sahib," he answered, puzzled; "the fakir of Shikarpoor who tried to murder you in your tent."

"The fakir who tried to murder me," I repeated, bewildered. "No one tried to murder me. It was a tiger that attacked me."

He looked at me inquiringly for a moment. "Your honour can trust me," he said, a note of disappointment in his voice, and evidently mistaking the cause of my excitement. "You have always been my patron, my father and mother. Was it not through your recommendation that I won my case, and do I not owe my promotion to you? I told no one, sahib. No one knows to this day that the man is dead or that I found him, no one but I and the vultures."

I was beginning to see light, I thought. The villagers must have told him a garbled tale, or could they have shot the Aghori themselves, I wondered, and fastened it upon me? I suggested something of the kind.

He shook his head. "I have the bullet here," he said, commencing to untie the corner of his waistband. "I brought it to show."

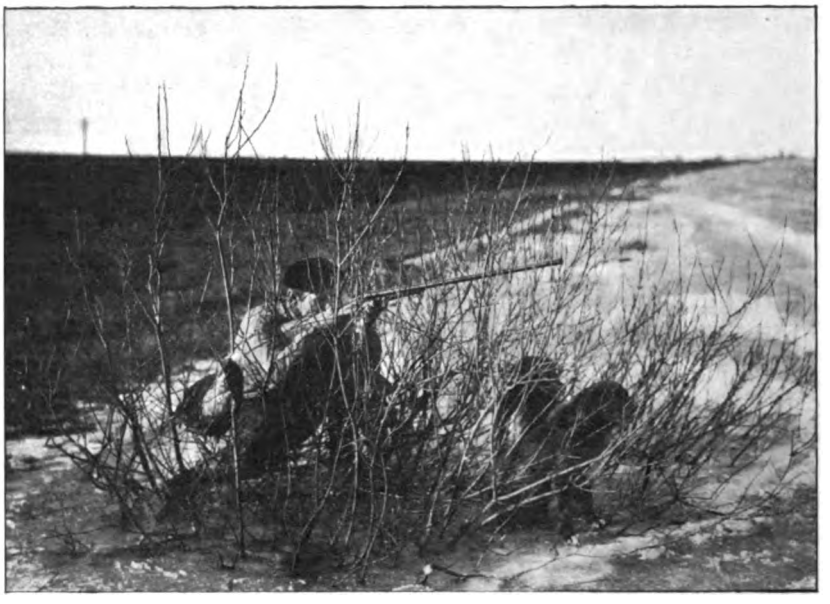
I stretched out my hand. "Give it me," I cried, eagerly, and he put it on my palm.

I gazed at the little lump of metal in helpless amazement. Old and dinted as it was, there could be no mistake. It was a Paradigm bullet, and I fancy mine was the only gun of the kind that ever found its way to India. It was silver, too, and roughly scarred upon the base I could just make out an almost illegible "Allah."

My visitor sat watching me while I examined it. "Huzur," he said at last, "why should you fear to tell me? It was you that shot the man?"

I have no notion what I answered: I cannot answer yet. It is a riddle I have given up long ago as insoluble.

If the whole thing was some strange freak of chance, some extraordinary, inexplicable coincidence, then all I can say is that the coincidence is as astounding as magic itself. But be that as it may, to this I can swear—that the bullet Mozuffer Hussain gave me that day, as found in the body of a man, was the identical one made for me by Khuda Baksh and which I fired at the tiger. It was the charmed bullet.



BEHIND A SCREEN

SHOOTING AND FISHING ON THE ICE

BY A. PITCAIRN-KNOWLES

With Illustrations by the Author

THE enthusiastic sportsman is ever in search of novel experiences, and perhaps it has not occurred to many readers that one of the most delightful holidays could be spent on the Continent in mid-winter by anyone who cared to set out equipped with a gun, a rod, and a pair of skates, to a country like Holland, for example, when its numberless waterways, canals, and lakes become covered with thick ice. At these times such regions have joys to offer to the sportsman that are little dreamed of by the inhabitants of our island, where winter has but few charms. I have named Holland, where the traveller bent on sport of different kinds may expect to spend some of the happiest times imaginable, because I know from experience that in this pleasant country, so close at hand, the desideratum may be obtained.

Of Holland as a skater's Paradise much has been written, but as a hunting-ground for the shooter and the fisherman it is as yet

little known in mid-winter by those who seek their pleasures away from English soil. Shooting and fishing on the ice have as yet few devotees, but the spread of winter sports in general is beginning to make us realise the possibilities for the gun and the rod in regions hitherto little explored. Holland is, however, by no means the only place that is capable of attracting the shooter and the fisherman to its winter pleasures. Germany, Sweden, and more distant parts of the Continent possess similar attractions which anyone who wishes

ON THE ICE

to form a conception of the delights of the above-named sports should become acquainted with. From the following account I trust enough may be learned by the reader about some of the methods employed to enable him to try his luck himself should he be inclined to do so.

Holland is one of the chief resorts of wild-fowl, and during the winter especially the gunner is offered ample opportunities for a good day's sport, excellent bags being often obtained when the lakes are transformed into vast stretches of thick, black ice. Duck-shooting with decoys has numerous devotees who during the severe

months cut out a space on the ice and shoot from behind a screen, or otherwise concealed. Shooting for profit is very general in those parts, and the abundance of wild-fowl in Holland, with its favourable natural conditions, enables many a family to make a livelihood out of what others regard only as a sport.

The accoutrements of the professional wild-fowler are very plain, and many of them with their appalling rusty firearms—one can hardly call them guns, all out of proportion in length of barrel—remind one of our grandfathers. Skating along the canals of Friesland one frequently meets some of these quaint sportsmen pushing their monster guns and the day's booty along on an old-fashioned sort of sledge, specially constructed for this purpose, or dragging their faithful dog over the slippery surface of the frozen waterways, skimming along towards their cosy huts. They are mostly genial and pleasant people to whose care the stranger desirous of being initiated into the peculiarities of their shooting may well entrust himself.

It will be of no little interest to many of our readers to have laid before them the experiences of a relative of mine, an English gunner, who for fourteen years devoted most of his spare time to wild-fowl shooting in Holland, and who during that time became thoroughly acquainted with a kind of sport of which we know but little, if anything at all—namely, wild-fowl shooting from screens on frozen lakes. Let me therefore relate in his own words the ways and means of making this kind of shooting in mid-winter, amid ice and snow, a success, so that those in search of similar pleasures may know where to go and how to proceed:—

"When in winter the lake on which you intend to shoot is frozen over, you will have to break the ice in front of your screen before you can have any sport; and, according to the thickness of the ice, there are various ways of making an opening. But first you must see that the bottom of the boat is covered with tin, or it would not stand the rough work of pounding through ice; and you should also have two small keels made and covered with a bit of iron about an inch broad, wide enough apart to form two skates, so that you can push your boat over the ice when it is sufficiently thick to bear the weight.

The easiest plan is, of course, to row your boat through the ice if it is so thin as to let you get your oars in, and if it is too thick for this, but not strong enough to bear your weight, you must pull yourself through with a boathook. For this, stand up in the bows of your boat and, hook in hand, lean forward and catch the ice, then draw yourself forward. The hook must not be round, but straight, like a spike, at right angles to the pole. By throwing the

weight of your body first on one leg and then on the other you can produce a rolling movement in your boat—not sideways, but fore and aft movement. If the ice is strong you can do this violently, but if it is thin you must work the boat gently, as the ice might break too much and you could not then pull yourself along. When you get near your screen do not go straight at it, but make for a point in front of it, and then pull towards it. The wind blowing from the screen will then drift the bits of ice down the lane you have made, and you will thus get quit of a great deal of ice.

A DUTCH PROFESSIONAL WILD-FOWLER SETTING A TRAP FOR THE DESTRUCTIVE MARTEN

And now for making the opening. Having pulled yourself, or rowed, through the ice to break it, bring your boat up to the screen, standing amidships, rock it slowly sideways, and let the wind drift you away; so you will break the ice into smaller pieces and get it away from the screen. You can then begin again from the screen until the opening is nearly free of ice; the wind will float away the rest. Should there, however, be no wind, you will have a good deal of trouble, for the water constantly freezes over, and you are obliged to break the ice again every now and then.

When the ice is stronger, but still dangerous, there is another way of getting your boat through, but it is a very laborious method. Get on the ice, and taking hold of the bows of the boat with both hands lift them up and draw the boat towards you; then press them down, at the same time being prepared each time the ice breaks to bring your knee on to the boat—you are all the time going backwards and pulling the boat after you. This is very hard work, not to say dangerous, and you may get a ducking. You should also have spikes to the soles of your boots or sabots, else you are sure to slip into the water when you draw the boat towards you.

But when the ice is strong enough to bear your weight and the boat, you adopt another plan for making an opening. Provide yourself with a large axe and boathook, and (your boots or sabots being spiked at the bottom) push your boat over the ice to the screen. Having traced out the dimensions of the space of open water you want, proceed to chop through the ice along the line marked out. After having done so for about three to four yards, cut at right angles, and then make a square. To save time and trouble you can detach this square bit of ice by pushing the boat on to it, or if that is not sufficient weight, get into it. As soon as it is loose stand on the edge of the main ice, and with the spike of the boathook force one side of the loose bit under the ice at your feet, then seize hold of the farthest part with the hook and draw it towards you, finishing with a strong pull; this will send it sliding some distance under the ice. Now chop away another bit of ice, and continue to break off bit by bit, until you have made a sort of circular ditch. You will thus have got a large island of ice in the middle, which you may still have to detach from the land at your screen. When it is quite loose, push it with your boathook away from your screen, or let the wind take it to the furthest extremity.

You will probably be able to get rid of this large piece without breaking it. Get your boat on to the main ice, and, when the loose bit has drifted to the side, run your boat on to it and get in. The weight will gradually press one end down, and the water coming over it will also assist in submerging it. Do not be too hurried in this, but see that the end sinks well; then, in your boat, seize hold of the main ice with the hook, and draw yourself, boat, ice, and all, to the side; then step out and pull the loose bit slowly and steadily under you; should the piece, however, break, you can resume the same plan. At last you will have a fine bit of water free of ice.

All being now ready you can proceed to lay out the decoys. Of the wooden ones place dunbirds, scaups, goldeyes, etc., in the centre of the water; also a live duck or two, and the rest of the

latter near the side of the ice, so that they can get out and stand on it if they wish. Place the wooden ducks also on the ice at the edge.

Get some clods of earth or bits of peat, and put a few near the water, and also ten or fifteen bits some distance off on the ice. Dunbirds and such-like are sure to pitch on the water, or if they do alight on the ice it is only for a moment. The wild duck, on the contrary, generally settle on the ice first and walk towards you. Remember you can take a much longer shot when they are on the

ON THE WAY HOME

ice than on the water; the whole of their bodies are exposed, and the ricochet of the shot will tell as well.

It is a glorious sight to see duck waddling slowly towards you, but if the opening is very large it is most annoying when they walk up to the furthest corner and there remain, standing on the edge of the ice and pluming themselves, often falling asleep.

When thaw sets in you frequently run the risk of your opening soon becoming too large, and the furthest parts getting out of range. Ice thaws much sooner in exposed parts, such as lakes, than in sheltered parts, as ponds and ditches. For here the wind blows the water on the ice—the waves are always lapping away at one point and eating into the side; while there it is only the atmosphere to affect the ice.

I must not forget to give a word of caution. When thaw comes on and the ice becomes rotten, large pieces often get adrift and float away with the wind. Now at daytime you can see them coming, and you should watch if there is any chance of a bit floating against your decoys. But at night it is often very troublesome. I have seen wild duck so startled by a bit of thin ice drifting against them as to cause them at once to fly off, and it also alarms the decoys; but when a large piece is coming on you must get into your boat at once, and either break the ice to small pieces, or else, with the boat-hook, tow it away out of the line of the wind. Many a fine decoy has been lost by ice passing over it, and before it could be rescued it was drowned.

In Germany, duck-shooting on the ice is also frequently practised. Large openings are made by cutting the ice away at places where the ducks are accustomed to feed, and call-ducks are made use of to attract the passing birds within shooting distance. In the grey dawn or evening twilight excellent bags are frequently obtained.

In the Fatherland, too, especially on the coasts of the Baltic, wild-goose shooting is often prolific of sport of the most exciting character. There are different ways of securing this shy and cautious bird, as in all countries where opportunities of shooting it offer themselves, but not the least interesting is the method adopted in winter time, when snow covers the ground and the surface of frozen waters. The more plentiful the snow, the more advantageous for this pursuit; first, because the geese are more careless owing to want of food, secondly, because the shooter, by clothing himself in white, can frequently deceive the birds. The geese are then in the habit of settling upon the open spaces and, as night approaches, going to roost upon the ice. These spots can easily be recognised during the daytime, and if the gunner, wearing his white costume, will repair to one of them in the evening, he will, in all probability, find excellent sport. Clad in his long gown, legs covered with a pair of white trousers, and cap and boots concealed from the view of the birds in the same manner, it is possible to remain unnoticed by the geese, but only if no sound or movement betrays the presence of a human being. Their hearing powers are almost as keen as their eyesight, and if the snow be frozen hard the disguise will be of little avail. Other stratagems may then have to be resorted to, the best of which is to erect an ice hut after the following plan:—Four poles, each measuring from about four to five feet in length and furnished at the bottom with iron spikes from about three to four inches in length and about three-fifths of an inch in thickness, are driven into the ice, near the haunt of the geese, so as to form a quadrangle,

each side measuring about six feet and a half. By using a gimlet, corresponding in thickness to the desired hole, the poles may be firmly secured in the ice without any great difficulty. To each pole three hooks are attached, one at the top, one in the middle, and one at the bottom, and a white cotton cloth, of a size sufficient to cover the whole frame, is fastened to these hooks by small rings of a corresponding number. In this cloth the sportsman will cut several round holes, through which he will be able to see the geese swimming

A DUTCH FISHERMAN AT WORK IN MIDWINTER

about, and so pick his time for standing up and shooting over the cloth.

In England we have none too many opportunities of employing the German's mode of warfare just described, but the punt, rigged in white sheeting to harmonise with midwinter's white garb, is occasionally used in the chase of the goose when the fowler has to make his way through snow-covered drift ice.

While ice and snow bring thrilling and much-enjoyed experiences to the shooter, their advent will not constitute quite as happy

an event for the fisherman; but the latter finds ways and means of continuing his fascinating toil in the wake of wary fish when a severe frost holds undisputed sway.

The most ardent angler will not assert that fishing through ice is a wildly exciting pastime, and certainly none whose ideal sport is whipping the stream for trout, or engaging in a contest of strength and skill with the salmon, will expect to find keen delight in this exercise of stolid patience. But let anyone only once be persuaded to try his luck in the Baltic (to pick one of the most tempting fishing grounds) during that part of the year when the almost tideless waters are covered with a white solid surface, and see if he will not wax eloquent upon the charms of this novel experience. The Baltic Sea, even in summer with all the opportunities it affords for a fishing holiday, has yet to win its fame, while comparatively few sportsmen from centres more distant than Stockholm visit its shores after winter has bound its countless islands together.

Supposing some readers have decided to try this new field under my guidance, we will entrust ourselves to the steamer at Stockholm early in the morning. Donning our fur coats, our feet encased in large straw snowshoes, we sit on deck snug and warm. Ice breakers have been plying regularly, keeping a clear opening for the traffic between the different villages, so as soon as our ship is clear of the harbour she has only to run into the narrow passage that has been made for her. On she goes, bravely battling against great blocks of ice which impede her course till the fishing ground is reached. We leave the ship and find ourselves walking upon the solid sea. Little is the cold felt as we trudge along in straw boots, dragging our little toboggans freighted with tackle and all that is necessary for our day's fishing. We proceed to make holes in the ice and to drop our lines through them. We need not confine ourselves to a single hole apiece, as it is possible for each of us to keep our eyes on several simultaneously; so after making a sufficient number, we bait our lines with little artificial fishes, and fasten each reel to a simple wooden construction wedged into the ice. This cunningly devised little apparatus is equipped with a signal-like arm which drops whenever an unwary fish has seized the bait and begun to draw out the line. Hundreds of rivers flow alike into the Baltic, and with them freshwater fish of many kinds, thus catches varied enough to please the most fastidious fishermen are obtained.

So intense may be the cold that from time to time we have to break the new coatings of ice which form over our miniature fishing lakes in order to be enabled to continue our sport; yet with a bright sun above our heads and with the excitement afforded by an

occasional bite and the landing of a hungry victim it causes us little inconvenience.

In Germany, where fishing is much practised, and outdoor life loses little of its charms when the mercury sinks far below freezing point, the wielder of the rod may be frequently met with as soon as the ice is thick enough to bear him and he is able to lure a few pounds of pike or what not on to the baited hook dropped through a small opening in the ice. Enveloped in a thick coat or fur, with his feet placed in a bundle of straw and a flask containing a warming stimulant within arm's reach, the placid German angler may be constantly seen braving the winter's elements on the lakes that abound in his native country. The beautiful wide stretches of water that embrace Berlin are a favourite haunt of the angler, and his presence is frequently rewarded by substantial catches. Fishing through the ice is made quite a speciality of in the picturesque Spreewald, a tract of land intersected by countless canals and waterways not many miles from Germany's capital. This, however, is more the hunting ground of professional fishermen, and net fishing takes the place of the sportsman's rod and line. Surprisingly good catches are thus obtained. I remember whilst skating through the Spreewald arriving at a tiny village in time for the mid-day meal. The bill of fare not suiting my taste, I was promptly marched off to the nearest fisherman and asked to select my meal from the copious contents of a net hauled from under the glistening surface of a frozen rivulet. As there were some six or seven different species of fish to choose from, I had little difficulty in satisfying my requirements. I had some similar experiences during a skating expedition in Friesland. In out-of-the-way places where the natives lived on bread and cheese it was frequently possible for me to vary my monotonous menu by applying to a fisherman who would bring forth the desired change from under the ice."

A SPREEWALD FISHERMAN IN HIS WINTER DRESS

FREAKS AND FEATS AT GOLF

BY F. KINLOCH

AFTER the bustle of the summer and autumn play, when the toilers have gone back to their daily task, then is the time for the faithful few who are left on the links to try what has been called "circus golf." In a small circle men are apt to get tired of playing the same match day in, day out, at the same odds, and welcome a novelty in the way of handicapping.

One of the best forms of this kind of "freak" golf is the limitation of a good player to one club, his adversary (who is, of course, a worse player) being allowed his full set. Though at first sight it would appear that the man who has only one club is very severely handicapped, in actual practice this is not so, and it is wonderful what feats a good player can perform with his solitary weapon. Some years ago Lord Dudley challenged Mr. Charles Hutchings to play him over the Pau links, the condition being that Mr. Hutchings was to play with his putter only. With this weapon —well known on many links, one of Park's dog-legs, slightly lofted, and with a rather springy shaft all whipped—Mr. Hutchings went round the Pau course in an extraordinarily small score, very few strokes worse than he would have taken with all his set.

Mr. R. Maxwell has played the same kind of match at North Berwick, against a player whose handicap was about six. With his putter Mr. Maxwell carried the rocks at Point Garry off the first tee, while his opponent, with all his clubs, had to play short. That hole settled the match!

If given a choice most men would choose a cleek or driving mashie, though some, Mr. J. R. Gairdner for one, who has played a good many of these matches, prefer a short baffy-spoon. But whatever club is selected, it is wonderful what command can be obtained over it in a very short time. Even delicate little chips can be negotiated if the ball be not lying badly. Of course there are certain distances which are almost impossible: for instance, if you are fifty yards away from a bunker with the hole close to it on the other side; but here the science of the game comes in, never to give yourself this distance. Constantly you have to play with your head, and there is no doubt it is a variation of the game that teaches a player to try to place his ball for the next shot, an art which is fast being lost in this age when everyone "goes for"

everything. It is also a practical illustration of the theory that we all carry too many clubs.

Mr. F. G. Tait, when a boy at St. Andrews, never carried more than three clubs—driver, cleek, and iron, and to this may partly be attributed his great command of the latter weapon. If a laid-back mashie be added, I believe for all practical purposes we have a complete set. Certainly no boy should be allowed more, and until he reaches the age of discretion no boy should be allowed a caddie.

The mention of Mr. F. G. Tait reminds one of another form of handicapping, viz. a right-handed player being required to play left-handed. Mr. Tait once lost an important match at North Berwick at the last hole by not being able to play left-handed, his ball having gone close against the wall of the club-maker's shop off the tee. With that thoroughness which always characterised him, he at once resolved that this should not happen again, and set himself to learn to play left-handed. Staying in a country house one morning on an off shooting-day, he took out a lot of balls to practise with, and began driving them towards the house about 160 yards away. The fifth ball crashed through the dining-room window, and Mr. Tait was requested to give himself more scope! With reference to playing left-handed, it is a mistake for anyone who is *naturally* left-handed to think that he must therefore play golf left-handed. It is well known that the left hand and fore-arm constitute for most right-handed players the predominant partner; therefore, if a man who is left-handed follow his natural bent he will lose a very great advantage. As an instance, Mr. R. Maxwell is left-handed in most things. It is owing in a large degree to his great power in his left hand that he is able to make those long, low, iron shots up to the hole which are such a feature of his game. This almost opens up a field for discussion: Do the naturally right-handed players play on the right side of their ball? But this is a digression. Among the leading players of the day who have taught themselves to play left-handed is Harry Vardon, and it is said that his right hand can give his left a third and make a good match. It follows as a problem in Euclid—Given the above proposition as true, how would Harry Vardon, left-handed, play against an ordinary scratch player?

Another form of "freak" golf is for a man to play with one hand, and in this connexion it is well to remember the racket stroke—the back-hander is always the hardest. It will be found that a man naturally right-handed will get a longer shot with a left-handed club played off the fore-arm. The club, however, must be light; a lady's club by preference. The chief difficulty in playing one-handed is to master the little chip shots. Putting

one-handed is very easy. I wonder, indeed, that more players who are liable to miss short putts do not try it.

There have also been matches played on one leg. This is a very difficult method and one not to be attempted often. But surely the most extraordinary "freak" challenge in the annals of golf is recorded in the minutes of the Wemyss Golf Club, where we read that one player challenged another to play a match, the challenger to play with a bottle and receiving three strokes a hole against the other man with one club. History unfortunately does not relate whether the match ever came off, far less how many bottles were broken. It is perhaps only natural to assume that several had been "cracked" before the match was made.

Stories of old-time golfers who drove golf balls off gold watches are many. Old Willie Park was always ready to back himself to do this without touching the watch, and Mr. R. T. Boothby has in his possession a watch which has gone through the ordeal. The old-time golfer had a very easy swing, in contrast to the modern forcing style. It is doubtful if any of the present-day professionals would undertake to perform the same feat.

We may now turn to what may be called "feat golf," though there is plenty of the "freak" element intermingled with it. Prominent in this kind of match are two which have been played from the first hole at North Berwick to the top of Gullane Hill, and *vice versâ*. Mr. B. Hall Blyth was the pioneer of this idea, for he played his own ball against Mr. G. Dalziel and Willie Campbell. Stringent rules were drawn up. The match was to be along the seashore save at certain points where the rocks made it impossible. It was allowable to change balls in progress, and Mr. Blyth, who completed the distance in 135 strokes and won, has the three he played with framed in a glass case.

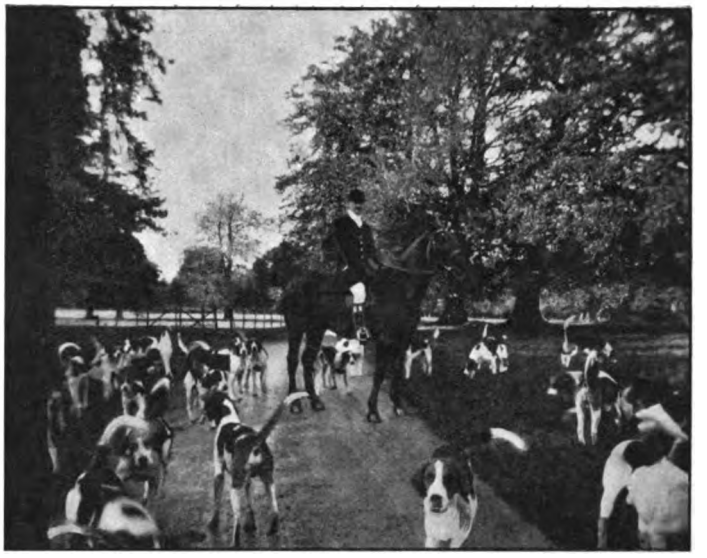
To those who do not know the district it may be explained that as the crow flies the distance is about four and a half miles, but by the seashore it is about six. Stretches of very fine sand are intersected by ridges of rock, and there is one particularly bad spot, Archerfield Point to wit, where below, stretching from a rocky wall to the sea, are fierce, tooth-like rocks, while above there is a narrow pass, of about twenty to thirty yards broad, of rough grass, bounded on the other side by a wood through which runs a cart road. The length of this pass is about fifty yards, and extreme caution has to be shown here. Mr. Laidlay holds the record of this novel course. One summer afternoon after the rounds at Gullane, it occurred to him and Mr. W. de Zoete to play from the top of Gullane Hill to the last hole at North Berwick, Mr. Laidlay conceding twenty-five strokes. The first hazard was a severe one in the shape of a barley

field which had to be crossed before the sea beach could be reached. Mr. Laidlay accomplished the course in the score of eighty-six strokes, Mr. de Zoete coming to hopeless grief at Archerfield Point. Oddly enough Mr. Laidlay lost almost all his strokes when near home on North Berwick links. He told me that when you are driving at large, even on a green you know well, you get into all kinds of hazards you never dreamt of, and that is what happened to him. When practically "in the straight" he lost quite ten strokes. Still, eighty-six is a pretty good score, and he only changed his ball once. It must be said that the match took place many years ago, and Mr. Laidlay has no wish to repeat it.

Feats of endurance in golf form another phase. Mr. W. G. Bloxsom has twice done a record in this line. The first took place at Musselburgh when he and Bob Ferguson between the hours of 6 a.m. and 7 p.m. completed no fewer than sixteen rounds of the nine-hole course. And it is worthy of additional notice that Bob Ferguson averaged forty per round, an extraordinary performance.

Encouraged by this feat Mr. Bloxsom undertook another, which is described in the minutes of the Royal Aberdeen Golf Club, quoted *in extenso*—"Tuesday, July 6th, 1875. This day Mr Bloxsom appeared to play the 12 rounds and walk the ten miles he had undertaken to do at the last dinner, in one day of 24 hours' duration. He began work at 6 a.m. in the morning, and finished his twelve rounds between 8 and 9 p.m. He afterwards walked from the first milestone on the Dee-side Road to the sixth at Mill Timber and back to the School Hill, where he arrived at 1.15 a.m., thus triumphantly performing his task with some hours to spare. During the day he kept up his strength by copious libations of 'Lemco' in a liquid form, with cold food in comparatively small quantities every three or four hours. (It is calculated that the 12 hours entailed 42 miles walking.)"

The chain of links on the East Lothian coast lend themselves to similar matches. Thus for many years Mr. W. G. Bloxsom and Mr. James Law used to play a five green match in one day against Mr. B. Hall Blyth and Mr. G. Dalziel. The start was made from North Berwick at 7 a.m., then half of Gullane and half of the old (ever-lamented) Luffness courses were played, and lunch taken at Old Luffness. The remaining holes of Luffness and Gullane were then finished and the party proceeded to Muirfield, winding up at Archerfield (private course). This record was beaten by another foursome in 1895, the courses numbering six, New Luffness being included, the others being the same. It may be said at once this last feat has not been emulated. Golfers of the present day seem lazier than their predecessors.



THE MASTER, MR. H. R. LANGRISHE, AND THE DOG PACK AT KNOCKTOPHER ABBEY

HUNTING IN KILKENNY

BY CYRIL F. FLEMING

KILKENNY and hunting have been synonymous since 1797 when Mr. John Power (afterwards Sir John Power, Bart.) established a pack of foxhounds near Ballyhale and hunted them in partnership with his brother Richard. Being at that time practically the only county pack in the South of Ireland, they did not confine themselves to Kilkenny, but went far afield into Wexford, Carlow, Wicklow, and Queen's County for sport. The history of the Kilkenny Hounds has been written by a member of the hunt, and is most interesting to those who have hunted with them. The present Master, Mr. H. R. Langrishe, has hunted the pack since 1890, and carries the horn himself. Hounds hunt seven days a fortnight, and I venture to say that any sportsman who is out on each of these seven days any fortnight will be bound to confess that he has sampled a greater variety of country than is possible with almost any other pack.

Starting at the Kennels, Knocktopher Abbey, we have a range of stone-wall country extending for some five miles southward towards Waterford; to the west there is a long stretch of bank-and-ditch country extending to the borders of Tipperary. Very similar going extends from the kennels to Kilkenny, and to about six miles beyond it, when we come again to the stone-wall country

about Freshford. Roughly speaking the actual area hunted by the Kilkenny Hounds is thirty-five miles long by twenty-five miles broad. By courtesy of the Kilkenny Hunt a portion of the north of the county is hunted by the Castlecomer and Queen's County Hounds, and a portion of the south stretching from Thomastown to New Ross in the east and Waterford in the south by Mr. Lambert's: so that it is possible for sportsmen to get as much as six days a week if they are not afraid of occasional long distances. The train service is on the whole convenient and can be utilised freely with Kilkenny as a centre. Foxes are plentiful and of the right sort, wild and full of pluck and running.

The country requires a thoroughly-schooled hunter, who must

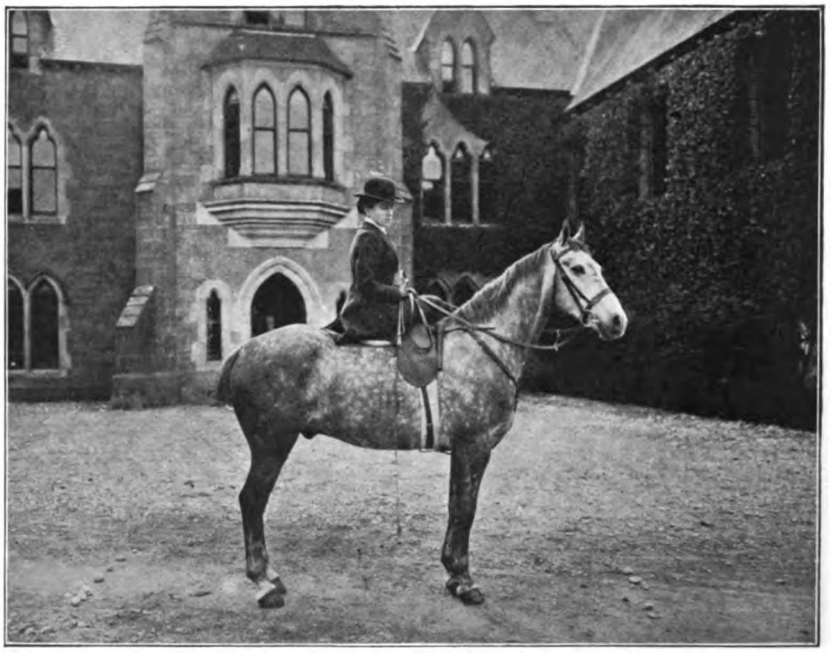
EARLY ARRIVALS AT THE OPENING MEET, 1906

be able to jump flippantly or "hike up" as occasion requires, which in parts of the country is pretty often, as one frequently meets a straight-up stone-faced obstacle some 5 ft. high, which takes a bit of doing from a boggy take-off. As for scent, I have always been told that Kilkenny is one of the best-scenting countries in Ireland. Fences are very much more frequent than in most places, and it is safe to say that after a thirty-five minutes' spin with hounds in Kilkenny the fox-hunter will have jumped more fences than he would in a week's hunting with most other packs.

The custom of wearing pink, which most unfortunately seems to be falling into abeyance with the more fashionable packs, still holds its own here. Why it has become the habit to appear in anything save the orthodox hunt uniform I cannot say, but still the fact

remains that what is properly speaking the wet-day kit has threatened to become universal in the "shires" of Ireland as well as England, to the disgust of the Irish farmer, who revels in the "element" imparted to the proceedings by scarlet coats. I do not hold any brief for the sporting tailors, but have simply expressed an opinion I have often heard from the class by whose courtesy hunting is carried on.

Apropos of farmers, it is extraordinary the interest that some of them take in the hounds and hunting. In some neighbourhoods a meet is the signal for a holiday; the hills are lined with excited country people, whose one object is to see some "lepping," and it



MRS. LANGRISHE, WIFE OF THE MASTER OF THE KILKENNY HUNT

is remarkable how they will take up their positions near some ugly obstacle, where they have a clear view of "a lep being thrown." Sometimes their remarks are quite sufficient to upset the equanimity of a nervous sportsman, but they are always good-natured enough to "knock an ugly stone off a gap for a lady," or to open a gate. In one district I know, the hounds have hardly arrived at the meet before the country people want to know when the hunt will be up again. May such relations long flourish!

The much-discussed question of combined motoring and hunting is one which does not arise in Kilkenny, as the example is set by the Master, who was one of the pioneers of motoring in Ireland,

and has altogether discarded horse traction in favour of petrol. By motor he can reach his farthest meet in a little over an hour and a half, thereby obviating a weary railway journey, starting early in the morning, with six or seven miles to drive or jog at the end of it. The argument in favour of the motor seems unanswerable, as it enables people to go to places to hunt that they could never reach by driving; and as far as I can judge there is never any trouble caused by the new form of locomotion. Horses have all become quite used to it, and it is a common thing to see horses, hounds, and motors grouped together without anyone being the worse. Of course, in this branch of the sport as in all others,

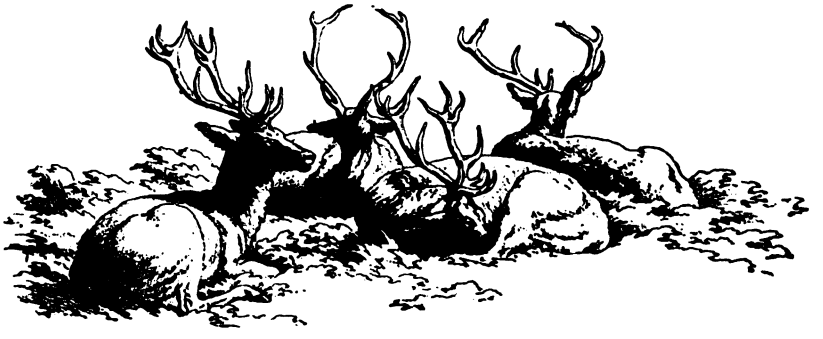
HOUNDS AT CLUB HOUSE HOTEL, KILKENNY

consideration is necessary, but as long as this consideration is shown the motor must remain a powerful adjunct to hunting.

Towards the end of the season in Kilkenny the annual Point-to-Point races take place—a red-letter day for the country-side. The meeting is held alternately in the north and south of the country hunted. The day's racing generally consists of a Heavy-weight, Farmers' Race, and the Hunt Cup, the last being the principal event. The contest for this piece of plate promises to be of more than usual interest this year, as the cup has been won twice by two different members of the hunt, and another win for either makes the fortunate one absolute owner of the trophy. The course is on the average about $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles, and is always chosen with a view to fair hunting conditions. Mr. Lambert also holds a Point-

to-Point meeting in his part of the country, so that a sportsman who possesses a good jumper with a turn of speed has plenty of opportunity of displaying his horse's quality. When hounds meet in the eastern portion of the district the field is generally augmented by a contingent of Carlow hunting people. In the same way the Tipperary contingent come to the western meets, and the Waterford to the southern. The portion of County Kilkenny known as the Bessborough country, formerly hunted by Lord Duncannon's private pack, which lies quite close to Waterford City, is now included in the Waterford country, and is hunted by the Waterford Hounds, Glenbower, Clonassy, Bessborough, Dowling, Corbally, and Carrigatubbind being the principal coverts in the leased portion. With the County pack the names Upper and Lower Killeen, The Punch Bowl, The Rock, Ballyfrunk, Davis Gorse, Butler's Wood, and Bishopslough recall many a good run, as do Mullinahone, Ballyquin, Kilcross, Fiddawn, and Garrandarragh, with Mr. Lambert's.

In conclusion, I must refer to the spirit of good comradeship and hospitality which pervades the pursuit of sport, and the happy knack of making the stranger feel at home which exists in County Kilkenny.



THE LIFE OF THE WOODS

BY PHILIP T. OYLER, M.A.

THE old soldier came strolling down the avenue with a game leg, slouch hat, and a hand in his pocket. He was in the park at Washington, where the old heroes and squirrels worry along at peace to a good old age. Under one of the tulip trees that line the road he stopped and called "Kink." Down came one of the many little grey squirrels and ran up to him. It was not well received: "Go 'way, you ain't Kink." He repeated the call as he strolled along, and presently another answered—this evidently was Kink, for he was allowed to run up the old soldier and to dive into one of his pockets. A little boy who had been watching, asked "How d'you know Kink from the other squirls anyway?" "By his face, course; same as I know you from your brother."

Now, there were dozens of squirrels, and I daresay just as many people, who would have liked to put the same question as the boy, but there are few who realise that character is expressed in animals' faces as it is in ours: we don't see it, because we are but poorly observant. We look upon Chinese and find them all alike. Chinese look upon us and find us all alike, whether we wear beard or moustache or are clean-shaven. Live on a sheep farm, and you will get to know the sheep that you see every day: live in the woods and you will get to know the wood-folk that live there too. To be sure, birds are more difficult than animals, and you will first only distinguish them by some oddity of plumage or call, say a heron that has lost a wing primary or an owl that has an extra note in his hoot. But it is possible enough. If you go o' mornings into the Tuileries Gardens in Paris you will find an old man who feeds the sparrows, names many of them, and knows each *par sa figure*, he will tell you. There does not seem at first sight to be much character in a sparrow's face, but it is there, if we only get ourselves to see it. Of course little would be gained by a knowledge

of those individual birds or beasts that are with us in great quantities and thrive, spite of all persecutions: with them it is enough to know the general character of the species; besides, their numbers in any given locality would make it impossible. It is animals and birds of prey that should get our attention, for this reason. At present one finds hawks, owls, jays, crows, weasels, hedgehogs, etc., destroyed wholesale by keepers, and though there are many owners who are convinced of the good that, say, owls do, there are few who prohibit their keepers from shooting them.

Now, it is quite easy for every bird and beast of prey on a keeper's beat to be known to him, for many of them hunt over a small radius, and those that go further afield have their own hunting grounds and preserves, just as we have, and they see to it that no others poach on them too. Birds and beasts of prey, moreover, develop much more individuality than the smaller folk: their efforts to get a meal require greater brain-power and ingenuity, and it is only natural that their methods differ more than those of garden or farmyard birds. This makes it easier to get to know them. And when you've got to know them, you won't wonder that they and their young adopt habits, as do we.

Watch a kestrel teaching its young to hunt, and you will see them itching to go for small birds, and if you are lucky you will see mother kestrel reprove them for it. You will see her take them out over a field and show them how to quarter it for mice and voles. A sad bungle they make of it too at first; but she is full of encouragement, and in a few days you will find them first-rate vermin catchers. I have been asked "If kestrels don't prey on little birds, why do they get mobbed by them?" It is possible that in years past they did prey on birds, for birds do change their habits with changing conditions, as do we. The fish-hawk has given up his bird-catching and joined the patient company of fishers, and in our own country the otter, once fierce, cruel, and bloodthirsty, has now dissociated himself from the habits of other mustelines and joined that company too. But I am inclined to think that the small birds mistake the kestrel for the sparrow-hawk or merlin perhaps: if that is not so, then it is an enmity handed right down through ages from the time when kestrels had not limited their diet. Another thing, too: mobbing of large birds by smaller ones is so common that it may be perhaps just mere devilment: rooks, for example, mob herons, and herons obviously were never predatory in the sense that a hawk is. It is true that I have known a kestrel kill a bird, but it was one that had lost its mother during its first hunting lesson, had found a wounded chaffinch easy prey, and continued hunting feathers as well as fur. It is probable that others would do the same, were they to

lose their mothers at so critical a stage of their education: this fact alone should stop unthinking or unfeeling persecution. To continue the kestrel's defence, if it is found difficult to distinguish individual birds, it is easy enough to know their nests: with a pair of field-glasses and a knowledge of his subject a man should get to know the nest of every predatory bird on his round, and when he knows them it is little trouble to collect the pellets that the old birds cast up, dissolve them in warm water, and find out their whole diet. If young birds are not being eaten during the nesting season, you may bet your bottom dime that they aren't at any other time. And what is the gain? Well, the birds get justice (from a human standpoint, of course): we feel a conscious satisfaction in having "treated them white," the country-side is rid of much vermin, and the farmers are pleased: the sportsman's gain may be a bit indirect, but he gains some in the end.

It would be impossible nowadays to advocate the principle of allowing Nature to protect or destroy as she will; with the arrival of man and civilisation her balance is at once upset, for some birds and animals adapt themselves to change far more easily than others, with the result that some increase, like sparrows, to a destructive extent, spite of all our persecution, while others decrease, spite of our protection. There is nothing extraordinary in that; there are parallels to be found in the human race; Anglo-Saxons, with their adaptability to climate, increase, and will increase; the North American redskin, with his love of the wild, will decrease, in the proportion that the wild does. But we can, if we will, get to know the characters of our wood-folk; and as we upset the balance of Nature, it is surely incumbent on us to help her where we can. How difficult that is I realise, and give an example: Rooks were practically exterminated in France some years back, and had to be reintroduced to keep down the grubs that were destroying the corn. Of late years we have protected them, with the result that the "farmer's friend" is becoming the farmer's scourge. But these cases are local, so that general protection does harm in one place, good in another.

The case of the mustelines in particular is very difficult. Take, for example, stoats and weasels, as being the most numerous of their tribe. These were presumably intended in ages past to keep down the numbers of those small creatures and birds that would otherwise increase alarmingly. They think nothing of taking thirty lives in a day's work; one would find excuse if they ate what they killed, but a taste of brain and a suck of blood is about what they get out of each victim. True, they do make larders and store up for a wet day, but when the wet day comes they have forgotten where their

cache is, and haven't the time to look for it. It is, of course, the advent of man that makes them unnecessary; till recent days his persecution of the wood-folk has been wholesale, and now the mustelines must go; they are going fast, too; polecat and pine-marten hardly need be counted; the stoat is the one that does most harm. The weasel we should tolerate, except on game preserves, for he is the best of mouse-hunters, and is known under that name in many places. But his taste for pheasant or partridge chicks rightly seals his fate, and that is easily settled, for he is the easiest person to trap.

Those who preserve have reason for destroying vermin, for they have a right to protect those birds that cost them so much to rear; they must be free of mustelines—they will seldom be free of foxes, and the two can go together fairly satisfactorily if they are both well understood. But if owls and kestrels are destroyed, there will be a plague of mice and rats, and what harm rats can do can't well be exaggerated. Both of them will help to keep down weasels, too, though it occasionally is the death of them. One can understand kestrels being shot either through ignorance of their diet or through mistake for some other hawk, but as we have really few day-feeding owls, their destruction is uncalled for and without excuse; one keeper does it because his father did, another because owls bring bad luck, and so forth. If they won't believe what they are told, they can easily convince themselves by dissolving in warm water their pellets. As a matter of fact, out of some nine or ten species found in the British Isles, only three can forage in daytime. These are the snowy owl, eagle owl, and short-eared owl. Now the two former are rare visitors, only occasionally being driven on to our shores through bad weather in the north. The short-eared owl could do harm, but he is only a winter visitor in our islands, and by the time he arrives with the woodcock, pheasants are twice his size. It is true that they occasionally breed in the far north; and in the years 1891 and 1892 they stayed in Southern Scotland, but they stayed to stamp out a plague of rats that was ravaging the country, and wonderful good they did too. I honestly believe many game-preservers to be convinced of this, but I know of none who have positively forbidden their keepers to shoot owls.

If one lives in the woods and can get a keeper to sit and watch for a few hours a day, it is easy enough to convince him of our views, for he will believe what he sees with his own eyes, but no amount of writing will alter his opinions; now, one can live with but comparatively few keepers in a lifetime, so it really rests with their masters to see that they show proper discrimination in what they shoot.

Circumstantial evidence is often not enough; here is an example: A trap is baited with a broken egg, and a hedgehog is caught in it; therefore hedgehog is an egg-stealer. That sounds conclusive enough, but it is not true. Get a hedgehog or get to know one in the woods (they are the least timid and most sociable people), and give him a whole pheasant's egg, and see what he does with it; he can positively do nothing with it, nor with a partridge's, nor with any egg, in fact, that is larger than a blackbird's, and this is for the very simple reason that his mouth is so small that he cannot get his molars round it. He has no other weapons of offence, and he hasn't the sense to roll it down a bank. He will eat the egg right enough if you break it for him, for he will taste everything from the dubbin on your boots to a blackberry, though 90 per cent. of his diet is beetles.

Here is another instance of circumstantial evidence: There is a fox's earth within a hundred yards of a pheasantry; young chicks are missed one morning, and the vixen is blamed. I don't say that the work wasn't fox's work, but the chances are that it's not the doing of that vixen. A vixen doesn't hunt close to her earth for two very good reasons: the first is that, if she did, a watch would be kept, and she would mighty soon be detected; the second is that she purposely leaves the game alone near her earth, so that her young, when they have to look after themselves, do not have far to go to forage. Much of the damage attributed to foxes is done by prowling cats, animals that, when they go back to the wild and den in rabbit holes, are more destructive than their great ancestors. Though many don't know this habit (if you like) of vixens, it is well enough known to the animals; they have to know the methods of those that they come in contact with, for their lives depend upon it. A rabbit, who is invariably a sap-headed, scatter-brained idiot, will not move out of the way of a vixen as she leaves her earth, but he would go to brambles or some cover quick enough if he saw that vixen quartering a field.

The mention of foxes brings to my mind a subject that I should like to touch on. It is that of hand-rearing cubs. I know that this is positively necessary now in many places, but the numbers that develop mange are a lasting worry. Now I believe that mange is entirely due to improper diet. A fox's diet is far more varied than is usually credited to him, and unless the cub is fed as nearly as possible as his own mother would have done it, he doesn't stand a chance; when a cub is weaned he is taught to snout for beetles, to dig out bumble-bees' nests, to search a seashore for fish after a storm, to stand on his hind legs when locating a mouse, to play tricks with his tail or do circles to fool any inquisitive wild-fowl,

and many other things, such as stalking frogs or tracking weasels. These are accomplishments that are obtained by teaching on the vixen's part, and practice, not without failures, on the cub's part. Take a cub, hand-rear it ever so well, and then turn it down, and what happens? Well, he may possibly hit upon methods of feeding himself and keeping his diet sufficiently varied for his health, but the chances are that he will find that hens are the only things he can catch, or "jukking" pheasants, his health will suffer for it, and mange break out.

Few people, perhaps, will agree with me that instinct plays as small a part with the higher forms of animal life as it does with us, and that education is as important as it is with us. But if you live in the woods night and day, months on end (especially the summer months, when the woods are a vast school of work and play), you will certainly be convinced of this fact, amongst others. You can see it for yourself. The young that lose their parents and have to rely on their instincts are the first to fall in the struggle of life. Another thing: second broods are often abandoned by their parents before their education is half finished, because the parents must lay on flesh for themselves in the fat autumn days before the coming of winter. Left alone, these young go to form meals for the hungry prowlers of the woods. Nature, who finds food for the small creatures in the short dark days, must provide it for the prowlers too, and this is how she does it. To be sure, the turned-down cub will not be killed by other animals; there's no credit to him in that, for in this country there is nothing to prey on him; but the small creatures, that he would have caught with a proper uprearing, are much too cute for him now.

Anyone knows that if he loses a ferret when out "pugging," that ferret will die. Why? Because the ferret has had no education. He may be able to bolt rabbits; he won't be able to hunt and catch them in the open as a stoat or weasel would, and most of those that lie up get into such a hole that the ferret can't get at their head, which is the only part that is any good to him.

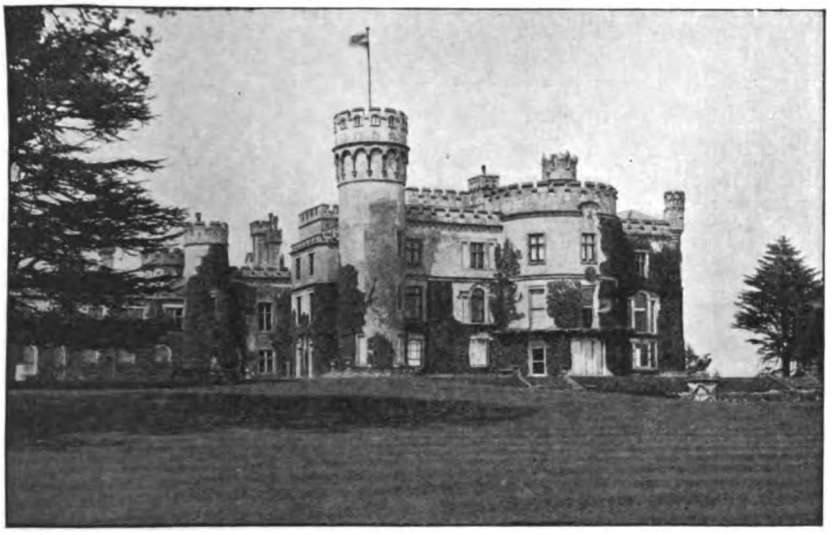
And what is true of the animals is true of the birds, too; they have the same lessons to learn; the partridge chick is taught when to run, when to hide, when to lay flat and still and let Nature take care of him—Nature who gives him a coat to match his surroundings. The young rook, by imitating his parents stretching their wings above their head, discovers that his wings have the power to sustain him; next day, perhaps, he jumps from branch to branch farther and farther, and the day after he has learnt to fly almost without knowing that he is being taught. The lark cannot do that wonderful ascent up its invisible aerial staircase without teaching and practice, nor the snipe its drumming, nor can the young kestrel

make sure of his first mouse. These are not mere unconscious actions; they are the outcome of perseverance of young, and patience of parents. Through a glass we can see the lark spilling the wind out of the tips of his little wings, while he fills space with his music (he has a different tune as he descends); we can see the snipe take a headlong plunge, as he drums, but just how the lark and snipe perform these feats only they themselves know; we admire and have our different theories about them, but it probably rests with the camera to prove them. We can appreciate the young kestrel's difficulties, for we know what they are. Those wonderful eyes of his he can make either telescopic or microscopic. Hovering over a field, when he is quartering it for mice, his eyes have to be telescopic so as to see the little creatures moving in the grass. But when he swoops he has to change his sight to microscopic. If he didn't, he would see nothing but a blur; it would be like putting one's hand in front of a telescope and trying to examine it; he has a plate at the back of his eye, with which he can make his eye more convex, thus altering his sight when he is near enough to the earth; and so to change his sight is one great lesson he has to learn. But there is something he cannot learn, and that is to see a mouse or other prey if it keeps still. Nature must take care of small and large alike, so she endows each of her creatures with one phenomenal quality to enable it to live, and one great weakness to enable others to protect themselves from it.

It is imagined that the birds and beasts of prey are to be envied, but the small shy creatures really get just as much, if not more, joy in life; it may be that one mouse in a litter goes one night to feed an owl: that's bad for the mouse, but he was probably disobedient and refused to squat at the warning from his mother; the others will obey and learn by experience the rules of protection, and when winter goes those who have survived will be worthy to reproduce their species in the spring, and will have become so clever at hiding that the birds and beasts of prey are in far greater want of food than ever the small creatures are. It may seem hard on the mouse that formed the owl's meal, but the issue at stake in the education of the wild is life itself, and so discipline is as stern as death. In the wild obedience is the greatest lesson. This is a kingdom where the laws of life are learnt and obeyed. The punishment for disobedience is death. If this is severe, it is just, nevertheless, and the woods are not made unhappy by it. Joy is, in fact, the dominant note of the woods; we all notice it in spring when the woods are full of music; we notice it in the summer when we see the various young at play, some at mere frolics, but others, that are

destined for a sterner life, at rough games. But young and old, summer and winter, are the embodiment of happiness, though they take it in their different ways. You will find the stolid hedgehog one evening rolling over and over down a bank, not once, but a dozen times for the sheer pleasure of the sensation; you will see an old toad, sitting on a branch that has fallen across a stream, see-sawing in the current up and down hours on end, glad of his little life that is big enough, however, to appreciate light and motion; if you watch carefully by the lake, you will notice that the trout are rising not at flies, maybe, but at bubbles, and leaves, and little sticks, and smacking them to bits with a lash of their tails. We have all seen rabbits playing "cross-touch," and wild-fowl doing the same in the water, and many other games, too numerous to record here, come to my mind. They are all the expression of ebullient spirits and are the outcome of perfect health; the wood-folk are healthy, because they live a natural life; eat, sleep, and drink when they feel like it, and not otherwise. It is only when animals are domesticated and get some of our mentality that they can experience unhappiness. Be the winters ever so hard and food ever so scarce, those that are true to the wild show no sign of misery, and never will. I have stood on the bleak hillsides of the north, where even the pines have a bother to live, when the ground is snow-covered and life seems gone; the wind blows off ice and comfort is non-existent, and it appears pertinent but to grumble and die; but in the midst of curses small voices are heard, and there, chasing one another and chattering, are a flock of tits, doing circles round branches, peering into holes, pecking off pieces of bark from the stunted firs, and finding small dainties that Nature hid there in the rich autumn days.

These are a few of the secrets of wood and field, that anyone can learn and enjoy, if he go live in them day and night, with open heart and mind and eyes. You can spend a life walking the woods and see next to nothing, for animals' wits are sharper than ours, and they will see, or hear, or smell you first. You may catch glimpses of their lives, but you will not get to know them till you learn to sit absolutely still, not even blinking sometimes, if necessity be. Walk into a wood, and you may hear the quick "thump, thump" of a rabbit, his danger signal, or the scream of a jay as he flies away and tells all the wood-folk to look out; but if you sit still you will soon see small shy eyes peering at you through the bushes, wide open with curiosity that draws them on, and timidity that keeps them watchful. You will learn to sort the sounds and smells of the woods as they do; and they will learn to approach you in a few weeks with that cautious confidence with which they approach man in the wilds where they have never before seen him.



ERIDGE CASTLE

DEER-TAKING AT ERIDGE PARK

BY LEONARD WILLOUGHBY

It is no easy matter to hit upon anything novel in the way of sport, but there are still one or two forms of it which are probably not familiar to the majority of English people, and consequently have been very little touched upon by sporting writers. Deer-taking is one of these, it being little known, as it is only at a very few places that it is practised, these notably including Woburn, the home of the Duke of Bedford, and Eridge, the Sussex residence of that fine sportsman, the Marquess of Abergavenny. My object in writing an account of a day's deer-taking at Eridge is to afford the great majority of sport-loving readers, who have never seen, or even heard of, this form of sport, a small idea of what it is like.

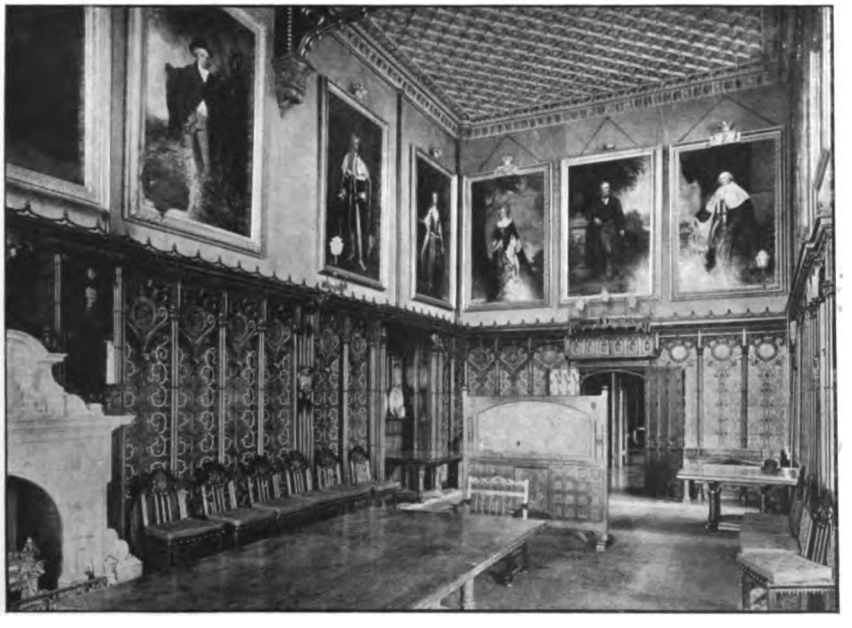
Deer-taking at Eridge must not for a moment be confused with present-day stag-hunting, say, in the home counties, with a pack of regulation staghounds and an immaculately turned-out hunt establishment. This no doubt makes a further appeal to hard riders and to a class who hunt to ride, and by this I mean who go out for the sake of fresh air and exercise. Every man to his taste, but present-day stag-hunting is nothing approaching what it used to be 200 years ago, or before the country was enclosed and before fox-hunting came into vogue. There are plenty of persons who

proclaim loudly against stag-hunting as it now is, as being cruel. They describe in harrowing details through the press imaginary horrors of the chase, picking out occasional unforeseen circumstances and putting them in garbled form which they know will shock the public mind. And many readers, no better instructed, firmly believe it all, and are unutterably dismayed to think that such barbarity is allowed to exist. Though I am not a "stagger," I go so far as to say there is no kind of sport with fewer elements of cruelty in it than running a deer (which I do not for a moment suppose feels the least alarm, so used is it to being run) till he has had enough of it, and then allows itself to be gently taken in some village pond, and quietly carted home in its van to its comfortable quarters, until it is wanted for yet another run.

As regards deer-taking, the object of this is to remove from time to time deer from one portion of the park to another, without hurting them. This may sound to the uninitiated neither sporting, exciting, nor difficult work to accomplish, but as to this we shall see before I have finished my account.

Eridge Park, the oldest deer park in England, and, according to Domesday Book, in existence prior to the Conquest, is some 2,200 acres in extent. A portion of it, some 1,800 acres, is practically wild, and some 400 acres around the castle, kept for certain special purposes, is known as the New Park. These parts are divided off, and it is the object in taking deer to single out such red or fallow deer as are required from the herd in the wild part, for removal to the New Park for fattening purposes for venison. Separating the particular deer required from a herd is by no means amateur's work, and even when that is accomplished to chase this fleet animal over dangerous ground till it eventually takes the water is calculated to try the skill, endurance, and even pluck, of both horses and men. When once the deer has taken the water he has then to be captured, and all this done, of course, without in any way injuring him. This is a ticklish matter both for the deer as well as for the captors; for it must be remembered deer will not give up their freedom lightly, and they have serviceable antlers as weapons of defence. Again, too, the hounds used for this fast work are deer-hounds—not staghounds, but grey, rough-coated, Scotch, weird-looking animals, such as Landseer loved to depict with so masterly a hand. Long of limb, with clean, narrow, long heads, small ears, keen, restless eyes, immense strength and pace—only let one of these wild creatures get up to a deer, and unless its fangs have been previously removed it is all over with the quarry. This risk has therefore to be carefully guarded against, and the keeper must be well mounted, active, and a fearless rider, who would be there or thereabouts at

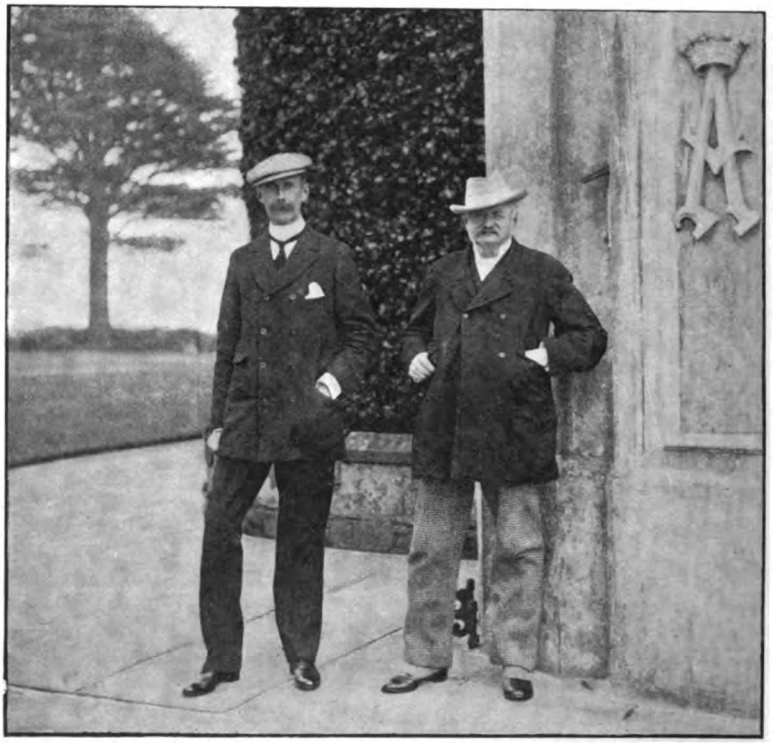
the critical moment when the deer tires. Rabbits abound in the park, and the ground is very risky to ride over, for it is a veritable network of holes and burrows. Lucky is the man who avoids "taking a toss" during the day, through these unavoidable holes or boggy patches of ground. The security of the broad grass rides once left for the tempting-looking, though treacherous, bracken-covered ground, and the trouble begins. But it is all genuine sport, real, downright, manly, hard, old-fashioned, such as our fore-elders loved, and such as one might expect to find on the domain of so staunch an English gentleman as the Marquess of Abergavenny.



THE DINING-ROOM, ERIDGE CASTLE

A word as to Eridge Castle itself, before I start on the day's work. In a letter from Aaron Hill to his friend Mr. J. Mallet in 1606, he writes of Eridge: "There is a place called Eridge Park belonging to Lord Abergavenny, and an open old appropriated forest of the name of Waterdown that butted on the park enclosure. There was also near it a house called Eridge House. The park was an assemblage of all Nature's beauties—hills, vales, brooks, lawns, groves, thickets, rocks, and waterfalls; all wildly noble and irregularly amiable." This quaint description is a very true one, for not only is the park exceedingly beautiful, undulating, well timbered and watered, and worthy of a great nobleman's residence, but the

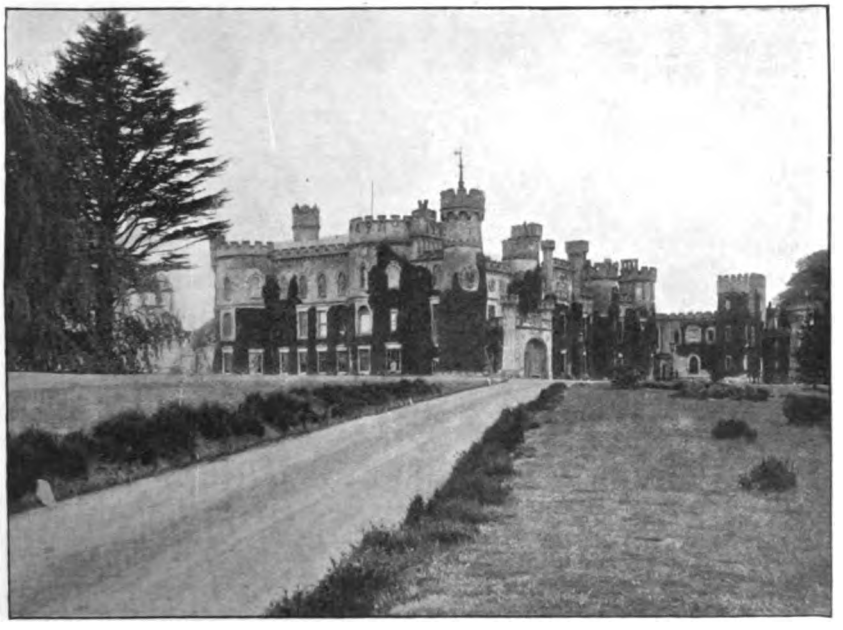
approach from Tunbridge Wells, some three miles distant, is one of the most charming imaginable. From this once gay and fashionable inland watering-place, the drives and walks to Eridge continue through avenues of dark straight Scotch firs, with masses of rhododendrons lining either side. The private drives which extend for miles through these are simply unique, and at periods of the year when the rhododendrons are in bloom are beautiful beyond compare. But that which appeals to my mind, as it must do to all who genuinely care for sport—and hunting in particular—



THE MARQUESS OF ABERGAVENNY, K.G., AND LORD HENRY NEVILL, M.F.H.

is the feeling that everywhere about and around one is sporting country. Here at least foxes are not "conspicuous by their absence," as they are in some not very remote counties, where the mistaken cockney ideas of shooting syndicates rule to the detriment of hunting and sport generally. Through Broadwater Lodge and these avenues we jog along to our destination at Eridge Castle, looking forward to the day's sport on the morrow, and in the meantime enjoying to the full the splendid air and surroundings, the healthy fragrance of the woods, and imagining the while in our mind

what the music of hounds would sound like here as it swelled into full chorus, echoing and re-echoing through these silent woods as the pack comes sweeping down wind. Anon we pass by the kennels at "Bohemia," tucked away snugly amidst tall surrounding trees. They are well placed in the park—warm, sheltered, dry, and healthy. Great is the temptation to break away and run riot for a moment to say a word about Lord Henry Nevill's pack—of Nobleman and Ruler, of Talisman, and that truest of old hounds, Gallant. But I must reluctantly whip off this line and lay on to my original one, which half a mile further on brings one up before



ERIDGE CASTLE APPROACH

the quaintly carved hall doors, through which have passed for generation after generation many of those who have been distinguished in history and famous in sport.

The hospitality at Eridge is of the old order, and the castle itself has many interesting objects contained in it of bygone days, as is only to be expected in a family of such descent. Without entering into much detail on this score, it is extraordinarily interesting to contemplate the possessions once held by the Nevills, to think that in the times of Edward IV, Richard Neville, the stout Earl of Warwick, commonly called the King Maker, then the greatest man in England, had no fewer than 30,000 persons living daily at his

board at the different manors and castles he possessed in England. Of the dignities belonging to the ancient house of Nevill, Lady Cecily Nevill, Duchess of York, writes, in an old MS., that descended from the Nevills are seven kings of England, three queens, four princes of Wales, four kings of Scotland, two queens of Scotland, one queen of Spain, one queen of Bohemia; also one prince elector palatine of the Rhine. Roland in referring to the genealogical record of this family says: "The like cannot be said of any other family. Such stately places as Raby, Staindrop, Branspeth, Sherriff Hutton, Middleham and Warkworth, and many more for all I

ERIDGE PARK

wot, all belonged to the Nevills, as well as Abergavenny Castle, now in ruins, in Monmouthshire. There are older and more historic houses in the county than the present stately well-situated castle at Eridge, but none more hospitable within, and none with a more genial and kindly host, whose apt old motto, 'Ne vile velis,' is applicable in its truest and best sense to the representative head of all the Nevills."

The deer-taking is fixed for the following day, Saturday, December 1st, and the scene of it will be that part of the park which at one time was forest, and extended right away down to

the coast. This was a royal chase. It was also a direct line for smugglers making their way to Croydon and London, and in Eridge Park was one of their secret hiding-places. It is a large roomy cave under a mound cut in the rock, close to a small trout stream. It had two entrances, one of which was for the packhorses. And just as it was then so is it to-day. Tradition has it that in those good old times certain casks of fine wines and spirits were left behind by the smugglers after their visits, addressed "To the Lord," doubtless as a mark of their appreciation of the fact that the lords of Abergavenny were careful in adopting a strictly neutral course 'twixt the Custom House authorities and those who sought to evade their

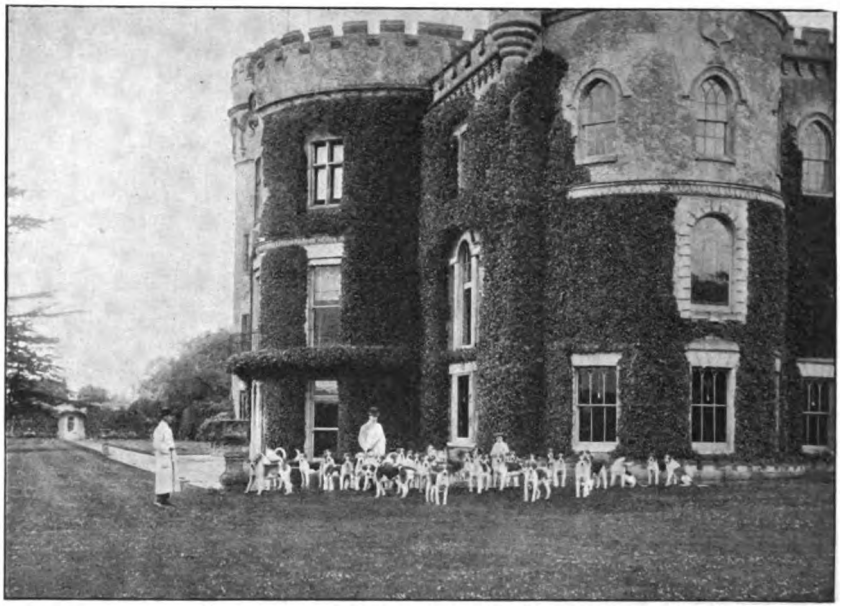
THE CHINTZ ROOM, ERIDGE CASTLE

legal demands. But as to whether these tokens of esteem ever reached the castle, or whether the keepers looked upon them as perquisites, history is discreetly silent.

The morning of December 1st breaks fine; clouds are scudding along beneath a clear blue sky above. A strong keen wind makes the flag on the tower crack like whipcord, and there is a feel of snow in the air. The great gilt fox on the tall white post by the lawn railings points his head determinedly to the north-west, so the day will probably be fine. I hear the foxhounds at "Bohemia" clamouring to be let out, for they well know it is a hunting morning,

indeed hounds always instinctively know these days. They have some distance to go to their meet, but our deer-taking meet is at the park-keeper's house by the lakes, not quite a mile distant, and the time fixed is 11.30.

We make our way gently across the park, down the valley below the castle, and up the other side, through the white gate dividing the old and new park, and on down through the bracken to the bridge between the Middle and Furness ponds. Two hundred yards further on are the deerhound kennels and park-keeper's house. Punctually at 11.30 the Marquess drives up, and at once gives the word to Plume, the park-keeper, to start. The field make



THE ERIDGE HOUNDS IN THE GROUNDS OF THE CASTLE

their way to high ground on Sugar Hill, which commands a fine view all round. Facing us in front below is the keeper's house, beyond this on the other side of the upper pond are Foxpit Gyll and White Hill. In the distance to the left is a peep of the castle. To the right is Frant village. Along the valley below us are the lakes or ponds—Upper, Middle, and Furness, while stretching away to the left beyond these for three-quarters of a mile is the big lake. Behind us is wild Scotch-looking scenery, and on the high ground is Saxonbury Tower, a well-known landmark. Some half-dozen keepers have already been dispatched, each with a hound in leash, to various parts of the park, ready to slip their hounds

as the pursued stag approaches. The park-keeper has ridden off between the Middle and Furness lakes up to White Hill. Here he soon finds several stags; but they are in a very treacherous part of the wood on the side of the hill, and will be difficult to move. Managing to separate two from the rest he works them down below Sandy Road on the way to Frant. It is now the object to endeavour to make them break away for the open towards Sugar Hill, where the field is waiting; but this is more than Plume can manage single-handed, for each time they break back right-handed towards White Hill. Calling up an assistant keeper with his hound, they

THE PARK-KEEPER AND TWO YOUNG DEERHOUNDS AT THE QUAINTLY-CARVED FRONT DOORS OF ERIDGE CASTLE

manage to separate a stag. Again an endeavour is made to force it to take the country on the south side by Sugar Hill; but it is hopeless. Finding at length that the separated stag is disinclined to leave his comparatively safe ground, the park-keeper slips both hounds on to him.

"Hold him, boy; hold him, boy!" is now the cry which, as the notes come echoing across the valley, tells us the chase has begun in earnest. Hounds now dash after the stag, who once finding serious business is intended, makes off at best pace down hill for Furness Lake, into which without more ado he plunges. Swimming

the entire length of it from east to west, he lands and makes for the Tea Island, at the west end of the big lake. This is separated from the park by high park palings. Hounds catch him up here, and actually manage to pull him down, before the park-keeper can get up. However, being a fine seven-year-old animal, and the hounds young ones, he manages to recover himself and throw them off, though in doing so he severely bruises one of them.

Plume now makes a determined effort to get the stag down, and cheers on the hounds to "seize him." Just as they are about to do so he turns round, and rising on his hind legs crashes through the

ENTRANCE TO THE SMUGGLERS' CAVE

palings and takes to the icy water of the big lake, followed by two hounds. Swimming up the middle of this, he makes for the west end over half a mile distant. Plume has galloped to the south side, and heads him off as he attempts to land, thus causing him to swerve about and make for the north bank in Pond Field. There being no one up, he manages to land and endeavours to find a way through the high iron railings dividing this Pond Field from the park. Working his way down by them to the gate into the park at the east end, which is purposely left open, he dashes left-handed up the hill towards Foxpit Gyll. The moment, however, he is through the gate, a keeper in hiding slips a fresh hound, which soon causes him to change his mind, and turning sharp right-handed make for the

Furness Lake with all speed possible. Charging this it is a grand sight to see him jump a good twelve feet into the lake with a huge splash, and presently landing on the opposite bank he is off in the direction of the park-keeper's house; but again his ideas are frustrated, for another keeper is here waiting with a hound, and this unleashed causes the stag to double back to the water.

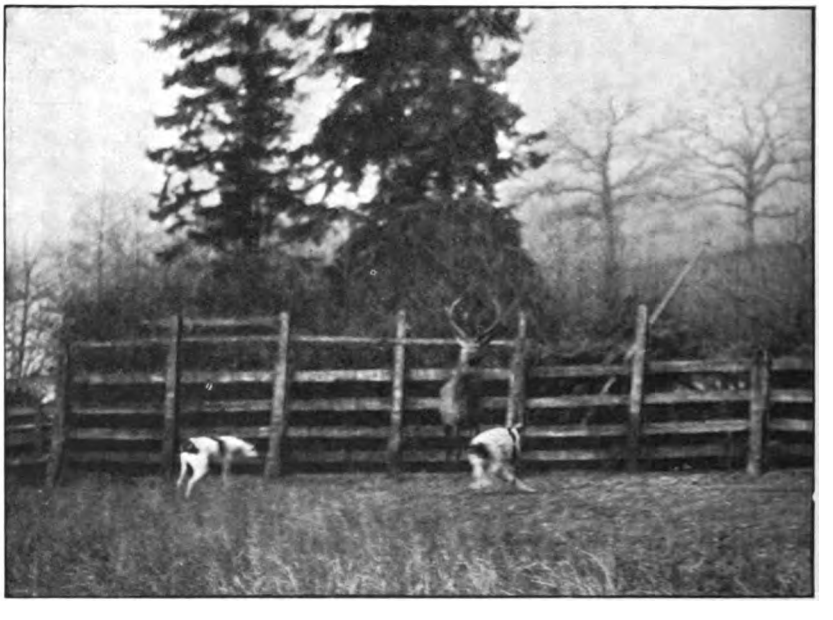
Again he crosses and has a second try to get to his original ground on White Hill; but it is useless: another hound is after him, giving him no rest. Thinking the Furness Lake the only place for security, he darts back and for the fifth time plunges in, swimming

THE MARQUESS AND KEEPERS WATCHING THE STAG IN FURNESS POND

rapidly to the west end, where he takes refuge under the overhanging branches of the fringing shrubs.

It is an awkward position in which to tackle him, for in addition stout iron railings enclose this park just where the batteries are placed for duck-shooting. An attempt is made notwithstanding to hook him by means of a twenty foot pole with a hook at the end. Passing this through the branches the hook is placed round the antlers in the hopes of being able to drag him ashore. The attempt fails, for shaking his head free, he turns about and swims up the lake. Getting quickly on land on the north bank he makes off as hard as he can towards Foxpit Gyll,

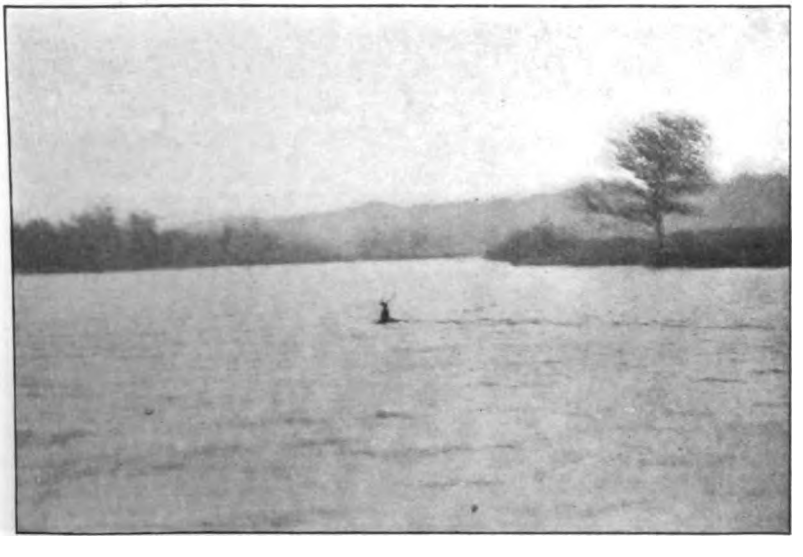
But the work is beginning to tell, and he is evidently tiring; so two hounds are slipped, and away the three race—over bracken, up hill, down dells, over swamps, under trees—a ding-dong race, and a wonderfully pretty sight. The hounds are young ones, and though well able to keep up, are unable to tackle so formidable an animal as a seven-year-old red deer. And so he turns left-handed, and comes tearing down towards the big lake, passing the duck batteries on the left, and reaching the palings of Tea Island, where before he defied his pursuers. With back to the palings, with head low down, with forefoot upraised, and striking out fiercely, for his blood



THE STAG AT BAY BY TEA ISLAND

is now up, he keeps the hounds at a distance. By this means he gets his wind, and just as the park-keeper arrives and urges the hounds to pull him down, he twists round and pops through the gap in the railings he made before. In a moment he is again in the big lake, with the hounds behind him. Up this long water he swims, pointing his head for Mill Wood. But again he is disappointed, for Plume is there, having galloped round to head him off. Right-handed in the water he turns and seeks Pond Field on the other side as he did before, but now keepers and field are closing in, so valiantly he turns amid stream and makes for the extreme west end by the wood.

It is a grand performance, for twice has he swam the extreme length of this long lake, though useless, as again he is headed here on his arrival, and so works his way right-handed round the bend of the lake to the boathouse. He now swims close to the bank, feeling his strength exhausting, and but for the strenuous efforts of a keeper would in spite of everything land and enter the wood. But he is kept back and continues working his way slowly up to the landing-stage, where he decides to halt and bravely face his pursuers. Keepers are now called up, a rope is thrown over his antlers, and in a twinkling he is dragged ashore entirely unhurt. Quickly adjusting another rope round a hind leg, while four stalwart keepers hold on



SWIMMING THE BIG LAKE FOR THE SECOND TIME

like grim death to his antlers, he is walked slowly away towards his new feeding-ground. Once in this, he is laid on his side whilst the ropes are removed. The keepers quickly jump clear, for he might now in his anger charge them, and with serious results. But the moment he feels his freedom, he dashes down a small dell with a stream at the bottom, and swimming this he mounts the steep ground on the other side, where his troubles for the present are over.

This gallant stag has given us a run of an hour and three quarters, and horses and hounds have had as much as they want; so the call to luncheon is welcome, and this we take in the park-keeper's house, a fine old building, said to be the oldest house on the

estate. It is a substantial, comfortable building, with large rooms, big inglenooks, and fire-dogs on which to burn great logs. The walls are covered with paper of characteristic designs of deer chasing, and here we enjoy our excellent luncheon, with a zest and appetite which only good honest sport and fine fresh air can produce.

CAPTURED

A HUNT FOR A CHURCH

BY WALTER E. GROGAN

THE Rev. Horace Beecher-Whyte rode up the long drive on his bicycle. From the lodge gate to the front door of Tresham Hall was little less than half a mile. During the whole of that half-mile the lodge-keeper looked after him, bare headed and open mouthed. He was a little man, with thin legs and a big mouth. When it opened a straw dropped out.

"A pass'n an' a bi-cycle," he said. "'Eaven 'ave mercy on 'im!"

At the hall door the footman was visibly startled; and the butler showed some trace of emotion when he came forward. As a rule he was as impassive as the granite pillars of the door.

"I will see whether Sir Gavor Tresham is in, sir," he said, dubiously. "John, you had better take that—that—er—machine round to the stables."

The young clergyman laughed. He was a plain, pleasant-faced young man, with shrewd eyes, a firm chin, strong hands, lithe, rather short, and certainly spare of flesh.

"Sir Gavor doesn't care for—er—machines?" he said.

"'Ates them," the butler answered impressively, marching in an episcopal manner—not a concession to the intruding cloth, but his naturally unnatural gait—to the library. "We adore 'orses, sir. Equine flesh is our 'obby. We race, we train ourselves——"

"That's nice," said the young clergyman, innocently.

"We are M.F.H. ——" continued the butler.

"I don't think that is a degree recognised by the colleges." The clergyman spoke hesitatingly.

"It is a degree of some distinction, sir. It means Master of the Fox 'Ounds of the South Loamshire Hunt. Your name, sir?"

"The Reverend Horace Beecher-Whyte. Sir Gavor will know me—by correspondence. I am curate-in-charge of Stoke-Regis."

"Very good, sir. Will you take a seat, and I will see if Sir Gavor is in. There's *Ruff's Guide*—er—one or two papers, sir."

Left to himself the Rev. Horace did not sit down, but wandered round, staring with evident appreciation at the many paintings of

horses which adorned the walls. Ten minutes afterwards, when Sir Gavor entered, he turned with a start from the contemplation of the famous Sea Serpent which the year before had carried the Tresham colours to victory in the Loamshire Stakes.

Sir Gavor, a biggish man, riding twelve stone, florid, with a stiff cropped head of grey hair, was in riding costume. He was an irascible man, a terror to Cockney sportsmen, a man liked and feared by all his establishment, but the latter emotion was the stronger. His two pet aversions were machines—under which generic term he lumped together everything from bicycles to motor cars—and parsons. When he entered, his thick dark grey eyebrows were drawn together ominously. They relaxed somewhat when he discovered the young clergyman's occupation.

"Like horses, eh?" he demanded, abruptly.

"I am fond of all animals, Sir Gavor," the Rev. Horace replied. "I try to encourage kindness in my parish. We have a cat show next month, and the villagers are growing quite enthusiastic. If—might I ask—" The clergyman rather stammered in his eagerness "Could I persuade you to become one of the judges?"

"Cats! Certainly not. I know nothing of cats! Good day." Sir Gavor held out his hand, glaring at the Rev. Horace.

"Oh, I didn't call merely about our cat show—though if you could reconsider your answer I am sure you would give every satisfaction. You see we none of us know much about cats, and your rulings would be accepted without question. I called to see you in reference to our correspondence."

"H'm, yes. I remember. I'm very sorry, but at the present moment I am exceedingly busy. Write to me again." Sir Gavor looked suggestively at the door.

"I have, Sir Gavor, again and again."

"Hasn't my secretary——"

"Oh, yes. I have filed all his letters. But they are monotonous reading. I don't think you appreciate the facts. May I take a chair?"

Sir Gavor groaned as he gave permission, and pulled out a heavy hunting watch ostentatiously.

"You must be brief, Mr. Beecher-Whyte. I go round my stables at half-past eleven. Always do, wet or fine. Master's eye good for everyone."

"I will come with you, at half-past eleven," said the persistent curate. "You are the owner of most of the land in my parish. I am the curate-in-charge. The church is in a positively disgraceful condition—it wants renovating. I desire to enlist your sympathies."

"I have written to say that when I am in Stoke-Regis I will have a look at the church. The rector has never made any complaint."

"The rector has never seen it since the day he read himself in. That was some time ago—you will know when, Sir Gavor. The living is in your gift."

"Twelve years ago."

"Yes. The Canon is labouring in other fields." The curate restrained a smile.

"Bill prefers Ullminster. He has seven unmarried daughters. There are few marriageable men in Stoke-Regis, I believe, Mr. Beecher-Whyte?"

"Only the sexton's son, Sir Gavor."

"Ah, yes. Hardly suitable. Well, I can only say again that when I am in your neighbourhood I'll take a look at the church."

"You never are, Sir Gavor. I have been curate-in-charge two years. For eighteen months you have promised that. It's fifteen miles away from you—and it has always remained so."

Sir Gavor fidgeted with his riding whip.

"It's a beastly place, Stoke-Regis!" he burst out at last. "There's not a fox anywhere near. Your parishioners are rascals, and that's the truth. They poison foxes—poison 'em and shoot 'em!"

"I don't think that's true."

"Cockerell says so—our huntsman. He knows. We've never found anywhere near the place."

"You don't draw—er—try to discover a fox there."

"No. We aren't fools."

"I have been told, Sir Gavor, that four years ago you said you would never put foot in Stoke-Regis again."

"You've heard that, have you? Well, it's true."

"And you have written to say that you will look at the church when you are in Stoke-Regis, knowing you will never go there."

Sir Gavor grinned a little uneasily.

"My secretary said it sounded more polite. I told him to write that I wouldn't give a damned—I mean a single ha'penny to a parish that shot foxes."

"That would have been plainer English, Sir Gavor. My mission is hopeless?"

"Quite." Sir Gavor's voice was emphatic. "Frankly, I don't like your cloth—I never found a parson that was a sportsman."

"The Canon," said the Rev. Horace, eagerly, "is quite excellent at croquet. But, Sir Gavor, have you thought of your responsibilities to your tenantry?"

"Have they thought of theirs to me? They kill foxes."

"So do you, Sir Gavor."

"Ah, but I give them a run for their money!"

"You will not come to Stoke-Regis to see the church?"

"No, I will not. That's plain speaking."

"But if you did?" The Rev. Horace spoke insinuatingly.

"If I did?" Sir Gavor laughed. "Oh, well, if you ever caught me there I would put the church right for you."

"Is that a bargain, Sir Gavor?" the Rev. Horace asked, eagerly.

"Oh, yes. But I warn you that you will not get anything out of it. I shall never go to Stoke-Regis."

"Yes, you will," said the curate, quietly.

Sir Gavor stared, then he looked at the little curate, and, drawing himself up to his full height, burst out laughing.

"Kidnapping is punishable rather heavily," he said, "and I must tell you that I am on the Commission of the Peace."

"Oh, that's all right—I mean I am perfectly aware of that, Sir Gavor," the curate answered. "Can I come and see your stables?"

"Do you ride?" asked Sir Gavor, leading the way.

"Oh, yes. I rode here."

"Really? What do you ride? Cob? The cob seems to be the ecclesiastical beast."

"No, it's not a cob, it's a Singer."

"Eh?" Sir Gavor was puzzled.

"With a free wheel. A free wheel is a great boon, Sir Gavor."

"A cycle, a senseless mass of rims and wires!"

"There are the tyres also."

"That's not riding." Sir Gavor was emphatic.

"What is it?" demanded the curate.

"Perambulation on an attenuated perambulator! Cycling! Bah!" He considered a moment. "You've ridden in from Stoke-Regis?" The curate nodded—his eyes were riveted on a lean horse with a fine shoulder and quarters that suggested a stiff country, a horse that was playfully lipping a stable boy and dancing at the swish of a bucket of water over his fetlocks. "Fifteen miles out, fifteen miles back," added Sir Gavor, looking at him curiously.

"That's a nice horse," said the curate. "Plenty of bone—mane! I like horses with nice manes."

"Humph! You ought to have a run with us."

"I—er—don't foot-race now except at the Sunday School treat."

"I mean with the hounds—on horseback, you know."

"Oh." He considered a moment. The stable boy regarded both men with an open-mouthed wonder. "I think that would be nice."

"You have no scruples about riding to hounds?" Sir Gavor was a little surprised at the curate's eagerness.

"Oh, no. I believe in the end justifying the means."

Sir Gavor laughed.

"You want to interest me," he said.

"Shan't I?" asked the curate.

"I think it is probable," said the M.F.H., with another burst of laughter. "We draw the home covert on Thursday. Can you get over here early? I'll mount you."

"Oh, yes, Sir Gavor, I'll come. I am an early riser, and my Singer—— Ah, I forgot, you don't like cycles. Will you lend me that horse?"

"Cruiser? No—no—he's too playful."

"Oh, I like a little fun," the curate protested. "The light heart, Sir Gavor, is not at all antagonistic to my creed. Besides, he looks a very strong horse."

"So he is. Look at his back ribs. And a pretty fencer. The very animal for this country, and a heart that's big enough for a six-foot wall." The Master grew enthusiastic over Cruiser.

"D'you ride him on a snaffle?" asked the curate, in a curiously acute voice. The Master stared at him. "Have I made a mistake?" the curate demanded. "I heard a farmer talking about riding a horse on a snaffle. I see you're astonished. No one should use technicalities about matters he does not understand, or he is bound to be found out!" The curate laughed in a boyish and embarrassed manner. The Master's face softened a little. He was finding the curate far more amusing than he had thought it possible for any curate to be. Besides, he rather liked him—and that was even more astonishing.

"As a matter of fact you do ride him on the snaffle," he vouchsafed. "I wish he could carry my weight."

"Then you won't ride him?"

"No. I'm a bit too heavy."

"Cannot you lend him to me?"

The Master looked at him. It was a practical joke such as his soul loved, to put an inexperienced man upon a horse that required masterly handling, light hands, and a seat like a cowboy's. And he objected to the cloth. Besides, the curate was very light. A fall would not hurt him much.

"If you really wish it," he said.

On Thursday morning, just as the huntsman rode out, the Rev. Horace arrived on his bicycle. The Master was busy. His pet aversion, a blatant, pompous, prosperous draper, was out, and Sir Gavor was permitting his autocratic temper full sway.

"'Ware hounds! Don't ride 'em down! Pull in, Mr. Jones, pull in! Here, Jack, hold Mr. Jones's horse, or he will be off and hurt a hound! Hullo, Beecher-Whyte! Morning—morning, fine day, eh? Cruiser's saddled in the yard. Bit fresh, too. Take the grey mare if you don't like the looks of him. You're a bit white about the gills."

"I had rather a tiring night," the curate answered. He was fagged, and his eyes had the look of a man who had been up most of the night. "But I will have Cruiser, Sir Gavor. It's cloudy. I think the scent'll lie strong."

"What!" exclaimed the Master, wheeling round in his saddle. But the curate was demurely handing over his bicycle to a disgusted stableman.

From that moment the Master was busy, so busy that he forgot all about the curate. They found at the first throw off in the home covert, and the pace was set so hotly over a stiff country that after a comparatively short time the hunt had tailed considerably. Hounds ran without a check. An early brook saw the disappearance of the draper, to the great joy of the Master; a post-and-rails and a couple of by-places disposed of others, and when at length the hunt topped the Rowndav Downs the Master and Cockerell were the only ones up.

"E's a uncommon good vox, Sir Gavor. I ain't set eyes on 'im yet, and 'e's going so straight as a harrow."

"Nor have I," bawled the Master in answer. "He's the devil of a fox. This run'll be a record. Not a check so far. Hullo!"

As the Master spoke the pack checked, faltered, and spread. They were at fault at last. A whimper came now and then to the Master and the old huntsman as they pounded up to the hounds. Cockerell cast back, while the Master eased his girths for a while. He looked behind him. There was only one rider in sight, and he was too far off to be recognized.

"Lord!" said Sir Gavor. "Where's the curate? I forgot all about him!"

"In a brook, I reckon!" Cockerell cried. "'E ain't no work till Sunday, zur, so it's no great matter."

"I hope he's come to no hurt. Cruiser was fresh this morning."

"On Cruiser was 'e, zur? 'E ain't now, I'll lay odds! Ah!" he added, joyfully, as old Peter lifted up his nose, "they've found!"

The Master settled in his saddle as the pack gave tongue. He had hardly started when a voice behind him shouted, "Gone away!" It was a bright boyish voice. The Master looked over his shoulder. To his utter amazement he saw the curate on Cruiser.

"Good Heavens, you there?" he cried, so astonished that he forgot to choose his words.

"Yes. I had some trouble at first, Sir Gavor, but he's going beautifully now. You had found before I got to the covert, and had a long lead. It's good going, isn't it?"

"You can ride!" said the Master.

"A little—bit out—of practice!" shouted the curate.

The pace grew too hot for conversation. In full cry, the hounds swept grandly along in front. They ran so for another couple of miles of downs, then scrambled through a hedge, dropped into a lane, and through the opposite hedge. Cockerell's mount pecked, and came to grief in the lane, but the Master and the curate sailed the double fence almost side by side. They came down the slope of a valley through pasture fields where the gates were easy. Below them, a mile away, was a grey tower, almost hidden by trees. The curate smiled when he saw it, and eased Cruiser so as to wait on the Master.

A few minutes, and the curate reined in at the low grey wall of a churchyard. Beyond, in a waste plot, fifteen couple of hounds were busy tearing a small sack to pieces.

Sir Gavor came up a minute afterwards on a blown horse.

"Let me show you the church, Sir Gavor," said the curate, who had dismounted. "This is Stoke-Regis, and very much in need of repair."

The Master looked at the curate, stared at the hounds, and glared at the church.

"What the devil—what's the meaning of this?" he cried.

"I said you would come to Stoke-Regis. You have," the curate answered, smiling. "That sack contained aniseed, Sir Gavor. It lays a beautiful scent. I dragged it last night. I told Powlesland the sexton to bury the aniseed—he evidently took me literally, and did not bury the sack."

"But you—I thought you knew nothing of sport?"

"I won two cups at point-to-point races when up at Oxford, Sir Gavor, and I've hunted a good deal formerly. There was, I believe, a promise, Sir Gavor——" He smiled ingratiatingly.

"And it shall be kept, by gad! You've won it handsomely. But the check?"

"Oh, I was afraid I should be late at the covert. I didn't want you to see me up, as you might have smelt a rat—I mean grown suspicious. So I arranged a check to give me time to get up."

"And you're a curate! Good Lord!" said the Master.

A NURSERY OF FAMOUS FOOTBALLERS

BY WILL H. OGILVIE

THE names of the four leading public schools of Scotland—Fettes College, Loretto, Merchiston, and Edinburgh Academy—have long been familiar to all interested in Rugby football as the names of institutions which have given to the game many of its finest exponents; and of these four famous schools it may be said with absolute fairness that Fettes has produced the largest number of quite first-class players. In recent years more especially, the proportion of Fettes men in Oxford and Cambridge and International football has been a subject of general comment and wonder. Their presence in the English University teams year after year is the more noticeable for the reason that the percentage of Fettesians who go up as students to Oxford and Cambridge is, in comparison with that of many other schools, a small one.

There may be something in the climatic conditions of the northern metropolis that is conducive to the production and development of Rugby footballers, something in the long winters and the hard, grey weather that is particularly favourable to this strenuous game, but the fact remains that Edinburgh schools have trained and Edinburgh clubs have fostered a class of players who have made their mark in every part of the United Kingdom where the carrying code finds favour, and no school or club has done more than Fettes to popularise the Rugby game.

Fettes College is no mere seminary of sport. Athletics, it is true, have always claimed their share of attention, and cricket and football—as is perfectly right—have always been compulsory throughout the school; but the main objective of this splendid institution has never been lost sight of, and no one who scans the long honour list of its classical and mathematical scholars can affirm that the physical development of the Fettesian has been advanced at the expense of his mental culture. It is still further gratifying to note that many of the names of those foremost on the football field are the names which grace the walls of their Alma Mater as winners of scholarships at the famous Universities both north and south of the Border.

Yet at Fettes the football tradition has always been carefully cherished. Ever since the dim and distant "seventies" the wearers of the famous magenta and brown have had to be reckoned with when the championship of the schools has been down for decision and many a hard-fought battle have they waged with their chivalrous ancient foemen of Loretto, and with the bull-dog "triers" that wear the blue jerseys of Merchiston; but Fettes has always been "there or thereabouts" when the time came to distribute the honours.

The various conquering teams which Fettes has turned out, especially in recent years, have owed much of their success to the excellent coaching which they have received from a succession of athletic masters, themselves often players of note, who have made it a labour of love to preserve through each succeeding generation of young players the best traditions of Fettes football, and to eliminate by discriminating advice and inspiring example any such undesirable features as are always liable to creep into the game when a club or a school loses sight of its best ideals. In this connection one may mention the names of Mr. G. H. Keeton and Mr. C. J. Fleming.

Fettes is fortunate in its playing-fields, having ample room for the many different practice games which may be found in progress on every half-holiday afternoon throughout the football season. On the east side of the ground there is a fine brick pavilion, lately renovated and restored, and down its flight of steps have clattered the barred boots of many famous teams and of many of the finest individual players in the history of the game.

The match ground, or "Bigside" as it is called, runs north and south, and on the whole makes a fairly good football arena; but the ground falls away somewhat in the neighbourhood of the north goal, and many a time in a closely contested match the sturdy Fettes scrummagers have taken quick advantage of this and got the

opposing forwards on the move by a sudden concerted rush, so carrying them a yard or two over the hill before they have realised the position.

The school is—or was—divided for football purposes into five sections, or games, and every boy is expected to play unless made exempt by a doctor's certificate. And, what is more, every boy *wants* to play.

The first and second fifteens play on "Bigside," the third and fourth on "Littleside," and the younger fellows play in the "Belows"—in the First Below, Second Below, or Third Below, according to their weight and prowess. Masters and members of the first fifteen, as well as interested "Old Fettesians," constantly look on at the lower games and are quick to detect football talent and bring it forward to promotion and fame. Caps are given to the first, second, and third fifteens, and there is not a youngster in Third Below but has dreams of a day when he will flaunt a tasselled headpiece before the next generation of new boys.

The first-fifteen cap is a gorgeous creation in dark red velvet, quartered and edged with silver braid, and surmounted by a silver tassel; the second fifteen has a dark blue cap with a blue tassel; and the third a brown one with a white tassel. Perhaps this "Third" cap is the most coveted of all, for it is the first recognition of a growing football reputation and the first step towards the highest honours of the Rugby game; also, it lifts the wearer out of the ruck and gives him a football status in an essentially football school.

It has often been remarked that one never sees finer football played than in the Edinburgh school matches; and it seems undeniably true that the boys play the game with more applied science and often with more chivalrous bearing than makes itself apparent in either club match or International. The result is a fast, generous game, marred as little as possible by the referee's whistle, and singularly free from the scrambling off-side play which is doing so much to destroy the attractiveness of Rugby football. Nothing is more inspiring or delightful than to watch a keen battle between those old rivals, Fettes and Loretto, when the touchlines are a dark mass of shrill-voiced cheering partisans, when perhaps the school championship of the year depends upon the gaining of the winning try, and when, even at this psychological moment of electric tension, every player on the field would scorn to take a mean advantage or handle more roughly than necessary a gallant opponent. Long may this sportsmanlike feeling flourish at the meetings of these famous schools!

Somewhere about twenty-five years ago Fettes was one of the first Rugby teams to appreciate the value of swift and accurate

passing among the three-quarters, or *halves* as they then were; indeed, it is claimed in the records of the school that the mode of play of Don Wauchope's famous team had a marked influence upon the game at the English Universities, and there is no reason to doubt the truth of the assertion. Since those far-off days the combination of Fettes backs has been well-nigh universally recognised, and a galaxy of talent which has served Scotland in the three-quarter line can speak to the value of Fettes training.

Who that saw the brilliant Fettes backs of four years ago will ever forget them! The threes standing deep and wide to obtain every advantage from their extraordinary pace and clever handling, the quick-eyed, keenly alert Kenneth McLeod dashing up at exactly the right moment to snatch at full speed a pass from his brother, to gain ten or twenty yards and sling out a long swinging pass to the flying Burt-Marshall, who seldom failed to gather it at the top of his pace and leave the opposing backs as though they were standing still! No wonder they ran through Loretto and Merchiston and Academy; they might have made the Springboks themselves look slow!

To give the names of Fettes footballers who have distinguished themselves at their favourite game and who have represented the Universities and the leading Scottish and English clubs would be to make a list interminable in length; but we may recall a few of those who attained to the highest possible honours, and who did yeoman service for Scotland on many famous fields.

All men who know the history of Rugby football know the name of A. R. Don Wauchope ("Bunny" to his familiars and to the worshipping touchline crowd of one hates to think how many seasons ago). This great player, perhaps the most tricky and resourceful of all attacking three-quarters, entered Fettes College as far back as 1872, and obtained his fifteen cap in 1877, at that time playing as a half-back (called in those days a "quarter"). In the following season he played in the three-quarter line, which at that time consisted of three men only. In 1879 Don Wauchope captained the Fettes team, and there are many who hold the opinion that the famous school never put a stronger combination in the field than this one. Be that as it may, they suffered only one defeat in a notably successful season, and that from Blairlodge, a school which is now defunct.

In this year Don Wauchope distinguished himself at the school sports, covering 19 ft. 1½ in. in the long jump and throwing the cricket ball the phenomenal distance—for a schoolboy—of 122 yards. He was also a sterling cricketer, and won the cup for the best batting average of the year. Going up to Trinity College, Cambridge, this

fine athlete gained his blue for both Rugby football and athletics, and in the season of 1882 he captained the Cambridge fifteen. For seven years he represented Scotland, and no more popular player ever wore the thistle. His influence on Fettes football in its plastic days cannot be over-estimated, and his name will be handed down to future generations as that of one of the giants of the game.

Another outstanding player was G. T. Campbell, who was capped for Fettes in 1888. The team of that year, though a light one, was noted for rare pluck and clever back play, and had a successful season. In the following year—still playing only three three-quarters—Fettes had one of its strongest lines in Campbell, Hall, and Marshall, and won all its school matches with the single exception of a draw with Blairlodge at the second meeting. At the end of that year Campbell left school, and two years later began to play for Scotland, performing prodigies of valour in the dark blue jersey for no less a period than seven years. He was a good runner and a fine cricketer, and as an all-round athlete holds a high place in the annals of Fettes. At football he was fast, strong, and determined, a typical Fettes three-quarter of the most formidable type, and he leaves behind him a record of which his old school may well be proud.

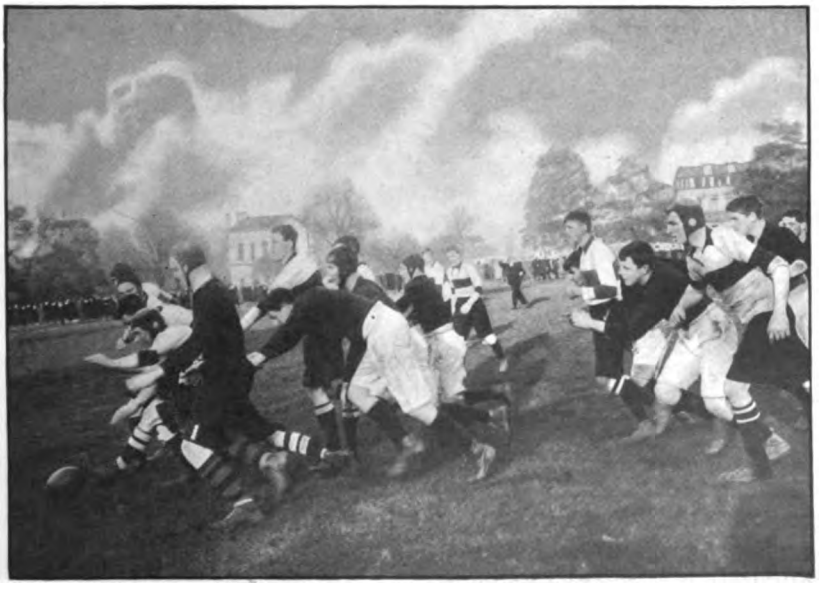
W. Wotherspoon was mighty among halves a couple of decades ago, and after doing good service in the school colours he obtained his blue at Cambridge in 1888, and also played for that University in the following year. He represented Scotland in 1891, 1892, 1893, and 1894. A strong, bustling player, hardworking and robust, he proved a tower of strength to his side on many hard-fought fields.

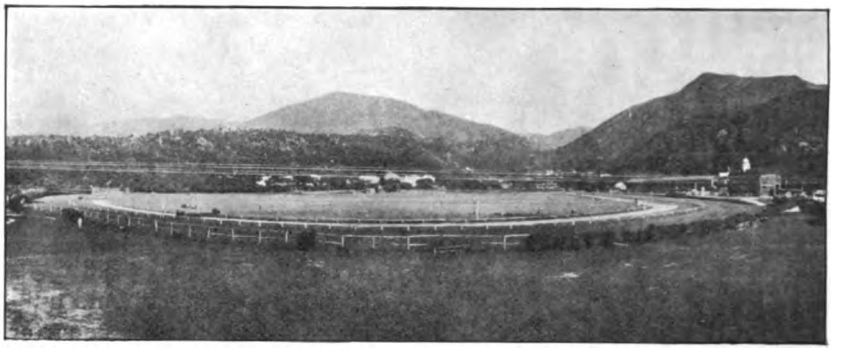
Another Fettes footballer with a niche in the hall of Olympic fame is "Charlie" Fleming, Internationalist of 1896 and 1897. As a schoolboy his size and weight were much above the average, and as he was never afraid to make full use of them he soon became a terror to his adversaries. The writer has vivid and painful memories of trying to tackle him on Bigside; to a light-weight it was a serious undertaking; it was like a small policeman stepping out into the street to stop a galloping dray-horse! Fleming played for four years in the Oxford team, being captain in 1890, and later on he wore the thistle for two seasons in International football. He returned to his school for a short time as a master, and his enthusiasm and sterling knowledge of the game were of inestimable benefit in keeping up the best football traditions of Fettes.

J. A. Campbell, another magnificent all-round athlete, was captain of Fettes in the great season of 1896–7, and is considered to have been one of the school's best football organisers, as well as one

of its very finest players and most capable captains. Campbell was a forward of outstanding merit and a born leader, and he led to many victories one of the greatest schoolboy teams which has ever played the Rugby game. He played three years for Cambridge, and represented his country in 1900.

So much for the great Fettesians of the past. There were giants in those days; but there are giants still. In present-day football the names of Kenneth McLeod, A. L. Purves, W. P. Scott, and D. R. B. Sivright are in everybody's mouth, and those brilliant players require no introduction here. It is sufficient to say that if Kenneth McLeod—still little more than a boy in years—should fulfil his high promise, he must become about the greatest three-quarter ever known in the history of the game, and will at least rival in lustre all the dashing heroes of the days gone by; and we of the old school will be proud to remember that he, too, has played on Bigside ground, and clattered down the old pavilion steps, and run to the Fourth Milestone; and above all that he is a clean, good sportsman imbued with a true Fettes regard for the highest ideals in the playing of the game.





THE RACECOURSE AT WONG-NEI-CHONG

A RACE-MEETING IN THE FAR EAST

THE HONG-KONG SPRING MEETING

BY "AN OLD CHINA HAND"

IT is to be supposed that in these twentieth-century days no further proof can be required concerning the energy, enterprise, and ingenuity of the Englishman abroad. If, however, some remnant of doubt still lingers in the mind of the sceptical and not over-friendly German, of the supercilious and not always agreeable Frenchman, or of the cynical but otherwise unobjectionable Pole, we firmly believe that a visit to the Hong-Kong Races would disabuse his mind of any distrust that he may still have upon the subject.

Not that the Hong-Kong Races are particularly good: on the contrary—as races—they are distinctly *not* particularly good; but the mere fact that the Englishman should have tackled the China pony with a view to racing him indicates such an irrepressible spirit of enterprise, such an indomitable determination of purpose, and such a triple-expansion versatility of invention, that it dwarfs into comparative insignificance all such trifling matters as the founding of empires, the extermination of hostile races, or the inauguration of colonial policies.

No other race upon the face of the globe, we firmly believe, could by any stretch of the imagination have foreseen any use for the China pony otherwise than from the point of view of the cat's-meat man; yet the Britisher has dragged him from his home in the

recesses of Mongolia, has forced upon him something of Western learning, and has coerced him into an unwilling participation in the sport of kings.

The China pony has his adolescence and grows into maturity in the north ; his early days—when he might conceivably be capable of receiving generous impressions, or of assimilating liberal ideas—being spent as a beast of draught or burden in the service of his Mongolian master ; and it is in these early days, we presume, that he acquires and matures all those unlovable traits which characterise him in later life. It is not until he has arrived at what in any

A FAVOURABLE SPECIMEN

other beast of creation might be called years of discretion that he comes into contact with the " pig-faced " foreigner.

By this time he has assimilated every defect of disposition, every fault of temper, and every gift of low cunning to which horse-flesh can descend, and remains for all time a thorough, out-and-out, and irredeemable cad, combining the morals of a Suez canal donkey with the manners of a Kilkenny cat.

Physically he is all head and hoofs, morally he is all craft and wickedness, mentally he is all sloth and stupidity. Nevertheless the

Englishman takes him to his bosom, nourishes him on hard food, grooms him, tends him as if he were an intellectual equal, and eventually—wonderful to relate—gets on his back and rides him, an operation which—even with a favourable specimen—is fraught with every discomfort and some danger.

An English jockey mounted on an English racehorse looks as if he had been cut out of one bit of stuff with his mount, so perfect is their unity of proportion when at rest, so faultless their harmony of motion when in action. A China pony and his rider, on the other hand, when going at full speed, suggest the idea that the latter has been tied on, and is making desperate efforts to get off—so frantic are his exertions to hustle his mount along, or to kick him to pieces in the attempt.

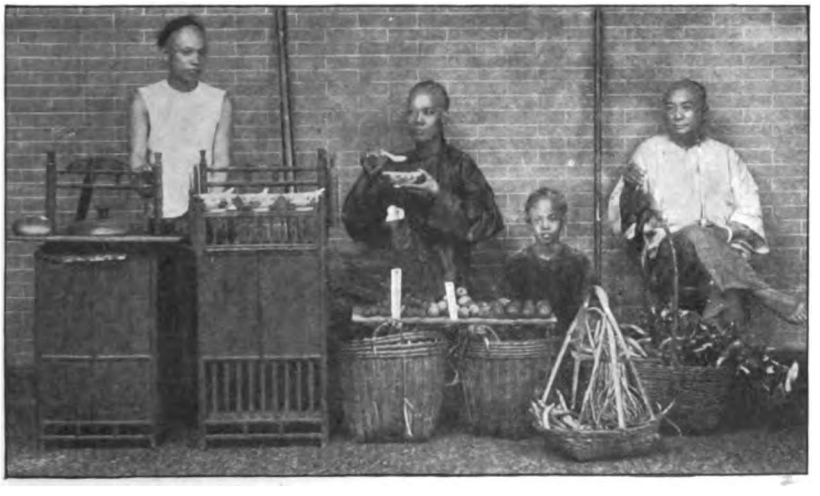
THE PLEASURES OF THE OPIUM PIPE

Nevertheless, in spite of all these and a hundred other difficulties, the Hong-Kong Races are an established institution of over fifty years' standing, and unlimited patience, energy, and perseverance have brought them to a pitch of excellence which might have been supposed to be impossible.

The festival which takes place in the early spring is observed as a general holiday throughout the colony by a large proportion of the Chinese population, as well as by the Indian and Portuguese settlers, and from ten in the morning till noon there is a constant flow of traffic—on foot, by Sedan chair, and by jinricksha—from the town of Victoria to the racecourse at Wong-nei-chong. The crowd

of sightseers is a miscellaneous and wonderfully parti-coloured one, made up of all sorts and conditions of men, from the well-to-do Chinese merchant in silk and broadcloth, who has for once at least deserted the pleasures of the opium pipe, to the underfed coolie with the inevitable bamboo across his shoulder.

The open space forming the approach to the course is crowded with those to whom the occasion is one of profit or adventure rather than one of pleasure-making or sight-seeing. Here there are erected booths and stalls of every shape and size where refreshment for the body in the shape of food and drink, or stimulant for the mind in the shape of "rattle-pidgin"—a primitive Chinese form of roulette—may be indulged in at a moderate expense.



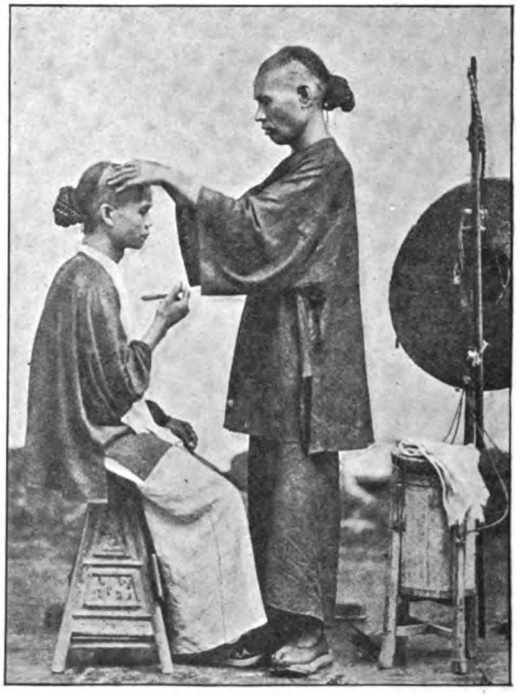
THE ITINERANT CHOW-CHOW MAN

Long ere twelve o'clock every shady corner in this neighbourhood has been taken possession of by the itinerant 'chow-chow" man, the wandering acrobat, or the perambulating barber.

Those who are abroad a little early may perhaps surprise Ah Sin at his toilet. His friend the barber—after the fashion of barbers all the world over—will give him the tips, received from a friendly stable-boy, for the day's races—and will doubtless offer him a shade of odds about the favourite, before he gives the final twist to his pig-tail.

When this final process of titivation is completed, Ah Sin, having paid his reckoning with the barber, will be prepared to take

his part in the day's rejoicings, accompanied possibly, but not very probably, by Mrs. Ah Sin, but almost certainly by one or two of the little Ah Sins. It is to be hoped that the barber has put him on to a good thing, and that the meeting will prove an event of happy memory for him, as it has often proved one of pleasure and amusement to the rest of us.



AH SIN AT HIS TOILET

HINTS ON CYCLING TO HOUNDS

BY THE REV. W. GRESWELL

CYCLING to Hounds *is* an art: and, therefore, it is like matrimony, not to be taken in hand lightly, unadvisedly, or wantonly, but with a due consideration for the purpose for which presumably we have come out, viz. to watch hounds hunt and kill their fox. Now, many people are apt to sneer at the cycle as a means of living at all with hounds. I have seen things very much more disturbing in a hunt than the cycle. The other day while in pursuit of a fox I saw, labouring across the stubble, with its phantom-like velocity subdued by the rough ground, with hot and oily movements, with joltings and splutterings, a huge motor-car. A spirited horse ridden by a lady reared protestingly at the foreign-looking creature, and it made one reflect that out hunting nowadays you may expect anything. But, where the cyclist is actuated by a pure love of hunting and not by those by-interests which bring so many people out, then I think even Masters of Hounds will admit that the machine need not be a hindrance, and may be a positive help. For it may be observed here, that if you just remember that you and the Master have one object in common—to find and hunt and if possible to kill a fox—it will make you vigilant and careful not to do anything which can interfere with that object, knowing that what spoils *his* sport is going to spoil *yours*. And that leads me to point out what attitude one should adopt when that unpleasant thing happens and we get

"cussed" by the Master. Now, of course, I am not for a moment going to defend the use of bad language in the hunting field: as such, there *is* no defence for it, there or anywhere else; but Masters of Hounds who command fields cannot always command their temper, and you must remember that the strain on the temper is just in proportion to a Master's ambition to show you the very best sport he can. And where, perhaps unfortunately, you yourself are unwittingly furnishing a disturbing element in a critical bit of hunting, you must not let the language of a most trying moment interfere with your peace of mind, or with your respect for a Master or huntsman whose heart is set on showing you what you came out to see.

When hounds draw covert and you are lucky enough to know beforehand to which covert they are going, if you want to see the fun be careful to keep *down wind*. Do not, of course, go near the covert; remain on some hill or road from which you can see, but keep the wind blowing from hounds to you. This will ensure two things. If the fox breaks your end you will see that and the hounds breaking after him. But it will also ensure this: if he goes out at the top end and "up" or against the wind, the wind will blow the sound of hounds towards you and will tell you where to follow; and another thing, if he breaks up wind he is almost certain to turn right or left handed before long and thus give you an idea of the direction he means to take. I will tell you why. A fox is infinitely more terrified at what he *hears* than at what he *sees*. This accounts for many curious things in hunting, but if ever you have watched the difference in behaviour of a fox who only *sees* hounds and one who only *hears* them you will be convinced of its truth. I saw only the other day a fox sitting on his haunches watching hounds at a distance work towards him, but directly they gave tongue he was off in a tumult of fear. This explains why if a covert is drawn too quietly the fox may be chopped, and it also explains why a fox so often runs with the wind. This is not because the wind helps the fox along—that is only a contributory reason; the chief reason is that the fox being guided in his flight more by sound than sight can *hear* better where his pursuers are.

Of course when a fox breaks covert very probably he has his point to make, and make it he will if he can, and so often he makes off up wind. But when his ears convince him that danger is approaching he gets alarmed and turns down wind where he can better hear every sound. And another thing follows from this—and that is the unwisdom of halloing a fox before he is well away from covert. Be the fox old or young, he should be allowed to get a clear fifty or hundred yards away before hounds are halloed on; other-

wise what will happen is this: directly the fox hears the hallo his nerves will fail him, and ten chances to one he will double back into the wood and the run be spoilt. The hallo is for the hounds to hear, not for the fox. Let him get well and safely away first, and then if necessary you can hallo. For all these reasons I say that if hounds break away from you up wind you are not in such a forlorn case as if they get away from you down wind, when not only all sight but all sound of them will be lost. If by any chance the fox should be making your way, and you should be in danger of committing the unpardonable sin of heading him, the best and only thing is to stand mute as a log. The fox has his own theory for his safety, and if he only *sees* you he will still carry it out, but if he *hears* you his ideas will become confused and a good run spoiled.

I may mention just one or two other things with regard to cyclists and hunting. One is—never leave your cycle in a gateway. Another thing is—when cycling in a run, and horses are galloping behind you, never slow down or get off suddenly. I saw a cyclist do that once with nearly fatal results; such conduct is not only dangerous, it is criminal. Keep perfectly cool and ride straight, and horsemen will see how to avoid you. In riding a cycle with hounds you need a good nerve, great discernment, great judgment, and plenty of discretion. All this combined with a quick eye to see a sudden turn of things and an inherent genius for guessing a fox's movements will enable a man to extract an enormous amount of enjoyment from a day with the hounds. Of course I know quite well that what I have said applies equally to pedestrians, but the moral I wish to point to is, that when governed by a true sporting instinct the cyclist after hounds need not be an unpopular adjunct to a hunt; on the contrary, he will be not only welcomed, but respected by any Master of Hounds.

BOOKS ON SPORT

THE MAMMALS OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND. By J. G. Millais, F.Z.S. Vol. III. London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1906.

The third volume of Mr. Millais's great work—great in a double sense, for the volumes are the largest which have been issued for a long time past—completes his elaborate undertaking. Those who have not known what to expect will perhaps be a little surprised to find that nearly half of it is devoted to whales, the section including the grampus and the dolphin, which, having strict regard to the title of the book, seems to be making rather a wide sweep; for though whales are mammalia, Great Britain and Ireland certainly seem to have no claim to special consideration as the habitat of the order. At the same time it would have been a pity if the results of Mr. Millais's study of these animals were lost, for the thoroughness which characterises his other investigations is equally traceable here.

He begins the present volume with the hare and rabbit, and, as in almost every chapter, has a great deal to say which will be new to the majority of readers. A hare makes an amusing, if a somewhat expensive, pet. One is described who is evidently much attached to its master. "It likes to be with me," he says, "and delights to jump on the bed, over and under, and upon it again and again. It will almost every morning, when its period of nocturnal activity ceases, get under the bed-clothes to enjoy the warmth, and then it will wake me by burrowing furiously. It tears away at imaginary excavations, and throws out imaginary earth, precisely as a rabbit does in its real work. In these imaginary burrowings it meets with imaginary roots or other obstructions, which it bites through. That in prosaic English means just so many holes in the

sheet; but the creature is so lovable that I would much rather have half a hare than a whole sheet." Many readers will doubtless have noted the fact that though a rabbit runs down a hill with ease, a hare always runs up an incline if possible. If forced down hill a hare will sometimes topple head over heels and seem quite out of its element. Considering what a little creature it is, the length of its stride is remarkable, as are its powers of leaping. A hare covers some four feet at a stride, twice as much as a rabbit, and Mr. Millais observes that some writers claim that a hare can jump fen ditches from 20 ft. to 25 ft. in width, a statement as to which he expresses neither doubt nor agreement. Perpendicularly, the hare can jump on to a 5 ft. wall.

Mr. Drane, one of whose hares has just been described, is most enthusiastic about them. They have as much confidence in him as any kitten has in a child, he says, though at first they are mad with extreme sensitiveness. "They are very gentlemen, just as the rabbit is a very cad." Mr. Millais naturally laments what he calls "Sir William Harcourt's pernicious Bill." The greatest objection to this Ground Game Act, he points out, is that it was framed without knowledge of the natural history of the animals with which it professed to deal; and in many counties the hare has now become a rare animal; in some, we may add, it is practically extinct. Amongst the hare's enemies we must confess we have never included the otter, but it is here stated that an otter has been seen chasing a hare. From May to August every year Mr. Millais spends three evenings a week up a tree, somewhere on the edge of St. Leonard's Forest, and there enjoys Nature. Here is a sketch from his accustomed branch: The rabbits, he says, where there are large burrows situated in the back of the wood, always proceed to their feeding ground in one long scattered line. "The whole battalion moves slowly to the edge of the plantation, constantly stopping on the way to sit on their hind legs, and devour the young grass and birch leaves of which they are particularly fond. Coming to the edge of the wood the line always halts, and many of the old rabbits sit up and listen with close attention for several minutes. Satisfied that all is quiet, they advance to the edge of the covert and look carefully out, afterwards drawing up their hind legs and assuming a position of comfort and observation. They are now in full view of their feeding ground, and sit watching for a few minutes. Then you see one or two putting their noses to the ground and advancing a yard or so. The ground smells sour and is cropped as close as a board near the wood, so first one rabbit and then another puts back his ears, and springing in sportive glee, makes a rush for the good things ahead. Fear is cast aside, and the whole line advances, a wave of rabbits

appearing from the covert side where a moment before you could only see a head or two poking out. Then the whole community commences to feed, one or two lie stretched on their sides enjoying the evening rays, and half-grown babies skip and sport in excessive mirth. It is a pleasant scene, and one that it seems unfair to disturb; but the exigencies of the pot are inexorable, so you choose a well-grown youngster and shoot him in the head. After the shot another and another may often be obtained, so quiet and artistic is the action in the ·22 with smokeless powder. The secret of success is never to move or show yourself after the shot."

Rabbits are very fair swimmers, though not so good as hares. Mr. Millais speaks of two that swam across a pond about 200 yards broad, reaching the other side safely, though they were exhausted on arrival. A rabbit will on some occasions bite. Probably a good many people have never heard of a rabbit making any sound except a squeak. The rabbit's natural voice is very low and gentle, and the sound can be imitated, it is noted, by saying "huck" repeatedly, sounding the word in the throat without opening the lips. A grunting note is a sign of pleasure, and a low growl of anger. There is said to be a great deal of expression in the rabbit's voice, and one squealed with rage when incautiously touched by some one who had been handling a ferret.

One of Mr. Millais's correspondents does not agree with Mr. Drane that "the rabbit is a cad." A rabbit of this writer's is described as "a most charming and affectionate little animal," but subject to mad panics, and with a mania for going up the chimney. Rabbits have a very keen sense of smell. This one will not eat anything which has been handled by a stranger. If her master buys apples she will not touch them till they have been washed, but she likes any article that he has handled, and often licks not only his hands, but his clothes.

From rabbits Mr. Millais goes on to elephants, excuse for the inclusion being found in the fact that in England the mammoth is supposed to have existed 15,000 years ago, and in Ireland at a yet later date. The skin of the mammoth was entirely covered with a thick woolly coat of reddish hair. The general idea that he was a huge creature, much larger than the largest African elephant, is asserted to be incorrect. He would be a bold man who would contradict Mr. Millais, who states that no mammoth's tusks surpassed in weight the magnificent pair of African tusks which came from Zanzibar in the year 1900, and weighed respectively 224 and 239 pounds, measuring 10 ft. 1 in. and 10 ft. 3½ in. It seems rather rash to suppose, however, that there is any sort of guide to the size of mammoths' tusks which grew 20,000 and more years since?

Deer come in the present volume. The family of Cervidæ is divided into fourteen distinct genera, varying from the great moose of Alaska, which stands 7 ft. at the shoulder, to the little pudu of Chili, who is only 13½ in. in height, a sufficiently startling contrast. Deer-stalking at the present day may be rated as the most aristocratic sport, but it was by no means always so, and it is rather curious to read that the grandfather of the present Lord Lóvat was cautioned by his guardian against derogating from his position by going into the forest to shoot deer for himself, as "such a practice was neither dignified nor customary." The old lord was apparently possessed of the sporting instinct—which has certainly descended to the present bearer of the title. We should like to have found a good deal more about the early days of stalking. It is here traced back to 1745, when Cluny Macpherson and Mr. Macdonald of Tulloch engaged in it. Thirty years later a certain Angus Macdonald got within shot of a stag after stalking for five hours. At this time a couple of strong deerhounds were necessities, their task being to run the stag to bay, and hold it if it was missed, as it frequently must have been with the indifferent rifles which were used prior to about the year 1860.

Oxen, sheep, and goats, occupy comparatively few pages, and then Mr. Millais arrives at the order Cetacea, to which almost all the rest of the book is devoted. There is, of course, something peculiarly interesting about an animal, not a fish, who lives in the sea. Most whales only remain for a few minutes under the water and then dive before returning to the surface and taking in air. The longest time a whale remains under water is said to be half an hour, the beast having in the course of centuries acquired the habit of this prolonged submersion. One is naturally curious to learn the size of the largest whale ever known. The Blue Whale is the most monstrous, frequently measuring 80 ft., though seldom exceeding 85 ft. Records of a couple said to have reached 105 and 110 ft. are set down as "not above suspicion." In Hermitage Bay, Newfoundland, in May, 1903, there seems no doubt that one of 92 ft. in length was killed, and there is mention of one stranded in the Humber which taped 101 ft. The female Right Whale is said to exhibit extraordinary maternal affection when her young one is attacked, there being numerous instances of the parent sacrificing her life for what can only relatively be described as her "little one." That whaling is a sufficiently exciting sport need scarcely be said, as some varieties of these creatures are savage and fight furiously. A description of the capture of a Fin-back is given. The narrator asked the captain, when some two miles of rope had gone over the bow, how much line he had got. "About three miles," was the

curt reply. "And when that three miles goes, what then?" "Oh, well," was the answer, "then I check line and see which is strongest, whale or rope. Perhaps harpoon draws out." The danger of course begins when, very often in a heavy sea, a small boat is launched for the purpose of killing the whale, and it is not surprising to hear that many fatal accidents occur. Sometimes the whale goes for the boat, and endeavours to strike it with its flippers; sometimes it turns away and brings its tail sharply downwards on boat and men. The Killers, the largest of the dolphin tribe, are described as the most ferocious. They hunt in packs, the great Blue Whale and the Atlantic Right Whale, giants compared with Killers, flee from their presence in abject terror. If Killers get near enough to their prey, they leap out of the water and tear them with their powerful teeth, their great object being to get the whale to open its mouth, when they seize and tear out its tongue.

No review in the space at disposal can do justice to the vast mass of information contained in these three volumes. The plates, twelve of which are in colour, by the author, Mr. Archibald Thorburn, and Mr. H. W. B. Davis, are altogether admirable, well-nigh perfect as pictures, and having the great merit of absolute accuracy.

MODERN SPORTING GUNNERY; a Manual of Practical Information for Shooters of To-day. By Henry Sharp. London: Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent & Co. 1906.

We have already briefly referred to this book, to which we objected on the ground of its seeming to be devoted to commendation of one particular firm of gunmakers; but on turning to it a second time, we are inclined to think that we passed it by too hastily. Mr. Sharp is undoubtedly a practical, as well as a theoretical, sportsman, with an extraordinarily wide mastery of everything appertaining to the gun and rifle, and anyone in search of knowledge of these subjects could scarcely do better than study the present volume. He traces back the development of firearms to the period of their origin, and it is strange to observe what a long time what may be roughly called the gun was in making its way. To begin with, the ignition of the powder had to be effected by hand by means of a match or fuse. The wheel-lock was invented at Nuremberg a little before 1515—the precise date is doubtful. The flintlock, a Spanish invention, came about 1580, but, it is said, only began to prevail fifty years later. A patent for breech-loading guns was taken out in the reign of Charles II by the contemporary Earl of Worcester, and the invention of the percussion system is attributed to the Rev. Alexander John Forsyth, LL.D., a Scottish

clergyman, in the year 1807. The percussion cap seemed at the time of its introduction to mark finality; then came the breech-loader with the pin cartridge: the central fire; and so on until we arrive at the gun of to-day, which seems to answer every requirement, for it is at any rate impossible to have anything of the nature of a magazine shot gun which will not be inconveniently heavy. There is no detail of gun-making which Mr. Sharp does not discuss with accurate knowledge. He is an expert, and we are inclined to assume that other experts have considered his work before publication. Coming from the manufacture of guns to their use, Mr. Sharp gives what he believes to be rules for the attainment of the highest success in killing moving game. This is a subject upon which authorities differ; and their differences are the harder to reconcile because men who follow opposite methods shoot equally well. Mr. Sharp's precepts are:—

1. Keep both eyes open.

2. Look steadfastly at the object and nothing else.

3. Think steadfastly of the object, avoiding all thought of the gun, of the sight upon the rib, or of the background against which the game is configured.

4. On no account alter the focus of vision from the objective to the gun sight in an attempt to bring the latter to bear upon or in front of the former; the moment this is attempted the gun is involuntarily stopped, and the quarry wins the race.

This is at any rate worth consideration. Among Mr. Sharp's inquiries he has ascertained, through the courtesy of Kynoch, Ltd., the sizes of shot most commonly used, and it appears that 45 per cent. of cartridges sold contain No. 5 shot, 21 per cent. No. 6 shot; these two, it will be seen, comprising two-thirds of the whole. We are rather surprised to find that only 1·5 per cent. of cartridges contain No. 5½ shot, for Messrs. Holland, of Bond Street, certainly to our own knowledge sell a large number of such cartridges, and it is not likely the issue of No. 5½ is limited to this firm. A good deal of what Mr. Sharp has to say about game in Great Britain is almost too well known to need repetition, though, nevertheless, the chapter contains information that is not common, such as that capercailzie have been successfully acclimatised in Bedfordshire.

A chapter on "Ladies in the Field" has been contributed by the Duchess of Bedford, and really nothing of the sort could have been better done. There are only about four pages, but they are worth the most careful attention of every lady who has any idea of shooting. Her Grace counsels independence. A woman who shoots, she says, should never allow a fellow sportsman to carry anything for her. Men are more or less bound to offer, but under

these circumstances she should feel equally bound to refuse. It may be humbly remarked that to see a lady toiling along with gun and cartridges is much more disagreeable to the ordinary sportsman than would be the addition of a little weight to what he has himself to carry. Every woman who shoots would do well sedulously to study the rules which the Duchess formulates—and it may be incidentally remarked that a good many men might study them likewise. One of these rules is, "Avoid boasting that a bird was hit even though not killed; it is a matter for regret, not for boasting." And yet how often do we hear some complacent shooter taking pride in himself for just failing to kill!

A very useful addition to the volume is a chapter on "Shooting Abroad." This gives in detail a list of places where shooting may be obtained, with information as to import duties on guns, ammunition, and so forth. The book is full of diagrams, well and clearly designed and reproduced.

TARPON FISHING IN MEXICO AND FLORIDA. By E. G. S.-Churchill. London: Harrison & Sons. 1907.

A portion of this volume has already been published in these pages, and we need therefore scarcely remark that we think highly of it. The temptation to catch this huge fish—it is the custom of good sportsmen to let the creatures go when taken, for they are useless for food, and though one or two may be preserved as glass-case specimens, that is all that can be done with them—is natural to the adventurous angler; Mr. Spencer-Churchill and some of his friends were affected by it, and the expeditions to Mexico and Florida were the result. Those who may be inclined to follow the author's example will find this volume an extremely useful guide; others who can only follow it in imagination are enabled to do so, as he had excellent sport and describes it in graphic and spirited fashion. The photographs are also probably as good as could reasonably have been hoped for. It is easy to believe that a vast number must have been taken before such satisfactory ones as those selected could be obtained. A novelty in the book is the addition of a number of stereoscopic slides in a wallet at the front of the back cover. These, of course, show more clearly than the prints the scenes and incidents described. There is also a map of the districts visited.

A PRIZE COMPETITION.

THE Proprietors of the *Badminton Magazine* offer a prize or prizes to the value of Ten Guineas each month for the best original photograph or photographs sent in representing any sporting subject. Competitors may also send any photographs they have by them on two conditions: that they have been taken by the sender, and that they have never been previously published. A few lines explaining when and where the photographs were taken should accompany each subject. Residents in the country who have access to shooting-parties, or who chance to be in the neighbourhood when hounds are running, will doubtless find interesting subjects; these will also be provided at football or cricket matches, and wherever golf, cycling, fishing, skating, polo, or athletics are practised. Racing and steeple-chasing, including Hunt Meetings and Point-to-point contests, should also supply excellent material. Photographs of Public School interest will be specially welcome.

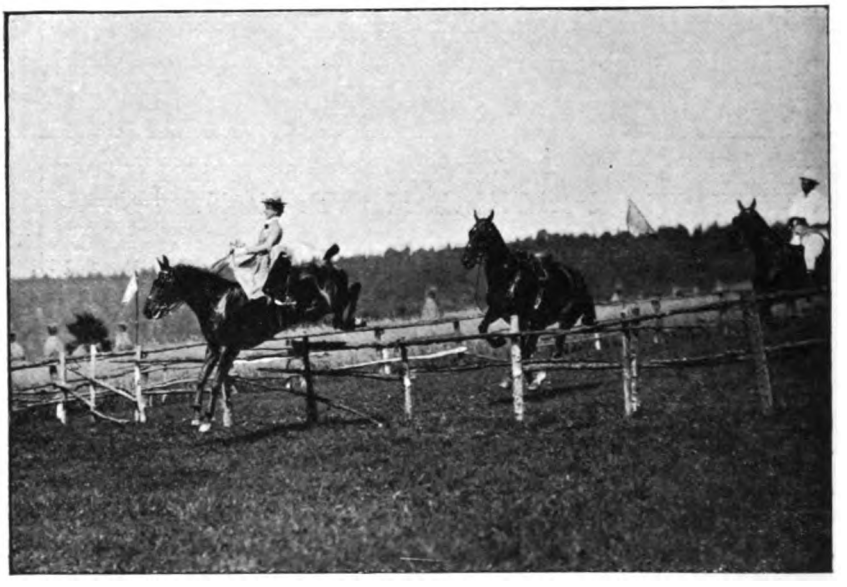
The size of the prints, the number of subjects sent, the date of sending, the method of toning, printing, and mounting, are all matters left entirely to the competitors.

The Proprietors are unable to return any rejected matter except under special circumstances, and they reserve the right of using anything of interest that may be sent in, even if it should not receive a prize. They also reserve to themselves the copyright in all photographs which shall receive a prize, and it is understood that all photographs sent are offered on this condition.

The result of the February competition will be announced in the April issue.

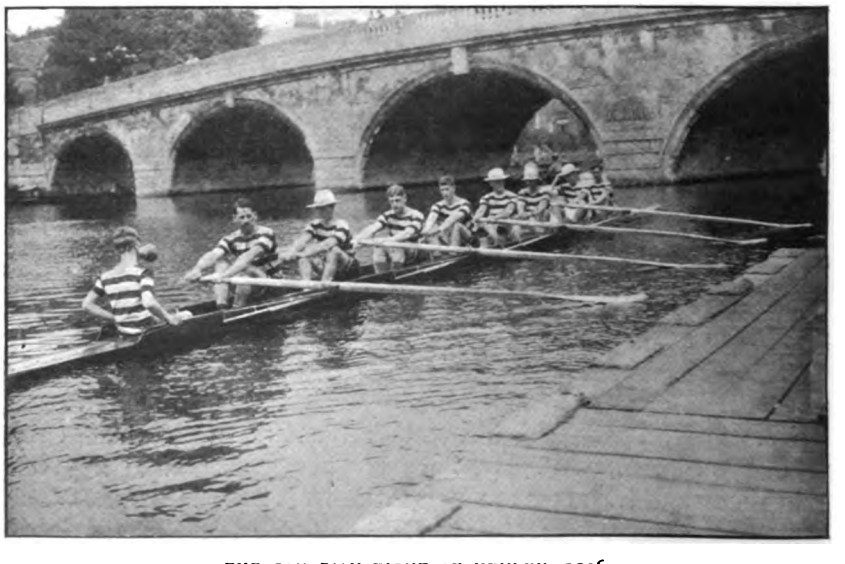
THE DECEMBER COMPETITION

The Prize in the December competition has been divided among the following competitors:—Mr. G. Romdenne, Brussels; Mr. W. Abrey, Tonbridge; Mr. Robert W. Hillcoat, Blenheim Club, St. James's Square, S.W.; Mr. Thos. Hughes, Dalchoolin, Craigavad, County Down; Mr. James Stewart, Pitlochry, N.B.; Mr. B. N. Wood, Westbourne Grove, W.; Mr. C. G. Lloyd, Essex Regiment, Malta; Mr. S. W. Cripps, Sydney, N.S.W.; Mr. J. R. Wall, Wanganui, New Zealand; and Mr. Lucchesi, Rome.



A SCHOOL AT SPA

Photograph by Mr G. Romdenne, Brussels

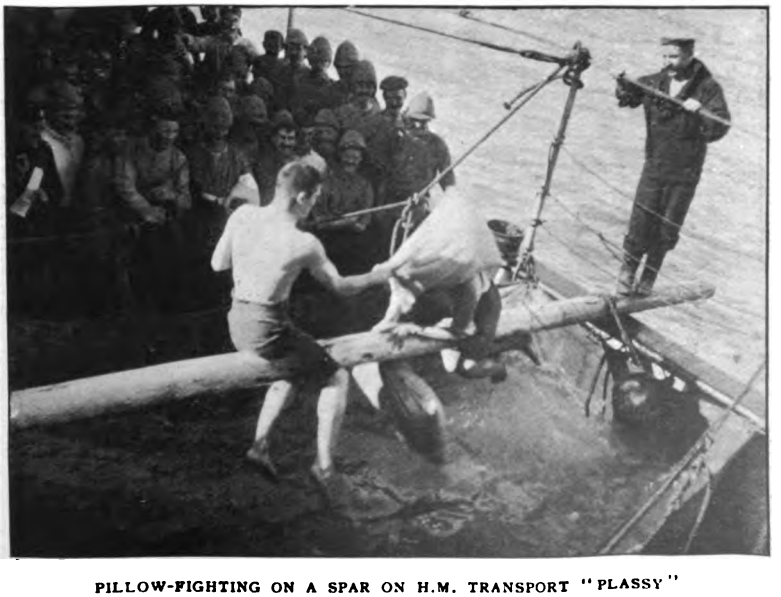


THE CANADIAN EIGHT AT HENLEY, 1906

Photograph by Mr. F. G. Callcott, Teddington

ESSEX OTTER HOUNDS

Photograph by Mr. W. Abrey, Tonbridge

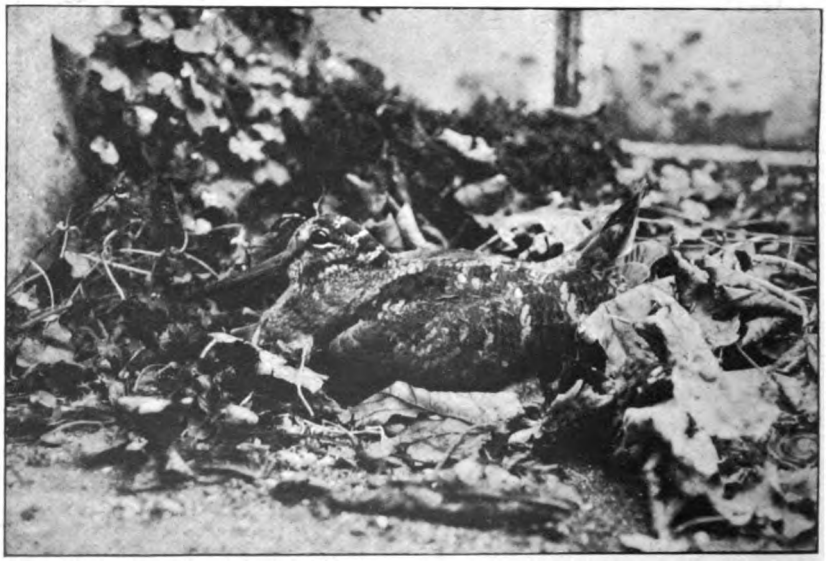


PILLOW-FIGHTING ON A SPAR ON H.M. TRANSPORT "PLASSY"

Photograph by Mr. Robert W Hillcoat, Blenheim Club, St. James's Square, S.W.

NORTH DOWN HARRIERS' POINT-TO-POINT—FAROLA JUMPING HIS LAST FENCE

Photograph by Mr. Thomas Hughes, Dalchoolin, Craigavad, County Down



WOODCOCK ON NEST

Photograph by Mr. James Stewart, Inverugie, Peterhead, N.B.

STRANGERS' HIGH JUMP HANDICAP, LINCOLN COLLEGE SPORTS—STEVENS (BALLIOL) CLEARING 5 FT. 6 IN.

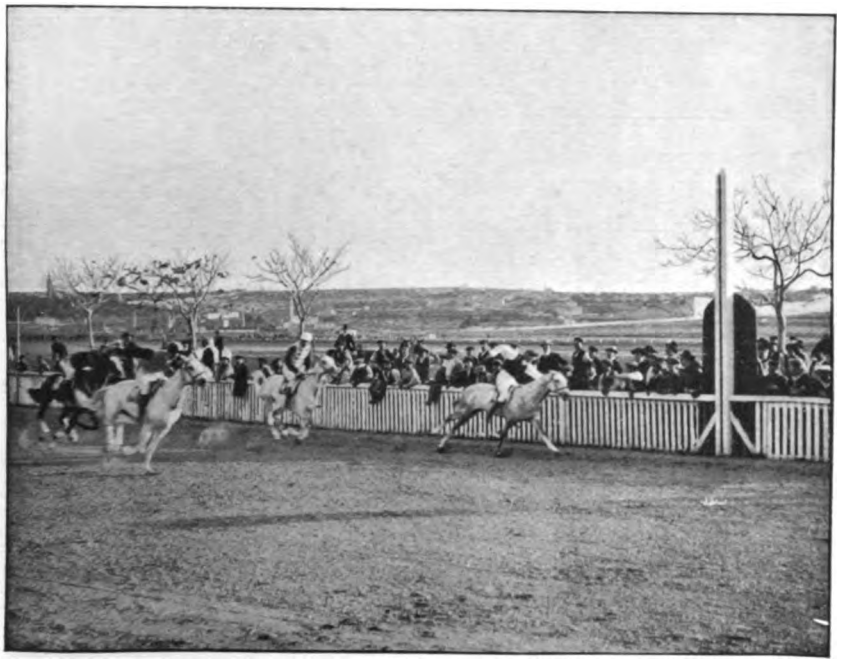
Photograph by Mr. Alyson F. Minchin, Lansdown, Bath

SALMON LEAPING AT FALLS OF TUMMEL

Photograph by Mr. James Stewart, Pitlochry, N.B.

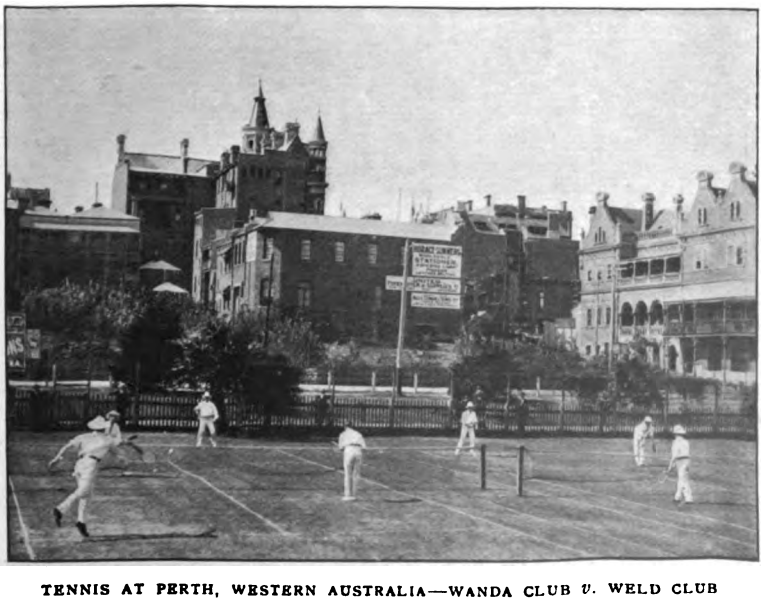
APPLE AND BUCKET RACE, RICHMOND—PONY AND CYCLE GYMKHANA
Photograph by Mr. B N. Wood, Westbourne Grove, W.

DART VALE HARRIERS—MR. LEIGH DENSHAM, MASTER, WITH THE HOUNDS
Photograph by Mr. Carslake Winter-Wood, Kenwick, Paignton, South Devon



A CLOSE FINISH—WINTER RACE-MEETING AT MALTA

Photograph by Mr. C. G. Lloyd, Essex Regiment, Malta



TENNIS AT PERTH, WESTERN AUSTRALIA—WANDA CLUB *v.* WELD CLUB

Photograph by Mr. S. W. Cripps, Sydney, N.S.W.

INTER-REGIMENTAL POLO FINAL AT HURLINGHAM

Photograph by Mr. B. N. Wood, Westbourne Grove, W.

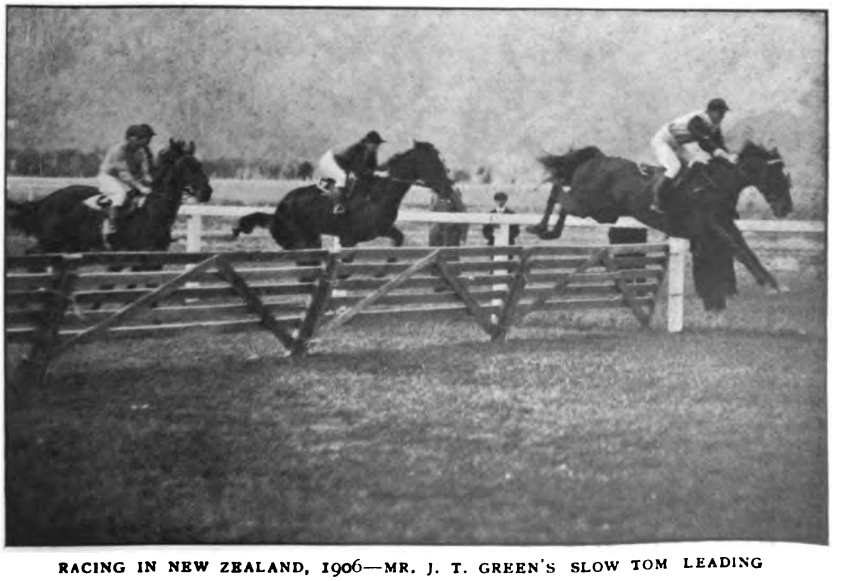
ONE OF THE SMALLEST MEN IN INDIA

He is a native of Lochi, a village on the North-West Frontier, stands 3 ft. 5 in., but is perfectly formed, and is about forty years of age. He is by profession a shepherd, and owns over five hundred sheep, which he tends himself.

Photograph by Mr. Clarke, 67th Punjabis, Kohat, N.W.F.P., India

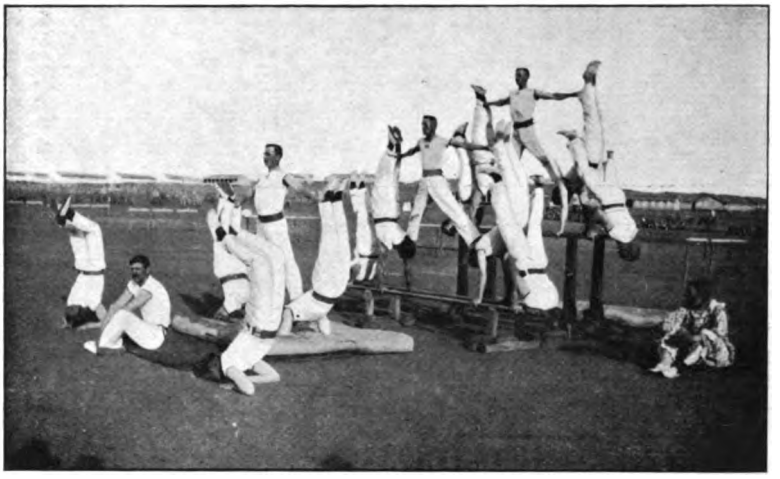
MEET OF LORD FITZHARDINGE'S HOUNDS AT HARDWICKE COURT, GLOUCESTER

Photograph by Colonel Marling, Sedbury Park, Chepstow



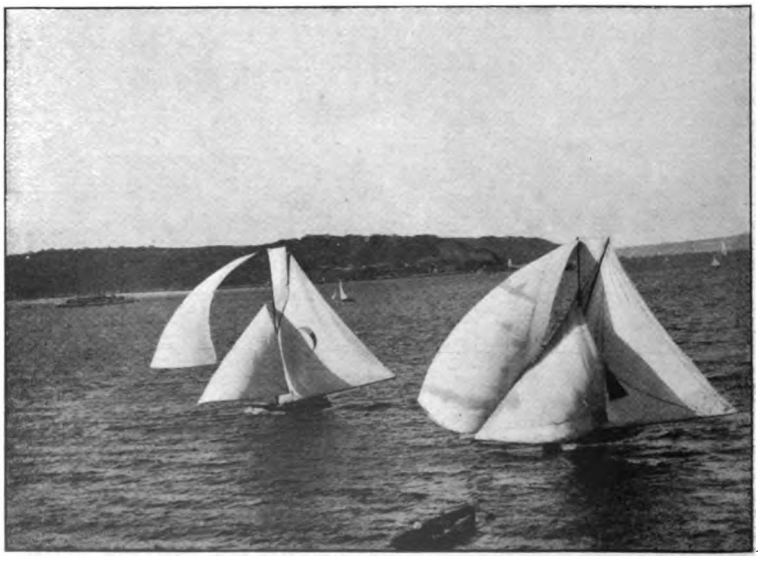
RACING IN NEW ZEALAND, 1906—MR. J. T. GREEN'S SLOW TOM LEADING OVER FIFTH HURDLE AT WELLINGTON, N.Z.

Photograph by Mr. J. R. Wall, Wanganui, New Zealand



GYMNASTIC DISPLAY BY THE 1ST BATT. NORFOLK REGIMENT IN BLOEMFONTEIN

Photograph by Mr. R. D. Marshall, Lieutenant 2nd Norfolk Regt., Naval Hill, Bloemfontein, O.R.C.



OPENING RACE OF THE SEASON FOR 18-FOOTERS AT SYDNEY HARBOUR

Photograph by Mr. S. W. Cripps, N.S.W

RACING IN NEW ZEALAND

A very mixed start for the Winter Oats Handicap at Wanganui, New Zealand. The favourite is pinned in behind the two centre horses. The eventual winner is third horse from left

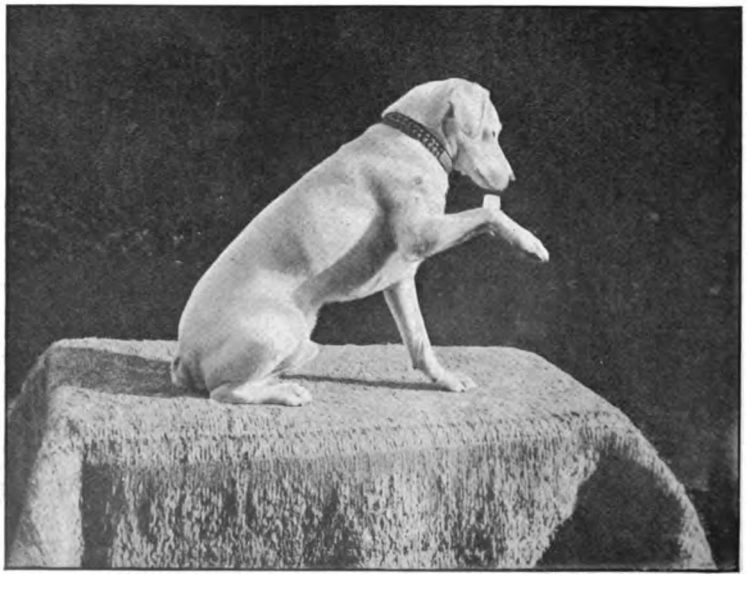
Photograph by Mr. I. R. Wall, Wanganui, New Zealand

SOME FOLLOWERS OF THE WEST SOMERSET FOXHOUNDS

Photograph by Mrs. Carne-Williams, Bridgwater

CAPTAIN CAPRILLI, OFFICIAL INSTRUCTOR OF THE MILITARY SCHOOL AT TOR DI QUINTO, ROME, WHO HAS TRAINED A HORSE TO JUMP A CARRIAGE

Photograph by Mr. Lucchesi, Rome



"THE SUGAR TRUST"

Photograph by Mr. P. H. Lemon, Cheltenham

CROOME COURT
(Photograph by H. J. Whitlock & Sons, Birmingham)

The Badminton Magazine

SPORTSMEN OF MARK

XVII.—THE EARL OF COVENTRY

BY ALFRED E. T. WATSON

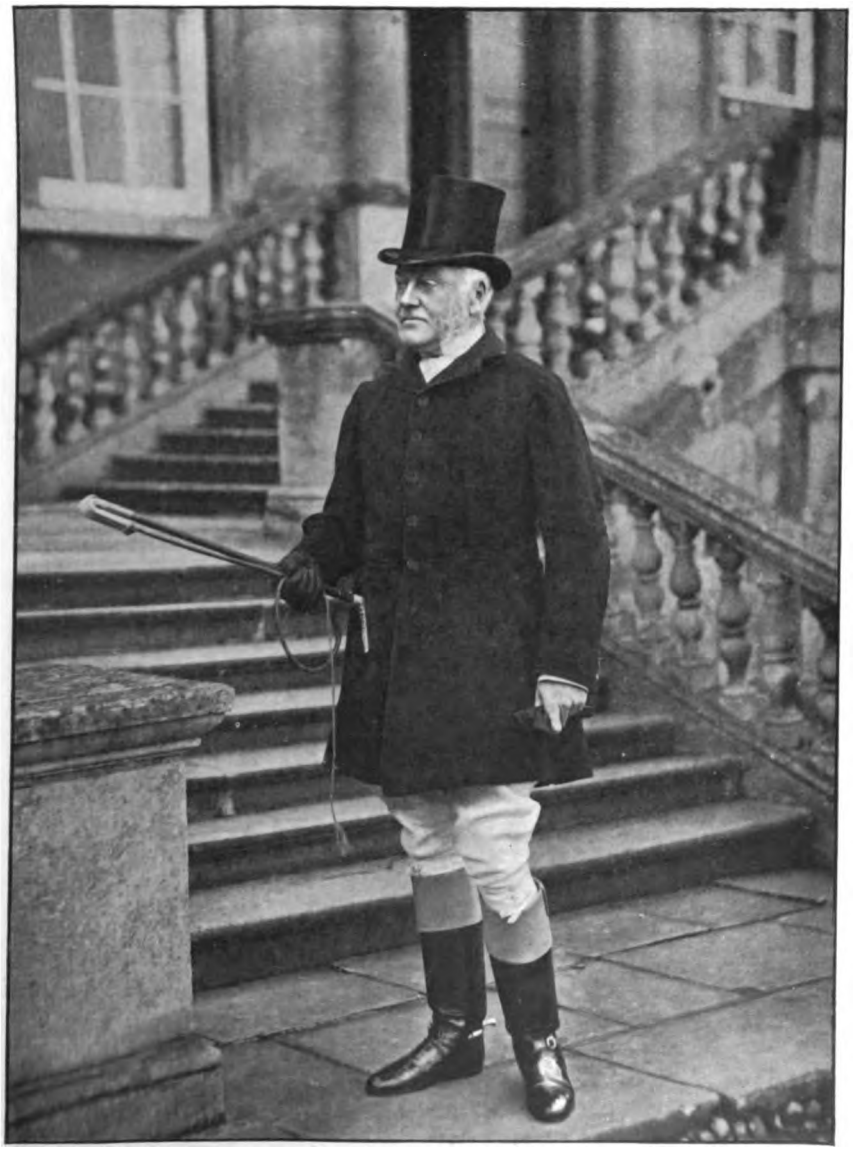
THERE can be few readers of this magazine to whom the name of Lord Coventry is not familiar, and who do not consequently know that it stands for all that is worthiest in the domain of sport, that in every relation of life no man in England is more honoured and esteemed, esteem indeed rapidly ripening into affection with those who enjoy the privilege of his friendship. To such friends whatever might be written would naturally appear inadequate, and these brief lines must suffice.

Born in 1838, Lord Coventry succeeded his grandfather as ninth Earl five years later, was sent in due course to Eton and Christ Church, Oxford, and before he came of age registered the brown jacket and blue cap which, happily, are still to be seen, always with pleasure when they are in front, under Jockey Club and National Hunt Rules.

The first horse to carry them was Usurer, a son of Flatcatcher, who appeared at Hampton, George Fordham up, in the old days of

heats, though towards the close of that period, about 1856 in fact. At this time the owner was in his teens it will be observed, and he was not of age when he won his first race with Wanderer at Harpenden, Custance riding, 5 st. 7 lb. being the weight. In Turf success appetite grows by what it feeds on: the young Lord Coventry became more keen, and engaged the uncle of the present much respected Sam Darling as his private trainer, a highly competent man who had greatly distinguished himself as a steeplechase jockey, indeed it is said that for a long time there was no better rider between the flags. Subsequently the horses were sent to another steeplechase jockey, though those who saw him during his later years, and did not know of his career, could little have supposed that he had ever distinguished himself in the saddle, for I am speaking of the burly and bulky E. Weever, of Bourton Hill. He always had indeed been much of the same build—though there was necessarily a good deal less of him—for "the Mate," with his florid wit, was accustomed to call him "The Plum." Fred Archer's father, William, it may be incidentally observed, was also thick-set and short-legged, therein entirely differing from the make and shape of his son; nevertheless the elder Archer was, of course, an extremely fine horseman, and, as most readers are doubtless aware, won the National on Little Charley.

In the early sixties Lord Coventry took a certain number of races of little importance until we come to the famous Sisters who will always be associated with him in Turf history. A good many horses were bred at and around Croome Court, including Fisherman, hero of so many fights, and Leamington, twice winner of the Chester Cup amongst other events. A sporting tenant of Lord Coventry's, W. H. Halford, had bred Emblem and entered her for the Worcester Handicap. She took Lord Coventry's fancy, he bought her for 300 guineas, and she carried his colours, ridden by Fordham, in the race named. The mare was much fancied, but ran nowhere, and after returning to the paddock Fordham confided to her owner the unwelcome intelligence that "she made a little noise." Apparently he also informed Halford of this, for the latter came to Lord Coventry, assured him that he had not the least idea the mare was in any way unsound, and offered to return the cheque. Lord Coventry, however, felt that to accept it would perhaps be seeming to express some doubt, and with characteristic kindness said he would adhere to the bargain, a course of action which brought its own reward. Emblem, in fact, was a whistler, and one of Lord Coventry's regrets is that he was not present when Ascetic's Silver was examined for him three years ago and failed to pass, possibly for this reason. Lord Coventry always had an extreme admiration



THE EARL OF COVENTRY AT CROOME COURT

(Photograph by H. J. Whitlock & Sons, Birmingham)

for last year's National winner, and had more than once remarked to me that he was convinced the horse would make a great name for himself. Emblem had won the Granby Handicap at Croxton Park before Lord Coventry bought her, in the days when Croxton was one of the favourite meetings with owners of the best class; and of course it is still a popular resort. Lord Wilton was a constant performer here, and a frequent winner, for he had beautiful hands and other attributes of jockeyship. There used to be some chaff to the effect that "Unless Wilton got off it was never a start." These were the days when men betted big, but it was a week before this time that George Payne lost £20,000 on the Leger, feeling considerably annoyed thereat. "What did you do?" somebody asked him. "I went straight home to bed," he replied. General Peel, Lord Derby, "the Rupert of Debate," the Duke of Beaufort, Lord Suffolk, Mr. Charles Greville, the Duke of Bedford, whose horses were managed by Admiral Rous, were most of them pretty regular attendants, and the ring, in which Jackson, Stevenson, and Pedley were then prominent, declined no wager that was suggested to them; that is to say, they were never scared by the amount to which the odds they offered were taken. Pedley had before this blossomed out into an owner and had run second for the St. Leger with Cossack. In a description of Newmarket Heath he is noticed by the late Lord Winchilsea, the "Laureate of the Turf":—

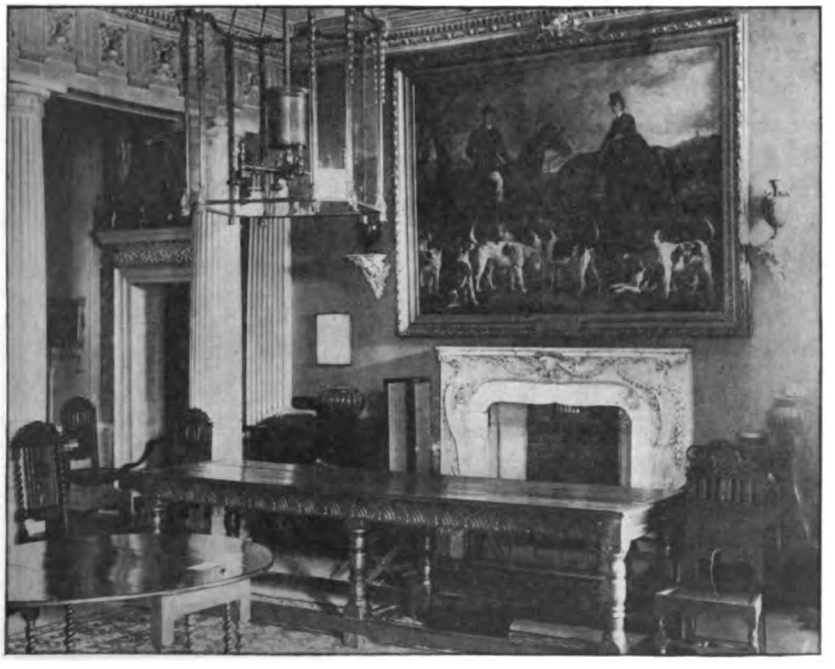
> See Pedley stand, erect upon the pump,
> Clear his fine voice, and give a warning thump,

this apparently being Pedley's habit before he began business.

Emblem, to return from this digression, was anything but a good-looking mare, at any rate to the undiscriminating eye, and Lord Coventry's impression that she would make a jumper seemed for a long time to be totally unfounded. She jumped very badly when she jumped at all. We hear much of the "fine natural jumper," and he is of course a highly desirable beast to get hold of; but it is nevertheless a fact that some of the horses which have done the biggest things at first took to the game very reluctantly, and it is a well-known fact, for instance, that the brilliant Congress had to be dragged over his early fences with cart-ropes. Lord Coventry, however, had made up his mind that Emblem could jump, and determined that she must be taught the business for which he destined her. The hunting field he believed to be the best schooling ground, and she was sent out with a boy on her back, his instructions being to follow Lord Coventry wherever he went. By degrees she took to it, her owner led her in many runs, when she returned to her training stable she had been converted into an excellent fencer,

and she came on so well that he had great hopes of her when she went to the post for the Grand National of 1863.

The late Lord Suffolk, one of Lord Coventry's closest friends, had a genius for letter-writing, and I was fortunate enough to be in constant correspondence with him for several years before his death. I have preserved many of his letters, and whilst preparing this little sketch had the good fortune to come upon one dated Christmas-eve, 1883. "Now, as to George Stevens," Lord Suffolk writes, "he was an undeniably fine rider with first-class hands, and I suppose an extraordinary knowledge of pace, for his trick was lying so far out of



THE ENTRANCE HALL, CROOME COURT
(Photograph by H. J. Whitlock & Sons, Birmingham)

his ground that it frightened his backers to death. When he won the Cheltenham Steeplechase on Emblem, who was carrying an immense weight, he was such a distance behind his horses that as they passed the stand Coventry rushed out, asked him what the devil he was about, and ordered him to go on. I fancy Lord C. thinks to this day it won him the race. The real fact I suppose was that Stevens hated the rush and confusion of a crowd of horses, and would rather chance being slipped than being jostled. Still, he always seemed to know the moment to go there. He won on Emblem the moment he jumped on to the racecourse. I remember

hearing Lord Courtenay say to Lord Coventry: 'You may go down and meet your mare; there is nothing else in it.' Both the mares were wretched-looking devils at first sight. Emblem was all shoulders and hind-quarters, with no ribs at all. I take it she was much the better mare of the two, but Coventry was not in the habit of publishing his trials, not at least in any paper that *I* took in. No doubt Emblematic should have won the Doncaster Steeplechase, then one of the big events. She had fenced perfectly all through the Liverpool, but fell here, and to this day I can remember my disgust after the race (I had by no means won) when Stevens came to me and asked me to examine his head and tell him if he was much hurt?" It was this letter, if I recollect aright, that inspired me to say in the Steeplechasing Book of the Badminton Library that Emblem was the better of the pair, but Lord Coventry says this was not the case.

I have been getting on rather too far ahead, and should have stated that Lord Coventry had bought Emblematic from Halford, who had sold him Emblem, for 250 guineas. Both were in the Liverpool of 1864, and in a rough gallop, four miles on the flat, the younger won without difficulty. There always was, however, as there is now, a preference for an animal that had jumped the course. One friend of Lord Coventry's wrote to ask him which of the two he should back, was told that the younger had won the trial, but nevertheless left her out and went for the other. Stevens evaded the usually most essential business of riding work, and had actually never seen Emblematic until he found her in the paddock at Liverpool. He was very far from favourably impressed: "Why, she looks like a regular rail," was his remark, to which Lord Coventry replied that nevertheless she could gallop and jump, as also that there was no doubt about her staying. "Get off and never let anything be a length in front of you," were the owner's instructions, but for two miles Stevens was absolutely last, after which, however, finding how well the mare galloped and jumped, he went on and had no difficulty in winning. Altogether, it may be incidentally remarked, Stevens won five Liverpools, little as he liked the job in his later years.

Of famous jockeys who have carried the brown jacket and blue cap, Jim Mason, Tom Oliver, and Mr. "Ede" may be mentioned. Mr. Ede, one of the best gentleman riders ever known—who was so unfortunately killed while riding Chippenham over the small fence before the brook opposite to the stand at Aintree—won the Grand Annual at Warwick on Emblem, carrying 12 st. 13 lb. In spite of Emblem and Emblematic it is probable that Chimney Sweep, a son of Ethelbert and Smut, was the best 'chaser Lord Coventry ever owned. Jim Adams usually rode him. He also won the Grand

Annual at Warwick, and was sent on for the big Steeplechase at Croydon, where Lord Coventry told Adams to take notice of the other horses and see what they did in the race; but this he was unable to do, as it was practically impossible to prevent Chimney Sweep from cantering in front all the way. "How far could you have won?" the owner asked when Adams returned to the paddock. "Well, I shouldn't like to say, my lord," the jockey replied, "but certainly a quarter of a mile"! Chimney Sweep started favourite for the next Liverpool, but Fate revenged herself to balance his owner's previous good fortune. There was probably not more than one stone on the

THE HALL, CROOME COURT

(Photograph by T. Bennett & Sons, Worcester)

course between the start and the first fence, but the horse trod upon this, broke his fetlock, and had to be killed—a melancholy ending for a good animal, who, in all probability, would have followed in the footsteps of the two sisters. Bad luck also attended the last really good jumper Lord Coventry owned, Inquisitor, trained, as the horses have been of late years, by his son, Captain Charles Coventry. Inquisitor was poisoned. Of that there can be no doubt, as the post-mortem proved; but by whom, and under what circumstances, has never been known. It is a rather curious fact, by the way, that

Mr. Ede took to riding comparatively late in life. As a boy he had had nothing to do with horses, and it is very seldom that one who has not been familiarised with the saddle at an early age ever does much good in it.

Gentlemen riders of the first class were of course numerous from the middle of the last century for several decades. Tom Towneley, Frank Gordon, father of the Gordons who are training and riding at present, Mr. Goodman, Mr. "Thomas," and others, were constantly to the fore, and perhaps not a few friends of Mr. Jonas Hunt's later years were ignorant of the fact that he had once been in the first flight of amateur jockeys. We did know that he had shone amongst the gallant men who rode in the charge at Balaclava, but though I was well acquainted with him for a considerable time before his death, I had no idea that he had ever worn silk. Tradition has it that Jim Mason was almost in a class by himself, but admirable as were his hands and seat, the best judges seem to have ranked "Black Tom," as Tom Oliver was called, above him. He, it is declared, could make a horse do anything. He had, too, a great sense of humour, as readers know, for many stories are told of him, several in Custance's volume of "Recollections." This one, however, I have not seen in print. Lord Strathmore had bought a 'chaser of whom he knew nothing except that it was entered for a race at Newport Pagnell, and he asked Tom Oliver to take it home, try it, and bring it on to that meeting. Oliver had gone to bed when Lord Strathmore arrived at about midnight, but the owner of the unknown quantity was anxious to know all about it, and being nothing if not impulsive, ascertained the number of Oliver's room, and went at once to knock him up. Oliver naturally wanted to know who was disturbing his slumbers, was duly informed, and asked whether the horse had arrived. "Yes, he's here, my lord," was the answer. "And what's he like, tell me all about him," the owner eagerly asked. "Well, my lord," was the reply, "if Mrs. Oliver was suddenly taken ill, I shouldn't employ your horse to go and fetch the doctor." Tom Oliver's last mount was on Lord Coventry's Longford, on whom he won a steeplechase at Moreton-in-the Marsh.

In the year 1867 Lord Coventry's career might have been cut short, for he was on the stand at Cheltenham when it collapsed. The building suddenly began to sway about, and the occupants to disappear. At the critical moment Lord Coventry caught hold of one of the pillars. Oliver and Weever were standing in the enclosure below, and seeing their master above them urged him to jump. Looking down, however, he saw that it was a good deal too far to do so with safety, probably it would have meant broken legs, and he continued to cling till rescued by a ladder.

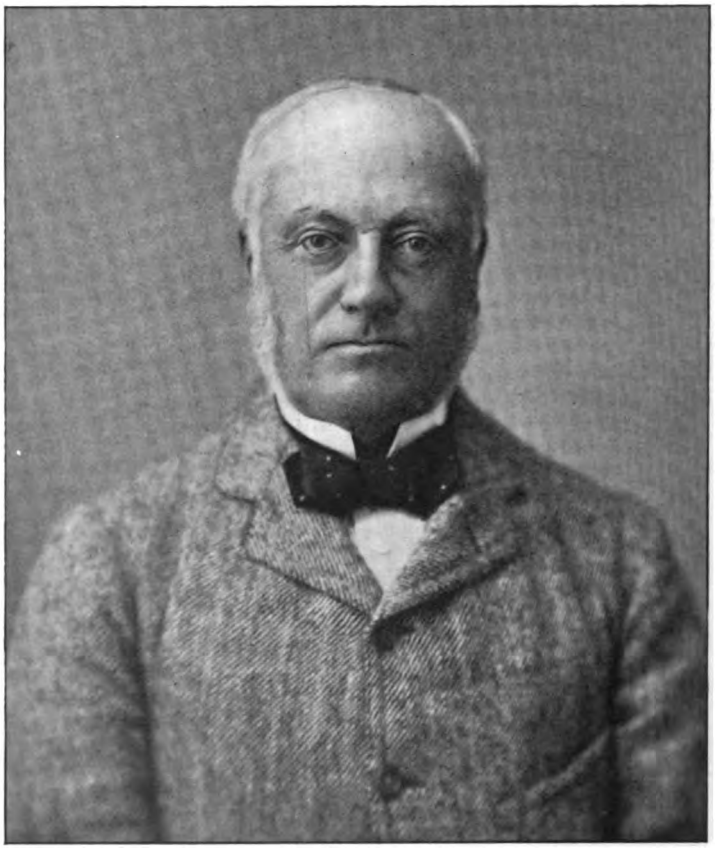
Steamboat was another jumper that won a number of stakes in the brown jacket, and there are many others who have scored during the fifty years that their owner has been racing, good and bad; and one must suspect that there were very bad animals about in the days when winners were entered to be sold for £30. Looking over the old books, moreover, I observe that the many objections which are now so much condemned are by no means novelties. Certain owners appear to have been curiously careless as to their prospects of disqualification. To a horse called Woodbury Hill, I find an objection laid on the three grounds that he had won over

THE SALOON, CROOME COURT
(Photograph by T. Bennett & Sons, Worcester)

£100, that he had claimed an allowance for not having been in a training stable for six months, whereas he had been nowhere else, and that his owner was not qualified to ride as a gentleman; and there seems to have been ground for all.

Lord Coventry has always been keener about jumping than about flat-racing, but his colours have nevertheless been carried successfully in some notable stakes. As long ago as 1861 they were borne by the three-year-old Elcho, a son of Rifleman, the name being due to the circumstance of Lord Elcho having been prominent in the formation of Rifle Corps when the Volunteer movement was

inaugurated. At this time, however, horses often ran in the names of others than their owners, and as a matter of fact at the time when Elcho won the Goodwood Plate—the Goodwood Stakes it was then called, and I have never understood why its title was altered—he was the joint property of Lord Alington (then Mr. Gerard Sturt) and Mr. Charles Greville. Soon afterwards Lord Coventry bought him and won the Metropolitan next Spring. At Epsom,



THE EARL OF COVENTRY

Elcho carried 8 st. and beat nineteen opponents. In his time he disposed of Caractacus and Asteroid amongst other animals, and so must certainly have been a useful horse, well worth the 1,300 guineas that was paid for him. Two years afterwards, 1864, Lord Coventry won the Cesarewitch with Thalestris, a daughter of Kingston and Virago, the dam having been held by some old-world Turfites as, if not absolutely the best mare ever known, at any rate unsurpassed. Pretty Polly was, of course, left out of this estimate,

which I quote from Mr. George Hodgman's "Sixty Years on the Turf," published in 1901. After expressing the opinion that Ormonde was the best horse he ever knew, he goes on to remark that there is no such unanimity as to the best filly of the century. "If my opinion were asked," he continues, "after careful thought of all the magnificent fillies I have watched seeking Turf honours, I should unreservedly place Virago upon the highest pedestal." Amongst her other achievements she won the City and Suburban and the Metropolitan, the latter under a penalty, within the space of an hour, on each occasion in a canter. There can be no doubt that Virago must have been a great mare. Little Harry was good

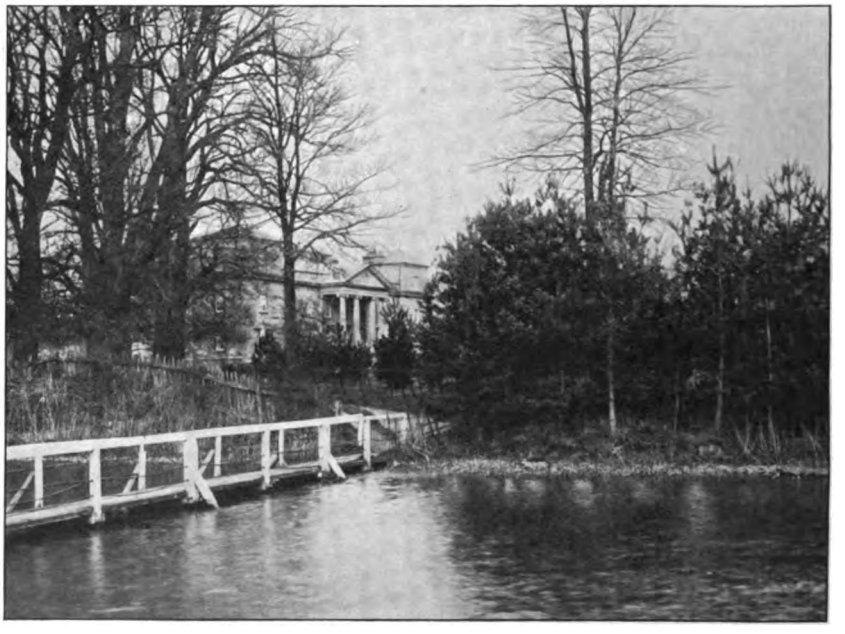
IN THE GROUNDS OF CROOME COURT
(Photograph by H. J. Whitlock & Sons, Birmingham)

enough to win the Ascot Stakes with 8 st. 7 lb., and when he was a five-year-old and Virago a three she gave him a stone and was only just beaten.

Thalestris won a sensational race. A mare called Gratitude was a very hot favourite this year, and according to the legend which has come down, her owner, a Mr. Robinson, had all his fortune on her. He had made much money abroad, had come home and lost it racing; she was his last hope, on which everything depended. If she were beaten he would have to go to the Colonies and start life again. The story has been told often, and probably

some embellishments have grown on to it. However, the race was run, and James Grimshaw, riding a most vigorous finish on Lord Coventry's daughter of the famous Virago, gained the verdict by a head.

One of the tales of this period is that of Romeo and the so-called "Romeo Lords." I fancy a good many purely imaginative anecdotes have grown up about this horse with whom Lord Coventry was supposed to have had some connection. There was really no mystery about the animal, who was the property of Lords Courtenay, Howard, and Suffolk, trained by the then well-known Tommy Hughes of Epsom. When the owners had had a bad time they were accustomed



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE HOUSE
(Photograph by H. J. Whitlock & Sons, Birmingham)

to produce Romeo, plunge upon him, and he seldom or never failed to do what was expected. Hughes used to be chaffed about his yearlings. These were in fact aged horses that he was accustomed to put away apparently under the impression that, like old port, they would improve with age. Sometimes they came out after a long period of rest and won races, sometimes when taken up they were found entirely to have lost their form. With regard to the stopping of horses, jockey rings, and so forth, Lord Coventry is of opinion that racing is and always has been a great deal straighter than many suspicious people imagine. If a man loses his money he is ready to

lay the blame on the trainer, or jockey, or anything rather than his own judgment. That Lord Coventry has no sympathy with the preposterous attempt to interfere with the liberty of the subject in the matter of betting need scarcely be said; and if the question comes up for discussion in the Lords, it is greatly to be hoped that a member of that House who is so universally respected, and whose name carries such weight, will have something to say on the subject. He himself wagers in the most modest way, a very few sovereigns on rare occasions. The £10 he invested on Troutbeck for the last St. Leger was quite a plunge, and only risked for the reason that he had horses at Kingsclere, and knew that William Waugh would be disappointed, if the horse did by chance win, to know

MEET OF THE CROOME HOUNDS AT CROOME COURT
(Photograph by H. J. Whitlock & Sons, Birmingham)

that his patron had not benefited by the victory. His wagers on the Grand National the year before last were, for him, quite voluminous, for though they scarcely amounted to £20, he backed three horses both ways. The three all finished in the first four, but he lost all his bets, for Timothy Titus and Ascetic's Silver, who led the field home, did so without jockeys on their backs, and Ranunculus, his other choice, was well up fourth.

Of Timothy Titus he has a very high opinion. When the horse won the National Hunt Steeplechase the ground was extremely deep, but he jumped the last fence with all the vigour and freshness that he had displayed at the beginning of the race, and Lord Coventry has no sort of doubt as to the

inaccuracy of an idea which seems to be current in some quarters, that the horse does not stay. At the same time he recognises the possibility of Ascetic's Silver repeating his victory if all goes well with him and if he is the best of Mr. Hastings's horses, notwithstanding his 12 st. 7 lb., this being an animal who is well able to carry heavy weights. Considering what the National course was in the days of Emblem and Emblematic, he naturally laments the disappearance of the natural fences, and I fancy would have no objection to some of the old plough, or even a little ridge and furrow; but at the present time artificial fences are indispensable, and it is a good thing that the horses do not now finish over a couple of hurdles, as they used to do—preposterous obstacles for 'chasers to encounter after four miles of big jumps. Lord Coventry does not remember the big wall that brought many horses to grief in the early days of the race—readers may have seen a picture of it—but has an impression that it had disappeared prior to the 'sixties. It has been said that Coventrys ride by the light of Nature, and the Earl recollects with satisfaction the admirable performances of his cousins, Captain "Bee" Coventry, who won the National of 1865 on Alcibiade (he follows Emblematic in the list of winners), and of Captain "Bee's" younger brother Arthur, the present starter. Captain "Bee" Coventry he declares to have been absolutely first-rate; no man could have possibly been better over fences, and he always brought his horse up to exactly the right place.

For a good many years Lord Coventry has been a Master of Hounds. For six seasons he had the North Cotswold, and a day's hunting with them was no light work. The kennels were situated eighteen miles from Croome Court, and the day began by riding, or occasionally driving, there. The meet was very likely twelve or fourteen miles farther on, and when he had compassed these thirty miles or so the sport began. With the ride home after hunting, it will be readily understood that this constituted a hardish day. The farmers were capital sportsmen; most of them bred a young one or two, a custom which no longer prevails. Many men who hunted half a century ago are accustomed to eulogise the horses and hounds of their early days, and it is interesting to know that the opinion of this best of judges is that hounds are much what they were, no better and no worse, though perhaps nowadays bred more with a view to appearance.

The best run Lord Coventry ever had, which is saying a good deal, considering the length of his career and the diligence with which he has stuck to the sport, was with the North Cotswold on the 31st December, 1870. It was not until two o'clock that a fox was found, but they then ran him for a grand thirty-five minutes,

hounds never being out of the field with their quarry. While breaking him up outside Buckland Wood, a fox stole away from the covert, and ran straight to Stow-on-the-Wold in the Heythrop country, a thirteen-mile point, quite fifteen miles as hounds travelled. They never touched a covert, and killed in the open after a regular steeplechasing gallop of an hour and twenty minutes. Only six or seven were up, and all these were mounted on thoroughbreds. Jim Adams was one of them, riding a mare called Full Bloom. Lord Coventry had the luck to be on one of his favourite horses, Daniel, a son of Daniel O'Rourke, who won the Derby of

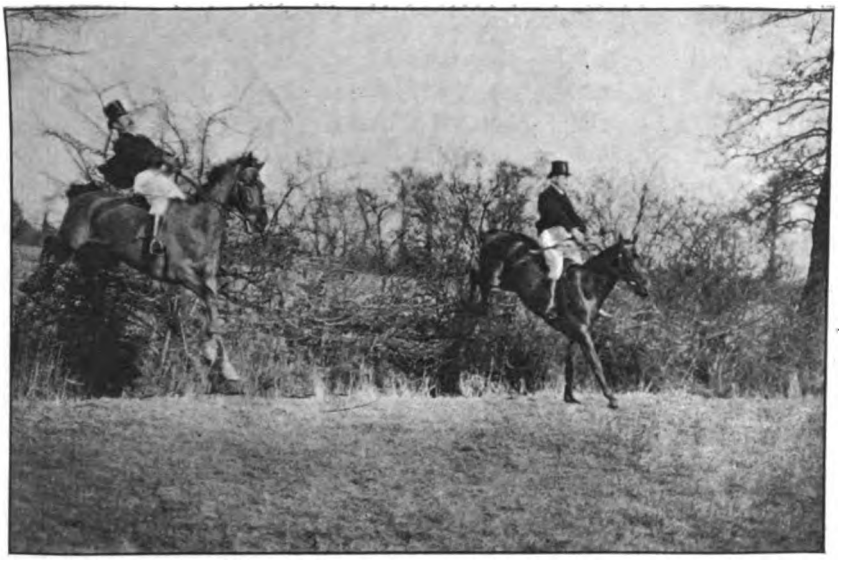
THE EARL OF COVENTRY ON HIS COB, LOOKING AT ONE OF HIS TYPICAL HEREFORDS, OF WHICH HE IS A WELL-KNOWN BREEDER

(Photograph by W. H. Bustin, Hereford)

1852. The time and distance are even remarkable in the record of great runs, and there was not a check from find to kill.

Lord Coventry was elected a member of the Jockey Club as far back as 1860, and soon afterwards acted as Steward with Admiral Rous for a colleague. In 1886 he accepted the Mastership of the Buckhounds, an office he held until 1892, and again from 1895 to 1900, Frank Goodall acting as huntsman. Hunting in the heather round about Aldershot the Master describes as beautiful sport, though with

staghounds there is always some fear lest they may catch a tired deer, a mishap to avoid which every possible care is of course taken. At the present time Lord Coventry, it is to be feared, is without a good jumper; but his filly Catapult, a daughter of Carbine and Marguerite II., one of the mares in the paddocks at Croome, won a couple of nice races last year, and ran Spate to a head for the Hurst Park Lennox Plate, giving the future winner of the Manchester November Handicap 7 lb. She should not go through the year without earning more brackets, and one thing certain is that no successes will be more universally welcome.



A STRAGGLING THORN FENCE

A PYTCHLEY WEDNESDAY

BY LILIAN E. BLAND

LILBOURNE COVERT consists of blackthorn, privet, and gorse enclosed by rails and a high-sheltering bullfinch, a snug, warm covert which the Pytchley foxes fully appreciate. A few yards away, on the summit of the hill, is what in Ireland we should call a "Rath"—a high grass-covered mound, which is used as a grand stand by the spectators, and from this point of vantage one has a bird's-eye view over the surrounding country.

Acres upon acres of sound old grazing land, mapped into large fields by brown lines of fences; old trees like sentinels guard the lines, their skeleton branches outlined against a dull sky. The Hemplow hills are scarcely visible, a typical grey atmosphere softly blends the distant fields into grey haze; here and there out of the mist rise some pointed spires, landmarks to all fox-hunters, South Kilworth, Swinford; while, nearer, the woods round Stamford take a deeper shade of grey.

Down below in the valley winds the sluggish River Avon and the line to Market Harborough—fortunately both are easily crossed by gates and bridges to the hill opposite and the village of Catthorpe. And here at 10.45 a.m. you can if you like mingle with a crowd of some five hundred or six hundred mounted men and

women, not to mention motors, carriages of every description, bicycles, and crowds on foot. The scene rather reminds one of a church parade; everyone turned out spick and span, horses and riders groomed to perfection, a kaleidoscope of pink coats, black coats, a good sprinkling of sporting farmers, horse dealers, here and there a parson, boys back for the holidays, little girls, some riding astride, as they all should do. Then the horses, mostly good hunters, and the general type clean bred, or very near it, with good bone and quality, averaging 16.1 h. h. Fashion decrees that

JUMPING A RAIL AND DITCH

[Evidently the writer is the lady here and on page 259.—Ed.]

their manes shall be either hogged or plaited, and very smart they look.

Their long tails are frequently adorned with red ribbon, worn as often as not to give the rider more room in the crowd. There are plenty of foreigners out, Australians who gaily jump wire, Yankees with their American-trained timber-toppers, Frenchmen who go in for sport with a capital "S," Austrians, Germans, etc. I remember one of the latter wrestling with his hunting kit, which from his peculiar appearance he must have hired from some theatrical show; but the climax came when his coachman's tops worked up over his knee. Then his anguish was painful to behold! One finds many amusing types. That fat, good-tempered man thoroughly

enjoys the sport; to see him "schaming" for a start you might think he was a hard rider, but like many others he only jumps his fences in imagination, after tea, when he will tell you how he successfully pounded the whole field, and had hounds to himself. What matter? More than half the field came out for fresh air and gentle exercise; and as for hounds, they have probably never thought of their existence.

But the "ladies" are in temporary safety, surrounded by their whips and second horsemen, mounted on bay hogged-maned long tails, which look as though they had all been turned out of the same mould to order. Frank Freeman, late of the Bedale, is huntsman; a nice light weight, very smart with his hounds, and

GONE AWAY!

a good man to ride, he has already accounted for eighty-seven brace of foxes. If you are interested in hound work get Freeman on the subject of Despot and Desperate by Brocklesby Wrangler, two champions to hunt their fox; while in Palafox, brother to his favourite bitch Pancake, he has a young hound of great promise. The dog pack are fifteen and a half couple, and they run with the big bitches, for the "ladies" are generous and forgiving, and not jealous of their rights, like the dogs, who object strongly to the cavalry brigade. But the small bitches are out to-day, and I'm sorry there is not time for separate introduction, but the Master, Lord Annaly, has given Freeman the signal to move off. Down

across the fields to Lilbourne Covert, thus avoiding the splashes of the muddiest lane in creation, which leads to it from the road.

There are a few gates to get through, and if you are wise you will cut in sideways and let someone else feel the solidity of the gate-post. Once through, away they canter, with a flash of heels, bucks, and plunges. "Whoa, you brute!" gasps a dignified sportsman, as his steed bucks him off, and he lands in a sitting position on his best silk topper! "Gone away!" from a lady whose steed careers madly down the field while her hat comes off, and her golden hair (only it was not) streams wildly down her back. Splash through a knee-deep cattle gap, and we are up to the covert, while

A YANKEE TIMBER-TOPPER

still the procession streams back to Catthorpe. "Lew in there, lew in;" and in a second the bitches are into covert, the undergrowth swishes and crackles, one catches glimpses of lashing sterns; a short silence, and then above the hum of voices, and jingle of bridle and irons, one hears a short, sharp squeak, more like the yap of a terrier. That's Maiden, and Freeman cheers her on. Then a whimper long-drawn like the wail of a dog dreaming, the little black-and-tan Pancake speaks to it, and Rigorous answers with a deeper note; soon the stirring melody ripples through the covert, up and down, round and round. The cavalry are restless now; some crowd to the gate leading through the covert, other divisions block the gates towards Catthorpe, others keep an eye on the lane. And

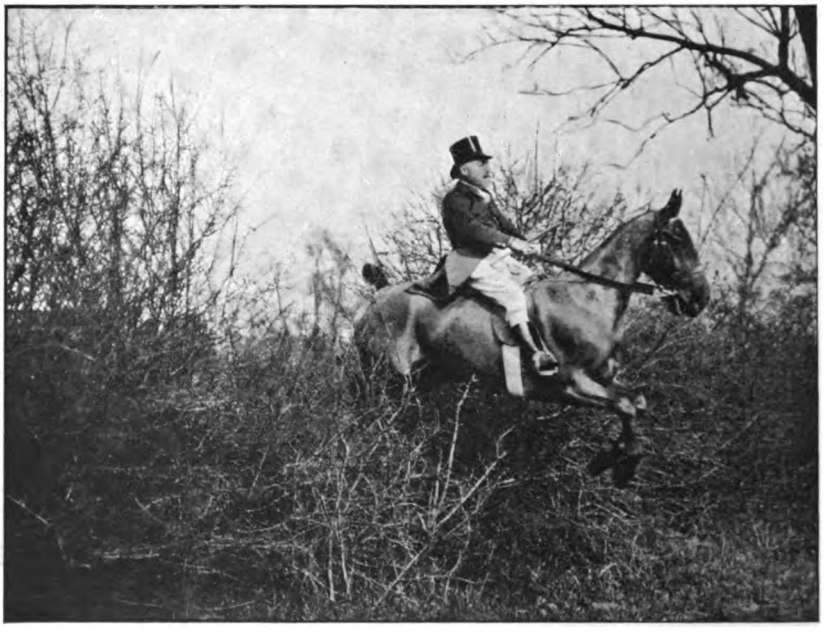
with what varied emotions their little hearts are beating! The thrusters with hats jammed firmly down keep clear of the crowd, ready to turn and ride for their lives whichever way he goes. Horses with twitching ears stamp and paw the ground, champing their bits and snatching at the reins, while a staid old hunter rests one leg and listens intently with his head on one side; and perhaps if your ears are as keen as his you will hear a low whistle. Freeman will not let his whips "Tally" a fox, for that only means the crowd charging round before a hound is out of covert; he has a soft little note on the horn, and "Come along, coop!" and before anyone has

F. FREEMAN AT THE PYTCHLEY KENNELS

realised that the fox is away, Freeman with the flying bitches is a field ahead. Then the horn toots a blithe "Gone away!" and now catch 'em if you can.

Thereupon confusion reigns; the roar and thunder of hundreds of galloping hoofs on sound turf makes one wonder why every young horse does not bolt, and also makes one devoutly thankful that the "earthquake" does not last for more than a field or two, that in a very short time they will be scattered to the four winds of heaven, and split up into numerous divisions, each following some leader like a flock of sheep. However, in this case the fox has gone away past the "grand stand," and, the crowd being chiefly packed at the lower end of the covert, we get a good start through the gate by

the farm buildings, then over a stile into the next field, on to the Watling Street road. Here people who have missed an easy corner are taking headers on to the road over a particularly stiff stake-and-bound, always an uncomfortable thing to fall on (the road); meanwhile hounds have gone straight across to Sir Albert Muntz's plantations, and we cut through the gate down the fields to the gorse. Most of the fences are wire here, and the Master blocks the next gate, but the bitches run through the covert and are away again. For a few moments the gate is held to give them a chance, and then—well, that gateway resembles a champagne



COMTE DE MADRE, A WELL-KNOWN FOLLOWER OF THE PYTCHLEY

bottle when the cork has popped off; horses cannon through and spread out like a fan, one lady gets heaved out of her saddle and hangs over the off side until someone hauls her over again; now we are through, and heading for the boundary fence, a double-oxer with the Hillmorton Brook beyond.

Now you will hear a little artillery practice, a crashing and splitting of timber, with many an empty saddle, and then for the brook! There are four ladies down; one horse lands with his legs doubled under him, the rider in her efforts to get out of the saddle pulls him over backwards, and they take it with a splash; another

is being hauled out, while her horse gallops away on the far side. A soldier comes with a rush on a chestnut weed, and clears it with feet to spare. John Darby, who *hates* getting wet, rides with caution ; a lady charging it at the same moment, there is a collision in mid-air, and her opponent scrambles out like a water-rat, the same side he went in. Further down, a man over six feet high, who has been shot over his horse's head, in terror of being drowned is

A FLY FENCE

swimming for his life, churning up the mud at the bottom, while delighted spectators cheer him on to further efforts. There is yet another strange sight: A lady, apparently in black silk tights, is being held up by her boots to let the water run out!

In the next field the fox has been chased by a cur dog, and hounds are brought to their noses. "Hold hard, gentlemen, *please* stand still!" from the long-suffering Master. But there is one thing a Pytchley field will *not* do—keep still ; at a check it is a case of the first shall be last and the late-comers first ; but Rigorous holds

a line up the hedgerow, and they flash away left-handed and cross the Watling Street again, a difficult in-and-out for any but a handy lepper. A heavyweight crashes through the hedge, making a useful gap; others prefer a flight of rails, but the take-off is bad, the ground dips down; the first man clears it, and a voice in the crowd yells, "Go on, someone will smash the top rail!" but, alas, the posts give as they are hit, the top rail remains, and the next three land on heads and knees in the road, narrowly missing being galloped over. Now we leave Hillmorton behind us, and swing round, leaving Crick on the right, and on over the cream of the country towards Yelvertoft.

RISING AT A CUT-AND-LAID

Oh! the joy and keenness of life, galloping over springy turf, with a long-striding thoroughbred under one, flying through the air over a cut-and-laid, swishing through a bullfinch head down, arm up, while you catch a glimpse of a yawning ditch flashed over, and forward on, with the wind whistling past one, the thud of galloping hoofs, and the sweet smell of the grass, while the white and tan beauties stream away beyond. They are running mute now, for the pace is too good for babbling, only occasionally a lady will throw her tongue in pure ecstasy.

Now we get a ridge and furrow, covered with ant-heaps; the hunter shortens his stride, changes legs, and it's a case of bump

bump, up and down, until you wonder where you will hit the saddle next. Crash through the next binder your pilot has landed on his head. "All right?" "Yes, go on!" and looking back one sees another hunter roll into the ditch, and, thoroughly cooked, he intends to lie there, while his anxious rider pulls at his head and wonders if his back is broken. Past Yelvertoft we hit off the ford across the river, and while waiting our turn to cross are enveloped in a thick fog from the steam of sweating horses; some do their best to plop down in the mud and have a refreshing roll, while impatient riders push forward; but this ford requires knowing, and they vanish under water in a deep hole with much spluttering and

OVER THE RAILS, IN THE CORNER

plunging, one man being with difficulty fished from under his horse in a half-drowned condition.

On again, up the hill towards the Hemplow, where a line of gates comes in very welcome, for foam-flecked necks and heaving sides tell their tale, and the best of hunters can have enough. The first gate was kept open by the weight of a horse who was hanging across it; the poor brute turned its head with a piteous expression to the horses galloping through; it was a case of lifting the gate off its hinges. Looking back from the hill, one could see people scattered in every field as far as the eye could reach, some galloping on, others at a standstill, some walking after loose horses, while nearer a group

stand round some invisible object. Meanwhile the good fox, disdaining that stronghold of his brethren, the Hemplows, pointed his mask for Kilworth and made a gallant effort to reach the canal; but his strength was fast failing him, and the bitches ran from scent to view. Then the music! the melody of the pack singing for blood! On they strain, and the gallant fox turns at bay with a flash of bared teeth; but the white-and-tan wave rolls over him with a growl and snarl. Who-whoop! The last rites are finished, the

TYPICAL HEDGE AND DITCH

"ladies" chant the death-song as Freeman holds a tattered mass before their eager eyes, and then scuffle, worry worry, loo-loo-loo-o! low growls and snarling tugs of war over some crimson morsel, and all is over. Forty-five minutes over the grass, without the ghost of a ploughed field, and the last twenty at racing pace. There are many seamy sides to fox-hunting, but the charm of the sport lies in its uncertainty, and all past misfortunes are forgotten, while the few red-letter days remain to be a joy and consolation to us when we can only ride them over again in memory.

STRANGE STORIES OF SPORT

XXV.—GORMAN'S FEUD[1]

BY FRANK SAVILE

THEY had been at Eton together—in the same house. They shared the same proclivities—both were dry bobs. In form they were lumped upon the same levels of learning. Both were sons of squires of reputable name, and held the same traditions. Every tendency of their lives, you would think, made for harmony and comradeship; in spite of which they cordially hated one another, and their aspects in approaching any given subject were the aspects of two dogs confronting one bone. Wilfred Heyford inevitably swore by codes which John Gorman held anathema. Gorman made no secret of the fact that he considered his enemy's tastes those of a vulgarian, and his performances those of a fool.

They left for Oxford together—one for Balliol, the other for New. As athletes they came into frequent collision. It was currently reported that upon the occasion when Heyford as three-quarter eluded Gorman as full back and gained the try which won the match for Balliol, the latter retired to his bed with *angina pectoris* induced by suppressed rage; while the malignant glee with which the New man—who bowled as well as full-backed—uprooted Heyford's middle stump and sent him back for a duck's-egg will not soon be forgotten where college batsmen congregate.

Both lived in the same county, and both, by Death's decree, entered on their inheritance at an early age. Fortunately for the peace of mind of two easy-going M.F.H. they were members of different hunts, but even here their antagonism found occasional opportunities to sprout. Heyford hunted—*and* shot. Gorman shot —*and* hunted. The first would hack fifteen miles when his foe's coverts were cubbed for the express pleasure of sniffing at the sport and impugning the character of his head keeper. Gorman would go to any lengths to be included in a day's shooting where he was likely to meet Heyford, for a single chance to wipe the eye of his *bête noire* or to feign alarm at his dangerous handling of his gun.

[1] Acknowledgments are due to G.M.S. and H. T. B., who furnished the main incidents of this story.—F. S.

In spite of which they were the best of fellows and held in high esteem by a wide circle of acquaintance. But this little preface is necessary if you are to understand what follows.

Gorman took a Norway shooting one autumn. It included ten miles of shore with a wide hinterland, two good streams, and a few islands, the resort of many wild-fowl, dotted along the coast. The name of the place was Hjorunfjord, and it was accessible from Aalsund by pony or boat, with difficulty. The accommodation was simple—it was provided by a farmer and his wife at a saeter about a mile inland. Guns and rods were the chief caterers.

Gorman and his son Thomas installed themselves here at the beginning of August, and prepared to live the simple life with the zest of the true British countryman. The fact that sport left small margin in their lives for other matters at home did not prevent its brimming their days in Norway to the exclusion of all other interests.

"It's worth all the money to have no silly fools interrupting one," said the elder Gorman, genially; and Thomas, a taciturn young man of four and twenty, nodded agreement.

Fate must have been listening, for a week later this Nimrod's Eden was raided by the serpent in a guise which was as unexpected as it was unwelcome.

When the weekly post came in—the first after their arrival—the head of the family lit his pipe and prepared for ten minutes of domestic enjoyment in perusing a budget of news from home. He expected no more than the serene annals of a well-conducted house, home farm, and stable. Judge then of Thomas's astonishment when the second page of rustling foreign paper produced from his father's lips a full-flavoured oath.

"Hallo!" said the son, anxiously.

Gorman waggled his correspondence with a furious hand.

"Of all the cursed bits of luck!" he bellowed. "I simply can't get away from the fellow!"

"Who?" demanded Thomas, who was nothing if not terse.

"Heyford!" thundered his parent. "It's not enough that he poisons the air in our own neighbourhood, but he's had the confounded impudence to follow us here. Your mother met his wife at a garden party last week, and after the usual cackle found out that he and the boys and his girl have taken the lodge six miles to the west of us—Stuyflaaten—and are actually coming—come by now, no doubt—to be the bane of our lives where we can't get away from them!"

"Oh?" said Thomas.

His father threw him a most unpaternal scowl.

"Oh?" he mimicked, wrathfully. "Is that all you've got to say about it?"

The son tucked the ash into his pipe with a careful forefinger. "What *is* your quarrel with old Heyford?" he submitted. "I can't say I've ever got to the bottom of it."

Gorman apostrophised the deal ceiling with outstretched arms.

"I'm fifty-two years of age," he confessed, "and ever since I was twelve the sight of Wilfred Heyford has soured my blood. And the fact has only just reached my son's intelligence!"

The young man shook his head.

"Naturally I know you hate him," he rejoined. "All I ask is —why?"

For a moment or two his father regarded him with a sort of bewildered wonder. His dislike of his enemy had been a fact so intimately bound up with his own existence that he had never probed for the foundations of it. The baldness of the question staggered him.

"Why—why?" he bubbled, angrily. "You'll be asking reasons for the Prayer Book next, you young—radical! I hate him. That's enough."

"I thought him rather a decent old cock," said Thomas, calmly.

The squire flushed the colour of the best red lead.

"You—*you* dared to think him d-d-decent!" he stuttered.

"I've never spoken to him before this summer," went on Heyford's defender, stolidly, "but I got to talking to him at the Allingham Tennis Tournament, and found we'd lots in common. The daughter plays a ripping game."

"You talked to *her?*"

"Drew as partners; worried through into the semi-finals," said the laconic Thomas.

"And this is the first I hear of it!" cried his father. "And I suppose you've made it your business to meet her again?"

Thomas flushed a little, but grinned.

"Once or twice," he confessed, cheerfully; "but not often enough by a lot."

Gorman stood up and menaced his son with his fist.

"If you think you're going to philander after this girl here, there, and everywhere, under my very nose, you'll find yourself most egregiously mistaken. I forbid you to have anything to do with the family—father, sons, *or* daughter!"

The unfilial Thomas laughed.

"Come, dad," he suggested; "this ain't the Middle Ages, and I'm not fifteen!"

"You young puppy! I tell you I'll keep you out of the hands of this girl, if I have to leave the place to-morrow!"

Modern youth is not apt to put upon the fifth commandment too rigid an interpretation. Thomas chuckled again, and edged to the door.

"Be a man, dad!" he urged, pleasantly. "Be a man—and remember that I'm one, too!" and so took himself and his pipe out into the starlit evening.

The squire was left to finish his letter in an atmosphere which excluded all possibility of peace of mind.

If the above conversation introduced into Gorman's soul a certain passionate animation, what can be said of the state in which his son found him eight-and-forty hours later! The two days had been passed by both with thrills of anticipation—thrills, it need scarcely be explained, born of widely different sources; but as yet no Heyford, male or female, had appeared to make a target for their emotions. On the third evening, however, Fate launched her bolt at them.

Coming home wet but jubilant, with five brace of ryper and a leash of duck, Thomas encountered his father stalking up and down before the saeter door, rage incarnate. He was quite carried above his usual bucolic planes of wrath—he gesticulated—he raved—he swore. For a minute or two he was scarcely coherent.

His story, when it did come, was quite explicit. He had been fishing on Dimön, a little island of about fifty acres, with a small tarn in the middle of it which supplied incredibly game and toothsome trout.

"I had just put up my rod," gurgled the squire, "I was taking a pull at my flask before I turned to the boat, when I heard a shot close to me. The next moment a ryper flew towards me, towered, and nearly fell upon my head! What do I see next but three men walking towards me, bold as brass! They came strutting up, staring at me as if I was a limpet—Heyford, his son, and 'Bully' Blades."

Thomas started.

"No—not—not 'Bully' Blades?" he pleaded.

His father laughed grimly.

"That touches you on the raw, does it? Yes—'Bully' Blades, the millionaire, and the biggest scoundrel unhung. They've noosed him for Miss Nora, you may bet—got him away here on the quiet to tame him into a husband, and I think you may take my two to one that *your* nose is pretty considerably out of joint!"

The young man was noticeably pale.

"They—they can't *know* about him?" he protested.

"What Wilfred Heyford knows or doesn't know," snarled the

squire, "is a matter that doesn't concern me or you either—except in one respect, and that's the ownership of this shooting. He's had the impudence to tell me that Dimōn—*Dimōn*, the best island we've got—is on his side of the marches!"

Thomas's eyebrows rose.

"No!" he deprecated.

"He did!" cried his father, "and no two words about it. Though my very gorge rose at the sight of the fellow, I was as civil as a shopwalker. I merely suggested that even in Norway it was supposed to be commonly courteous to ask leave before you shot another man's land, when the brute began to roll his eyes at me and pant like a bullock. '*Your* land!' says he. 'Why, it's *my* land—scheduled in my lease as plain as ink and a pen can put it. You're fishing *my* waters!'

"Well, you can hardly suppose I took that sitting down. I told him that it was in my lease considerably plainer than I'd any reason to think it was in his, and that I could get twenty local witnesses to prove it. The beggar's a lunatic! He wouldn't hear reason—he roared at me like a tiger—he anticked like a baboon. And through it all 'Bully' stood there, laughing his disgusting, sneering laugh as if the two of us were a couple of pantaloons in a pantomime, capering for his benefit!"

A peculiar expression flickered over Thomas Gorman's face in which students of physiognomy might have found a tinge of sympathy—for Mr. Blades.

"And what's the upshot?" he demanded.

"Just this much," said his father. "I told them that I had an indisputable lease of the ground I was standing on, and that they were trespassing—in ignorance, perhaps. I said that it wasn't a plea they could advance again, because now they had had their warning. And I finished by remarking that if I found them or any of their party on Dimōn a second time I'd prosecute them for poaching as sure as there is a law in Norway. 'Bully' and young Heyford had practically to drag the old man to their boat. I believe he wanted to go for me, he was in such a rage, and begad I only wish they'd let him!"

"It would have been an interesting spectacle—two old gentlemen of your age getting to fisticuffs about a five-pound note's-worth of shooting," said Thomas, dryly.

"You young jackanapes!" returned his father, hotly. "Just because you're sweet on that girl of his I suppose you'd have liked me to lick his boots and retire in good order?"

"I don't see why you shouldn't have offered to share it with him pending inquiries," suggested the enamoured youth.

"Oh, you don't—don't you?" sneered the squire. "Well, I'll just tell you what I do mean to do. I'm going to put a notice up on Dimön first thing to-morrow announcing that it's private land—I'm going to spend the day there with my rod and gun—and I'm going to take steps to prosecute the first man that lands on it without my leave if he has the whole Norwegian Fleet to back his landing. That's what I'm going to do. Any remarks?"

The young man shrugged his shoulders with a superior air.

"The whole thing appears to me exceedingly silly," he said, and escaped into the house, leaving his father to pollute the evening airs with anathemas which impartially condemned the stupendous insolence of rapacious neighbours and undutiful sons.

Not quite such an early riser as his parent, Thomas strode out from breakfast the following morning to find the squire's preparations already complete. In addition to the impedimenta of sport he bore a long pole adorned with a cross-piece on which appeared the following legend in magnificent letters of white:—

ADVARSEL! PRIVAT!
INGEN ADGANG FOR UVEDKOMMEDE!

The youth examined it critically.

"Think they understand Norwegian?" he suggested.

Gorman shrugged his shoulders.

"That's their affair," he said. "If this thing has to be fought out in Norwegian courts it's got to be conducted according to Norwegian law. I'm off."

"Don't be in a hurry. I'm going your way," said his son.

"Where?" said his parent, suspiciously.

"The fjords beyond Dimön. Sea trout," explained Thomas, brief as usual, and went to fetch his rod. Father and son presently strode down toward the shore in a silence which a novelist might describe as "brooding." Trofast, a nondescript retriever, borrowed from the farmer, accompanied them.

Arrived at the little landing-stage the elder man arranged his paraphernalia in the stern of the sea-going boat which he usually used. Thomas busied himself in bailing out his canoe, which had filled with the rain of the previous night. The former was ready first, and whistled up Trofast. The dog came bounding towards him, stopped, snarled, and then trotted up to Thomas and licked his hand in an excited, eager sort of way. After which he seized a pebble, bit at it, and began to roll like a puppy.

"What's the matter with the brute?" demanded Gorman, irritably, and whistled again. Trofast cantered up obediently and took his place in the boat.

Thomas looked at him keenly.

"He's been a bit off his feed the last day or two," he said. "Want's a powder, I expect."

"Been fed rankly," said his father. "I found him with his nose stuck in an empty potted-meat tin only yesterday."

The young man nodded.

"A morning's work will straighten him out," he said, and launched his bark. With long steady sweeps of his paddle he soon left the heavier boat behind, and disappeared round a headland while his father pulled out into the bay towards the island where he meant to keep his sentinelship over his threatened rights.

Dimōn was certainly a model of what a sporting island should be. Its sparse vegetation was the haunt of not a few ryper. Plover and oyster-catchers shrilled from every tuft. The shallows of its foreshore were alive with duck and dotterel, in addition to which the tarn in its centre teemed with trout. Reflecting on these matter a smile of grim determination broadened upon the squire's lips. "I'll bankrupt myself before the beggar shall rob me of it," he told himself, and cast a keen glance in the direction of Stuyflaaten as he landed.

No hostile expedition was in sight, and slipping a couple of cartridges into his gun he prepared for enjoyment.

He had not gone thirty yards before a brood rose, and a neat right and left put him on the best of terms with himself. Marking the birds down, he succeeded in flushing them again and repeating the performance. Before half an hour was over he had made a bag of half a dozen brace. A couple of teal whirred in from the sea and were downed—three oyster-catchers rose in succession and sounded their last whistle. Gorman began to forget his wrongs in the excitement of the chase. So far there were only two flies in his ointment: first that he had not brought sufficient cartridges to cope with the situation, secondly that Trofast was retrieving shamefully. He mouthed the birds badly, and practically tore one to pieces before he relinquished it. Gorman admonished him savagely with his boot, and Trofast snapped angrily back.

Finding that no more than five cartridges remained to him, he decided to expend them cautiously. Shy after so much shooting, the duck had left the shallows, but after an interval of quiet would soon return. Gorman concealed himself behind a boulder upon the foreshore and waited.

His confidence was not misplaced. With a rush and a whizz a great flock passed over his head and splashed among the weed, well within range. A couple of barrels among them sitting accounted for five. He was able to reload and get two more from the flock as, unable to locate their enemy, they swung past him on rising.

His last shot was a "cripple stopper" directed at a mallard which was threshing out to sea with a broken wing. Gorman rose from his ambush with a well-satisfied expression.

Trofast was already swimming. He gathered a couple into his capacious jaws, laid them on the sand, swam out after another, brought it back, produced three from the weeds by wading, and then sat down stolidly. He refused to take any notice of the last, which was rocking upon the ripples twenty yards out. Gorman motioned him towards it. The dog did not budge. His master flung a stone at the bird to direct his attention. Trofast rose, made a circular motion, howled, and began to bite savagely at the seaweed. A little rope of viscous saliva hung from his lips.

"Good Lord!" said Gorman, and drew back a pace.

He eyed the animal keenly. It howled again, snapped at an imaginary fly in the air, ran round another little circle, and sat down, panting.

"They say there is no such thing as rabies in Scandinavia," soliloquised Gorman, "but I'm hanged if I like the looks of this!"

Suddenly Trofast rose and galloped towards him. Instinctively Gorman cocked his gun, forgetting that the chambers were empty. But as he ran a tuft of ling brushed the dog's face. He stopped on the instant and tore at it fiercely, lying down at last and rolling upon the shreds. Gorman was no coward, so it is no reflection upon him to say that he used this interval to make the best time towards the boat that his legs had compassed since he was in his teens. He pushed off a yard or two and stared at Trofast as the latter pattered down towards the shore. He had left off snapping, but howled pitifully. The stringy saliva was thick upon his jaws.

"Not good enough," decided Gorman, setting to his oars. "I'll leave him here and go for Halvorsen. If the brute is given to these capers the farmer will know and we can fetch him away. If not"—he shrugged his shoulders—"nothing for it but a charge of No. 5."

For a quarter of an hour he rowed steadily, meditating over the incidents of the morning, the matter of Heyford and his aggressions completely planed from his mind. It was restored to his memory with dramatic suddenness. The sound of oars broke into the stillness. He looked round. Passing him was a boat, rowed by "Bully" Blades and steered by his enemy's daughter.

Nora Heyford blushed and bowed. "Bully" gave him a patronising little nod. "Good sport on Dimōn?" he questioned, with a little snigger.

Gorman stared at him.

"Excellent," he said, tersely, and "Bully" sniggered again.

"Glad to hear it. We're just going to try our luck," he answered, with another nod towards the fishing-rod beside him.

Gorman's eyes gleamed.

"I've already warned you that I don't allow trespassing," he said, wrathfully. "I forbid your landing on my island."

"Bully" laughed.

"Now, my very dear Mr. Gorman," he rejoined, "Mr. Heyford, who is unfortunately too seedy to come himself this morning, has shown me his lease. Dimön Island is expressly scheduled in it. From inquiries we have made, it appears that there are two Dimöns —the Big and the Little. We are not inclined to think that ours is the little one."

"That settles it," said Gorman. "My island *is* Store Dimön —is so called in my list. Yours is the rock in Stuyflaaten Bay."

"*Of* course," sneered the other, "you're to have fifty acres of the best shooting on the coast, while we're to have a rock a gull can hardly perch on. We'll see!"

Gorman commanded himself, though he felt that if a lady had not been present a boarding expedition, in which Mr. Blades would have been cast for the part of the defeated, would have inevitably terminated the interview.

"Look here," he said; "I warn you that if you land on Dimön I shall prosecute you for trespass. I also warn you that I have left on the island a dog which I strongly suspect to be suffering from rabies. If you go, you go at your own peril!"

"Bully" shouted with laughter.

"That's won it!" he derided. "A mad dog in Norway! There hasn't been such a thing known since the creation of the world!"

Then the devil entered into John Gorman.

For a long instant he stared at the two opposite him, seeing not the distressed expression on the girl's face, but only the mocking smile her companion was directing at him. Without another word he rowed stolidly away.

He rowed on and on, the sound of "Bully's" derision dying into the distance. He saw that the other boat was pointing straight for Dimön, but he made no sign. He reached the shore, moored, took up his gun, and walked with long steady strides up to the farm, thinking, thinking, thinking. Certain words were ringing in his head—words casually heard in a train when a doctor had been describing to a friend the death of a patient under hydrophobia.

"His people weren't allowed to see him till quite the end, and he didn't know them," the medical man had said. "Poor chap, he was simply wrapped up in his wife and kids!"

He gasped—his brow grew darker and darker—he began to realise just what a thing John Gorman had done. At the door of the farm a sudden tension seemed to break in his mind. With an incoherent exclamation he darted into his room, stuffed a dozen cartridges in his pocket, and went flying back to the shore again like a man possessed. He rowed out into the bay with tremendous wrenching strokes.

Meanwhile the boat which bore Nora Heyford and her companion was grating its keel on Dimōn's beach. As "Bully" looked round him he sighed with satisfaction.

"No wonder that old sinner wants to keep this to himself," he said. "It's a little sporting Paradise—that's what it is. Look at the duck in those shallows!"

"Other people seem to have been of your opinion in times past," said the girl. "There was a house or castle here once."

She pointed to some tottering ruins built of beach cobbles from which the mortar had been weather-worn for centuries.

"They knew a bit—those old sea-kings," said "Bully." "No end of times here once, I daresay. Wassails and what not."

They strolled along a couple of hundred yards and stood at the foot of the wall. It had evidently once enclosed a peninsula, but the seaward end had rotted under the influence of storm and tide. Nora produced her camera.

"Lucky I brought this," she remarked. "It's well worth a picture."

"Bully" watched her admiringly. Suddenly he gave a start.

"What's that?" he cried, anxiously, and started again. A wild and piercing howl came from the far side of the island, and was obviously drawing nearer. "Great Scot, perhaps old Gorman wasn't rotting us after all!" suggested Mr. Blades, suddenly very pale of face.

The next instant there was no room for doubt. A dog, open-mouthed and wild-eyed, appeared about a furlong distant, galloping towards them. His yell of rage as he discovered them made them shiver.

With a simultaneous rush they started towards the boat, "Bully" running as he had probably never run in his life before. But Nora Heyford dropped her camera. The strap caught her foot. She blundered upon her knees.

She gave a cry. "Bully" looked round, hesitated, and in that moment the dog howled again. Without another glance the man continued his maddened rush towards the boat, leaped upon it, and pushed out into the open. Nora rocked up to her feet again dizzily to see the dog bearing down upon her not a hundred yards away.

Mere instinct saved her. Escape to the boat was obviously beyond her powers. She rushed at the wall, got her fingers in one crevice and her foot in another, and—she scarcely knew how—dragged herself to the top. She lay upon her breast panting as the dog lumbered up to the wall and flung himself against it. The cobbles shook beneath his weight. He scrambled and bit at the stones only a little way below her.

She looked round. Her gallant cavalier had manœuvred the boat to within a few yards of the seaward end of the wall, and was watching her with an expression of shame-faced terror.

"Come in! Attract his attention!" shouted the girl. "He'll have the wall down directly. The stones are so much rubble."

"Bully" made a reluctant stroke or two. The dog rushed down to the water's edge, snarled at him, and then made another attack upon the wall. Several stones fell from its face.

"Come in with the oar and beat at him!" cried Nora. "Hit him! Stun him! You can do it easily if you come close enough!"

"Bully" made another stroke gingerly, feinted with his weapon, but missed by a matter of yards.

"Closer—closer!" shouted the girl; but the prudent Mr. Blades shook his head.

"It's no manner of use," he argued. "If I come any nearer he'll spring aboard. There's nothing for it but to row off for a gun. You'll be all right up there till I get back."

Nora made a piteous gesture.

"I shan't—I shan't!" she cried. "He'll have the wall down long before then." But "Bully" had already made a bee line for Stuyflaaten.

She fell upon her knees in an agony of despair. "The coward—the coward!" she sobbed, and watched with desperate eyes how her enemy was sapping her defences with rush on rush.

Ten minutes later Thomas Gorman was paddling solemnly homeward in by no means the best of tempers. A regular sea monster—or at any rate he liked to think it such—had taken his line into a pool, fouled it with drift weed, tangled it upon the rocks, and finally returned half of it sawn asunder. The imprudent youth had omitted to take a "spare," and was in consequence despoiled of a morning's sport. He eyed Dimōn keenly as he rounded the headland, wondering whether hostilities had already commenced.

He rubbed his eyes. Had his father erected a pillar upon the old ruined masonry at the seaward side?

No pillar this. It moved—it fluttered a handkerchief—faintly across the surface it was sending him appeals for help. The cries were mingled with the howlings of a dog.

Thomas sent his canoe bounding over the ripples at a most meritorious speed. In response to frantic gestures of warning he brought it to a halt a few yards from the shore. He stared at the occupant of the castle wall with unmixed surprise.

"Nora—Miss Heyford!" he stammerd. "Why, it's *our* dog—Trofast!"

"He's mad—he's mad!" panted Nora, "and the wall's crumbling!"

In another instant Thomas would have been ashore, but the girl's shriek of dismay stopped him.

"No!" she cried. "He *is* mad—your father warned us. Have you got a revolver—any sort of weapon?"

"No," said Thomas, stolidly. "Except my gaff," he added, looking at the great barb of steel. With a sudden inspiration he took it up.

"Throw a stone towards me!" he cried.

Without understanding, but with feminine obedience, the girl complied.

She plucked a pebble from the wall and flung it. It was not a great shot, but the missile reached the shore. Instinctively following the retrieving instinct with his poor clouded brain Trofast pursued, and, as it splashed into the water, bit furiously at the weed round the point of its disappearance. The canoe shot forward, and the next instant the gaff was firmly fixed in the dog's collar. He was jerked into the sea. He snarled and snapped savagely. The canoe rocked, shipped water, settled, and finally sank. Thomas was left standing in a four-foot-deep pool, straining every muscle in his arms to drag his enemy under.

In the fury of his mania the dog fought with incredible strength. He swam with great panting strokes, mouthing at his antagonist, forced under every instant only to reappear again more furious than before. The ripples widened from the struggle and lashed the shore as man and beast strove, and the little pool was white with foam. Round and round they whirled, Thomas's arms taut as wire hawsers, his fingers gripping the handle of the gaff as a man only grips when his life depends on the hold. For five minutes they swung and gasped, the dog still held off a full yard at the gaff's end, and then Trofast began to weaken.

After each immersion he coughed and choked more deeply. A glaze began to grow upon the maddened eyes—his strokes were feebler. Steadily, relentlessly, Thomas thrust him down. Another minute—another few seconds, and the struggle would have inevitably ended.

Then, in very sight of victory, fortune deserted the youth. His

foot slipped upon a bank of weed! With a most resounding splash he went completely under, while Trofast, after a wild stare round, began to paddle weakly to the shore. The gaff trailed from his collar.

The dog climbed upon the rocks and shook himself. His breathing grew easier—savage lights began to glitter again in his eyes, and at that moment Thomas Gorman staggered up to his feet. For a tense instant man and brute glared at each other. Then Trofast's limbs strung themselves for a spring.

Nora Heyford shrieked despairingly. Then she gave another cry—one filled with amazement—with hope.

There was a crash of pebbles, and like a bull at the charge John Gorman came racing across the beach, gun in hand. His eyes were bloodshot—his breath came in great gasps. Trofast whirled round to confront this new enemy.

Gorman pulled himself up twenty yards away, still panting. The butt of his gun sprang to his shoulder.

Trofast lumbered forward—there was a flash—a report. The dog sprang with a curious headlong motion into the air, rolled back, kicked, and lay still. There was no need for the second charge which Gorman poured into his inanimate carcase.

Then a tension seemed to break in the squire's body. He sat down suddenly and covered his face with his hands. Thomas looked at him queerly, hesitated, and then walked up to the foot of the wall. He held out his arms.

With a little gesture which seemed to imply infinite content and surrender, Nora Heyford slipped down into them. Thomas held her very tight.

He looked into her eyes.

"Eh?" he questioned, tersely, and seemed to read an answer, for there was none in words.

With imperturbable practicality Thomas kissed his lady-love.

Twenty yards away John Gorman raised his head and gazed at the pair. They faced him, awaiting explosions.

None came.

"Thank God!" said Thomas's father as he rose to his feet. "Thank God!"

* * * * *

And so ended the feud between the houses of Heyford and Gorman—a feud which had such flimsy foundations that the present historian has never, even with earnest probing, discovered them; but the reconciliation to which it gave rise has very solid buttresses.

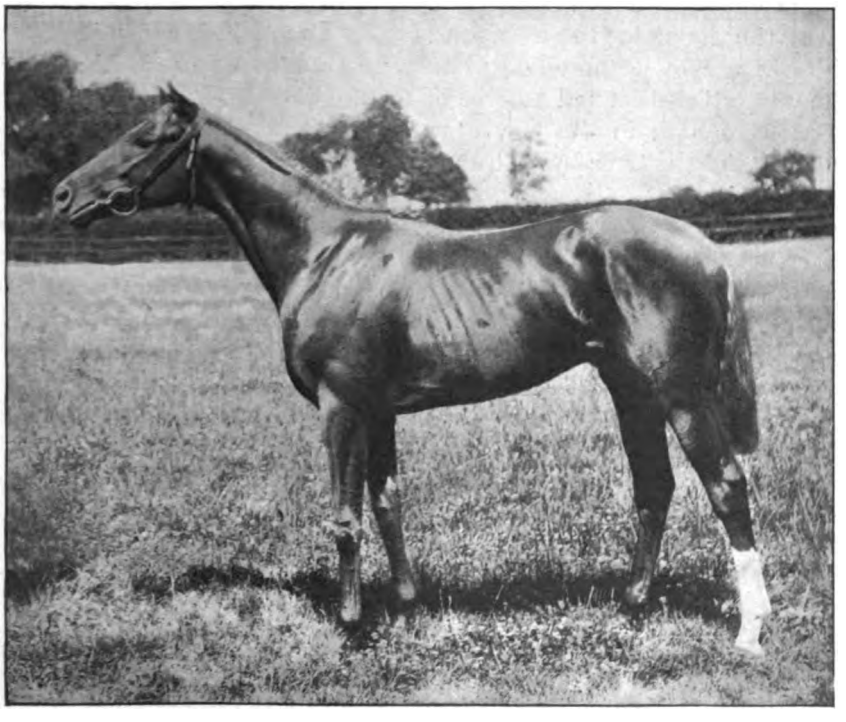
THE RACING SEASON

BY THE EDITOR

WHEN anyone is going to express opinions it is instructive to look back at some of the opinions he has expressed previously, a process which is occasionally calculated to check anything in the nature of cocksuredness. Some twelve months since I wrote an article under the title which heads this page, and pointed out that three animals seemed to have between them the best chance of winning the Derby, but it is gratifying to find that I did not by any means urge or even advise that readers who were complimentary enough to pay heed to my estimates should support them by a wager. On the contrary, after going into details I wrote, "Doubts, it will be perceived, exist with regard to the three with the best credentials. Lally may not stay; Admirable Crichton may not have recovered from his illness; Black Arrow may decline to start, or to race if he does start; and anyone who wants to bet is therefore taking serious risks." Judged by the light of experience, that was sufficiently sound; but after talking of Sarcelle and Flair, I continued, "other 'possibles' in the Derby are Gorgos, Malua, Picton, and, some people imagine, the White Knight." Of the winner Spearmint, however, I made no mention, nor did I realise the existence of Troutbeck or Keystone II, at least not in the light of remotely dangerous horses. Admitting that the victory of practically unknown animals is the sort of thing which

happens seldom, it happens at times; it is not so long since Jeddah "rolled up," and half a dozen years before Mr. Larnach's chestnut there was the unconsidered Sir Hugo.

That the best of last season's two-year-olds was Polar Star is a thing which does not now admit of argument, and it is unfortunate, as weakening interest in the great Epsom race, that Sagamore and My Pet II cannot take part in it. From one point of view, regarded as an exciting spectacle, the presence of a very



POLAR STAR

(Photograph by Clarence Hailey, Newmarket)

good horse is destructive. When an Ormonde, an Isinglass, or a Flying Fox goes to the post everyone knows what will happen bar accidents of an exceedingly improbable character. This year's Derby looks, however, as if it ought to produce a fine race, though of course our eyes may be opened before the 5th of June. The Epsom Summer Meeting is exceptionally late, and by that time something may be "standing out." Thus early one can only go on last year's form, which is frequently a sound guide to the future, but in many cases misleading.

Had Slieve Gallion retired after his third race, the Champagne Stakes at Doncaster, assuming that there was a good reason for his absence from later contests, such as trouble with his teeth would have furnished, I expect he would now be an almost even-money favourite; for in these days, when there is so little ante-post betting, bookmakers are inordinately cautious, and offer about a third of the legitimate odds—from a third to a fourth, that is to say. I well remember the evident pride with which Captain Greer showed the colt to his friends when the son of Gallinule and Reclusion first came out at Sandown. After he had given a taste of his quality by cantering home for the Cobham Maiden Plate I had a long look at him in the little unsaddling enclosure, and his owner told me that he was satisfied he had a horse of the highest class. He and Polar Star were both in the Coventry Stakes at Ascot, and we can well understand the temptation to run him and the temptation to refrain from doing so. Believing implicitly in the colt's merit, Captain Greer would have liked to show that he feared nothing on four legs; on the other hand it is not wholly discreet to set a two-year-old an extremely severe task. The New Stakes, a couple of days later, was at his mercy; it would have been unwise to bring him out twice in a week, so the safer course was adopted. He amply justified the odds of 5 to 1 on him by cantering up the hill half a dozen lengths in front of the field; and the Champagne display was, if possible, even more effective, because in that race he met better horses. I had the pleasure of a chat with Captain Greer just before the event, and know that he regarded defeat as inconceivable. The colt was drawn in the worst place, right on the outside. "Get the rails as soon as you can," was Darling's instruction to Higgs, the accomplished trainer never for a moment supposing that there could be any difficulty about it; and when they had gone little more than a furlong Slieve Gallion was on the rails, well in front. "Canter, two lengths," was the verdict, and "hampered" is the observation appended to the name of the second, My Pet II. It did not strike me that the hampering was at all severe, however; and though Higgs showed Slieve Gallion his whip, that was only to keep him from swerving.

It is said that a few fancy bets of 5 to 2 were taken about him for the Derby, and rash as such early speculation always is, there was some excuse, for his owner and trainer are judges of unsurpassed knowledge and acumen, and were both convinced that they had an altogether exceptional colt. Darling happened to be writing to me a few days before the Middle Park Plate and mentioned that there had been trouble with Slieve Gallion's teeth; but it was argued with much show of reason that he would not have been sent to

Newmarket unless he were considered fit to do himself justice, and the same odds as at Doncaster, 4 to 1 on, were freely laid; 100 to 12 Traquair, 10 to 1 Galvani. Traquair had already begun to "make a noise," and his brilliant display at Sandown had been discounted. There, after getting very badly away, so badly that he seemed out of the race, he had carried 9 st. 9 lb. successfully home from a dozen opponents, evoking much enthusiasm; but Marsh Marigold had beaten him for the Prince of Wales's Stakes at Goodwood, My Pet II

SLIEVE GALLION

(Photograph by Clarence Hailey, Newmarket)

had beaten him for the Hopeful Stakes at Newmarket, and he was supposed to be going off in consequence of his infirmity, about which Lord Rosebery made no secret. In the Birdcage, before the Middle Park Plate, Galvani was sweating and trembling as he walked round, and altogether his appearance did not at all suggest success.

These appearances, however, were deceitful, for he fairly wore the favourite down, and Slieve Gallion, beaten half a length, was only three parts of a length in front of Traquair. Of course it may

be that Slieve Gallion was affected by his teeth, but Captain Greer did not find much consolation in that possibility. "I am afraid we must come to the conclusion that he does not really stay," was the remark he made to me later in the afternoon. No one looks at facts more impartially; I am sure he was not disposed either to make the best of it or to take an unduly pessimistic view. Perhaps the result of a single race ought not to be allowed to topple the idol from his pinnacle, especially when he was admittedly not at his best. Having so great a respect for Captain Greer's opinion, however, it was impossible not to heed the view he had expressed. Good-looking as Slieve Gallion is, his somewhat round action tends to support the idea that he may not prove a stayer; and it will be seen how difficult it is to estimate his actual capacity. As for Galvani he came out again in the Criterion Stakes a fortnight later, and was very easily beaten by Polar Star.

Besides Galvani, Major Eustace Loder has two animals in the race—he has three, to be accurate, but Astrophel, a son of Florizel II and Astrology, has never been seen. Weathercock has won a race and run respectably in good company; but it is well within the bounds of possibility that Baltinglass, a son of Isinglass and Sibola, may prove the best of the trio. Baltinglass is really an unknown quantity. He came out at the Second October Meeting, got badly away, and made no show. In the Dewhurst Plate he ran third to My Pet II and Candahar, in receipt of weight; but he was so far from ready to race, so big and unfurnished, that these two outings afford no indication of what he can do. Very likely he will have to be seriously taken into consideration, but it is safe to assume that absolutely nothing is known of him, as Mr. Gilpin is a great believer in letting his horses come to maturity and never hurrying them. Baltinglass, it may be noted, is in the Two Thousand amongst other races. The probability of Traquair getting a mile and a half seems remote; and although Bezonian may turn out a useful colt, he is probably no more. Several of the other entries have run and won. Lord Wolverton may find a candidate in The Welkin or Prince of Orange; I do not know precisely what foundation exists for the idea that the former is not quite sound. Lord Derby's Olympian, a son of Orme and St. Victorine, gives one the idea of improving and staying, though on last year's form he has a long way to pick up before he can be placed in the front rank. Colonel Hall Walker's Knight of Tully suggests winning a long-distance handicap rather than the Derby. Colonel E. W. Baird's Woolwinder is another of the useful division with possibilities about him, and M. Edmond Blanc has Ouadi Halfa in the race. M. Blanc has been trying hard to win our Derby for a good many years now without success, and

as Ouadi Halfa seems to be little more than a respectable performer, there is no sound reason to suppose that he will accomplish his owner's ambition.

Everyone is hoping that the King may find something to revive the glories of Persimmon and Diamond Jubilee, and to compensate for the disappointments of the last few years. Twelve months since rumours were current as to the merits of Nulli Secundus. I commented on this fact in my article, and said it would be interesting to know how they arose, as the trainer himself was quite in the

TRAQUAIR

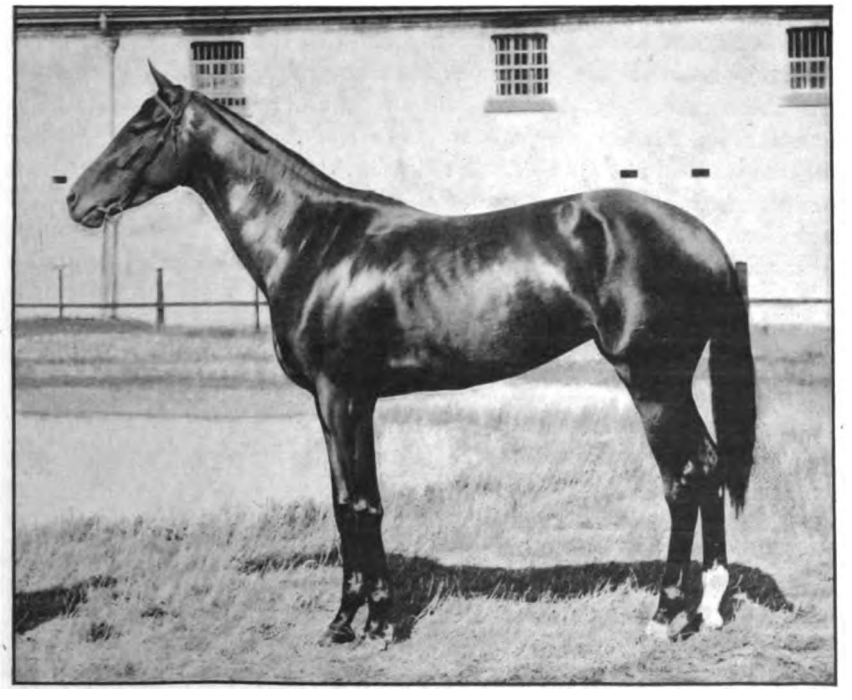
(Photograph by Clarence Hailey, Newmarket)

dark. Perambulator affords a remarkable parallel. As was the case with Nulli Secundus, Marsh formed a high opinion of the son of Persimmon and Spyglass, judging him by make, shape, and action. Neither ran as a two-year-old, and afterwards Marsh had hopes of each in the early Spring. "Perambulator," he kindly writes, "is the hope of the family, but we are quite in the dark about him. He is good-looking enough to be anything, and is a very good mover, but I have had big disappointments with one or two Persimmons, and that naturally makes me cautious of saying anything about Perambulator until he has run."

A great deal was expected last season from the Kingsclere two-year-olds, superlatively bred, and with all the cut of good horses; but expectation was sorely disappointed, and St. Martin, who was considered far the best of them, never ran. Late in the season he was sent to Newmarket in the hope that he would justify his reputation, but for family reasons Lord Falmouth did not start him. He may have to be reckoned with, and then there is the five-thousand-guinea yearling Merry Fox (Flying Fox—Flower of Wit). About him I have no private information. It is reported that he did not run simply because it was recognised as injudicious to hurry him in his preparation. The young Flying Foxes, who have done so well in France, have failed to distinguish themselves here. For this no reasonable explanation is forthcoming, and it is quite on the cards that Merry Fox may compensate for the family failures. One piece of what I believe to be sound advice I can offer, and that is, to caution readers who may have the disposition to back anything for the Derby not to be precipitate. In the face of the several dark horses it would indeed be absurd to rush into the breach, the more so as the best odds obtainable about Slieve Gallion and Galvani are ludicrously inadequate. In the Two Thousand Guineas are Slieve Gallion, My Pet II, Perambulator, Olympian, Baltinglass, St. Martin, Merry Fox, Traquair, Bezonian, The Welkin, and Prince of Orange. Some of these indeed are likely to be seen before the Two Thousand, and it is absolutely impossible faintly to guess at present how the situation may appear three months hence.

How melancholy a waste of time it would be to endeavour to find out what the three-year-old fillies are likely to do by what they did as two-year-olds need not be repeated for the edification of readers of this magazine. Twelve months since, with a view to the discovery of the Oaks winner, the capacities of Ulalume, Victorious, Gemma, Sweet Mary, Colonia, and Flair were elaborately investigated, and the studious scribes who undertook the calculations came to the conclusion that any one of these might win. None of them was in the first four. The lesson is continually repeated: nobody can guess how a two-year-old filly may change for better or worse. Flair, a heroine of the Middle Park Plate, naturally came in for respectful consideration, and took the One Thousand easily enough. No one can say what would have happened had she met Keystone II, omitted from all summaries of form—naturally enough, for she had none. As for the other supposed "cracks," Ulalume, with the lowest weight in the handicap, won once by a short neck, and was beaten eight times; Victorious was second twice, beating nothing, in eleven attempts; Waterflower ran thrice and never got into the first three. Does it seem worth while to work out the performances

of Bellavista, Chestnut Sunday, Duma, Geronima, Orwell, Plum Blossom, Silver Heeled, Sixty, Turpitude, and Witch Elm, with a few added speculations on the dark Adora, Pretty Polly's own sister? I think not. Orwell was, I suppose, distinctly the best last season. At Epsom on the Oaks day I met a trainer for whose opinion I have the profoundest respect, and in the course of conversation he said to me, "You must have a little on Orwell this afternoon." I had previously been told that Jubilee (Orwell was giving her 9 lb.) could not lose, that Turpitude, in receipt of 6 lb., could not be beaten, that



ORWELL

(Photograph by Clarence Hailey, Newmarket)

Futurity was the one to back, and that Cornfield and Avice had great chances. I disregarded my mentor's advice and saw Orwell win—at a nice price. Geronima is said never to have done in public what she can do at home. Witch Elm struck me as likely to train on, but I have no reason to advance for the idea; it is mere impression. Formerly very brave men used to bet on the Oaks during the winter. For the most part they lost their money.

Why the three most valuable events (one of them, the Princess of Wales's Stakes, has shrunk from a nominal £10,000 to £4,500 for

the winner, with £1,500 otherwise distributed) should have failed of late years with so few exceptions it is difficult to guess. There were formerly some thrilling struggles, as when Isinglass got home by a head from Bullingdon, St. Frusquin beat Persimmon, Ard Patrick with great good luck just had the better of Sceptre, Epsom Lad won with his jockey carrying his saddle in his hand, and when Sceptre exposed the pretensions of Rock Sand. Of late years on various occasions extremely moderate animals have carried off these rich prizes; we find occurring in the list such names as those of Veles, St. Denis, Cheers, Darley Dale, Pietermaritzburg, and Beppo. If Spearmint stands a preparation for the Princess of Wales's Stakes he may give a little class to the race; Polymelus is also engaged, as is his frequent rival Llangibby, about whose soundness there are grave doubts; and as he and Spearmint are in the same stable, Mr. Gilpin—if both go to the post—will have a knowledge of which is the better. Both are likely to start if fit to run, as the place money is handsome. Some extraordinarily bad animals have been left in, one can only suppose by mistake. Nulli Secundus stands, but from what I have seen of him I am not at all sanguine of his doing any good on the flat—or very much over hurdles, for he has not abandoned his shifty tricks, and if he does much I fancy it will be as a 'chaser. His Eminence will not stay the mile and a half; Mr. Hall Walker has hopes that Black Arrow may overcome his lameness, but also fears that he may not. If Spearmint does not run I suppose the greatly improved Polymelus will take the Princess of Wales's Stakes.

Three-year-olds excluded from the Princess of Wales's Stakes run for the Eclipse, and add greatly to the interest of the race. Of those that have made some sort of mark we find Olympian, Plum Blossom, Traquair, Bezonian, Gnome, Dusty Miller, and The Welkin, together with the dark Perambulator and St. Martin.

Glancing back to my last year's article I find several instances of the sound judgment shown by my trainer friends as to their then two-year-olds, and, as was inevitable, several instances of disappointment. Marsh thought the most promising of His Majesty's "to look at" were Slim Lad, White Frère, and Perambulator, and "a hardy racing-like filly Victoria"—who proved her sharpness the first time out. The Welkin also he described as "a beautiful colt and a remarkably fine mover." This we all subsequently saw. Slim Lad apparently can gallop but will not; White Frère seems to have retired. Weathercock and Galvani were the two "fine well-grown colts" that chiefly pleased Mr. Gilpin, and he spoke warmly of Miranda, Mr. Neumann's Gallinule—Clarehaven filly, who unfortunately died. Darling was fond of "the black colt of Captain

Greer's by Gallinule—Reclusion," Slieve Gallion to wit. Major Beatty preferred an own brother to Fowling Piece, Cargill, by Carbine—Galinne, who has not run, but may yet justify the preference. Colonel Hall Walker thought that all his fourteen were likely to win races, and some of them won a good many. The colt whose lack of good engagements he regretted was, of course, Polar Star. Alec Taylor feared he had nothing particularly promising, but mentioned Jubilee and the Collar—Wafer II colt. Wife of Bath was one of the deceivers. "The colts do not strike me as so good, unless a great big bay by Orme—St. Victorine turns out well,"

GALVANI

(Photograph by Clarence Hailey, Newmarket)

Mr. George Lambton wrote. "If the Ormes had not been so disappointing I should have great hopes of him." Here, it will be seen, we had indicated for us the merits of Polar Star, Slieve Gallion, Galvani, The Welkin, Weathercock, and Olympian, amongst others.

What luck will attend the Royal jacket this season? With his customary kindness Marsh tells me that of his young ones nothing stands out by itself this time, but he has a very good level lot, several of which seem promising. His Majesty has two very

good-looking fillies, Simpatica, by St. Simon—Laodamia, and Persian Lilac, by Persimmon—White Lilac; but Marsh adds, "You know what a failure the first mare has been, and I don't think the other has bred a winner." Of the King's colts his trainer chooses Perrier, the son of Persimmon and Amphora, and a half-brother of Glass Jug might well race: it will be remembered that she was second to Sceptre for the Oaks. Lord Wolverton has a nice colt by Persimmon—Marsh Marigold, Prince of Orange's dam, and the Prince beat Traquair at Goodwood. The same owner has a brother to The Welkin (Flying Fox—Woodbury) who should do well. Mr. Arthur James, too, has a few that raise hopes in the stable, a shapely colt, Ruffec, by St. Simon—Lucky Lady, and two sharp-looking colts by Ladas—Charm and Ladas—Dum Dum. A daughter of Diamond Jubilee—Andromeda also suggests possibilities. Morès, now a four-year-old, may run. "He has the worst-shaped legs and joints possible, and last season it was impossible to train him," is my information. Of Perambulator I have already written.

There is good reason to suppose that the Clarehaven stable will hold its own again this year, and not improbably a bit more. Mr. Gilpin tells me that Sir Daniel Cooper's Petrillo, by Gallinule—Float, is a beautiful colt and a lovely goer; his ch. c. Gallus, by Gallinule—Nushka, purchased out of the Wynyard lot, is also a very nice youngster, with grand quality and action. The b.f. Lesbia, sister to Flair (St. Frusquin—Glare), is somewhat low at present, but stands over a lot of ground, and is a charming mover. Mr. Gilpin is very fond of her. There will be a natural curiosity to hear of the two-year-old sister to Pretty Polly. "A beautiful filly and a very good goer," is Mr. Gilpin's description; "she is well grown, but not so heavy as the sisters Adora and Adula. French Partridge, by Gallinule—Lutetia," Mr. Gilpin continues, "is a very nice chestnut filly, and Green Drake, ch. c. by Wildfowler—May Race, is a magnificent colt. Like the postscript in a lady's letter, I am not at all sure that he should not have come first." These last three are Major Eustace Loder's. Mr. Neumann has a very nice brown filly by St. Simon—Sirenia, but she has been amiss, and her trainer can say nothing of her action. Another of Mr. Neumann's is a good-looking son of Gallinule and Firelight. Adora, who has not run, is expected to come to hand in due course. She was very big, and backward in consequence, and absolutely nothing is known about her.

Colonel Hall Walker starts the year with a long string, about which he is good enough to send me particulars. Black Arrow is not yet quite right, but there is reason to hope and believe that the injury to his pastern will eventually be overcome. Colonia, too, is

still suffering from her split or fractured pastern, but of her coming right there is also a fair prospect. It is a most remarkable circumstance that this good colt and filly should both have been hurt in the same way, and hard lines that mischief should have befallen Colonia in the only race she ran last season. Merry Moment would have been out over hurdles at the abandoned Kempton meeting, and may have appeared elsewhere before this number of the magazine is published. His owner describes him as "a little topper, who may not, however, be able to take down the

MY PET II

(Photograph by Clarence Hailey, Newmarket)

number of Cinders or Roseate Dawn." Eight three-year-olds include Polar Star, Knight of Tully, Ulpian, Frampton, and Simon Passe; Witch Elm, Order of Merit, and Belle Vale. "The two-year-olds," Colonel Hall Walker writes, "are a better-looking lot than I had last year, and there are more of them. I fancy I have as good a colt as Polar Star, as good a filly as Witch Elm, and a better following; but these are joys of anticipation, so necessary to a breeder if he makes up his mind to be optimistic and enjoy life; for I hold that the pleasures of realisation are never equal to the joys of anticipation, if you really let yourself go in building castles in the

air." Excellent philosophy; for you are certain of a lot of satisfaction in looking forward, the only thing being to what extent disappointment (if it comes) more than counterbalances. There are eight colts and six fillies: Royal Realm, White Eagle, Indian Runner, Pom, Will Honeycombe—there is a pleasant flavour of the *Spectator* about the name—Golden Armour, Mark Magpie, and Caradoc; Elm Twig, St. Bridget, Call Bird, Camp Bird, County Ball, and Free Food. The blue-and-white check jacket should be often to the fore.

In answer to my inquiries, Percy Peck tells me that three useful-looking colts of Lord Durham's that move well and should be able to gallop are Woodpecker (Wild Fowler—Nuthatch), London (Fortunio—Rosalura), and Bardolph (Bay Ronald—Farandole); and there is a quick-looking filly, Sea Spray, by Cyllene—Ark Royal. Lord Rosebery's Sir Toby (Sir Visto—Gas), Olympus (Cyllene—Mauchline), and Alistair (Ladas—Alizarine) are promising. Sir Toby takes very much after his sire, and is a capital mover, but at present backward.

Manton may do better than last season, at least Alec Taylor rather likes some of his charges, amongst others Mr. W. Bass's brown son of Florizel II and Chimera, and his chestnut daughter of Tarporley and Strawberry Hill; Mr. Singer's daughter of St. Serf and Escalade—though her half-brother was a sore disappointment last season; Mr. "Fairie's" Carpathian, a son of Isinglass and Felicia, and a chestnut colt by Sir Edgar—Lady Uncas II. Charles Waugh's gem is a son of Flying Fox and Miss Langdon, of whom he hopes much. This colt will not be out till Ascot. Mr. George Lambton is at present chiefly hopeful of a son of St. Frusquin and Canterbury Pilgrim. Several of my friends reply to my letters by kind invitations to come down and judge for myself, pleasant suggestions which I have not been able to carry out, and so some stables of which I had hoped to write have to be omitted.

In the course of a short time the Government, which has already carried one ridiculous and futile measure—the Street Betting Bill—will, it is understood, take a further step in the same direction, and endeavour to prohibit the publication of betting news and the sending of telegrams in connection with racing. This is a veiled attack on the Turf, and of course on the horse-dealing industry of which Great Britain is the head-quarters. Why a certain class of politician should be so bitter against the racehorse, and the healthy diversion it affords to tens of thousands of the population of all classes from the highest to the lowest, it is impossible to say. It has been well remarked

that it is as ludicrously impossible to stop betting as to stop the consumption of mutton chops, and that if men could not bet upon horses they would speedily find some other subject for their wagers. Little opposition was made to the Street Betting Bill for the sufficient reason that very few persons were affected by it, and those not of a class to make their opposition felt. For the Government to attempt to control Editors of newspapers, and say what they may or may not publish, is altogether another matter, and the Press is surely strong enough to hold its own. If the prohibition came into force certain trifling inconveniences would be for a short time perhaps felt by men who wanted to bet; but these would easily be overcome. One result, as has been pointed out, would be the arising of a number of amateur bookmakers in social clubs—many such "layers" have for a long time past played the part in racing club enclosures—and in other places where those who wanted to take the odds would readily find men to lay them. Methods could be easily devised for giving currency to the state of the market.

The "Anti" party in Australia has lately been on the same tack; but though the Assembly sent up to the Council a Bill containing several preposterous clauses, these were speedily struck out, and little or no harm to the sport has resulted. It may be that those responsible for these Bills do not realise the value of a strain of thoroughbred blood in chargers, hunters, hacks, and horses intended for other spheres than the racecourse; they are presumably ignorant of the enormous extent of the industry, that good winners have been sold of late years for sums of 37,500 guineas downwards, and that horse-breeding and racing furnish employment for multitudes of men—a deliberate assertion, for it is hard to say in what directions money is not spent and what trades do not benefit. Innumerable telegrams in connection with racing are dispatched annually, indeed the revenue from this source is so large that the loss of it would be severely felt by the Department. It would, however, be a simple matter to adopt codes which would render abortive the endeavour to stop such messages.

The chief mischief in all this is the making criminal of acts which the common sense of the nation would decline to regard as crime; for this merely brings the law into contempt. Without racing, the value of horses could not be ascertained, for they cannot be appraised by the rules that apply to cattle. What one wants to find out is the speed, constitution, stamina of the animal, and there is no other way except training him and pitting him against other horses. Betting will continue on racing so long as races are run, and if racing were stopped it would be diverted into football, cricket, golf, athletic sports, and all sorts of other contests.

THE WOLF IN FRANCE

BY G. H. POWELL

In the vast modern literature dealing with the wild beast world, it may be doubted if the wolf has ever yet had full justice done to him. The cowardly lion, the skulking tiger, these we go far to seek in their native wildernesses. But the wolf he is our own, our only "wild beast" worth speaking of, the denizen, till lately, of every European forest, the terror of our rural homesteads, the nightmare of all unprotected domestic life.

His personality is probably the purest expression of carnivorous bloodthirstiness (of the kind seen on a smaller scale in the stoat and polecat) that occupies any considerable figure on four legs.

"The uncompromising enemy," as one observer calls him, of every living thing, unsociable in himself and allied only for ephemeral predatory purposes with the brethren he is equally ready to devour: prudent and foreseeing in action, if panic-stricken by certain overpowering perils, of prodigious patience and untiring endurance, he is audacious (when foiled and desperate) to the utmost limits of animal ferocity. Sinister in appearance, with what Buffon called a "delusive air of gentleness and docility," belied by the diabolical sparkle of the small eyes which in the night-time "burn like two yellow flames," with step singularly firm and quick, at leisure moments he more than runs, dances along, while pursuit soon animates him to

> The wolf's long gallop which will tire
> The hound's deep hate and hunter's fire.

A desperate antagonist when brought to bay, he can bear the deadliest wounds, "only crying out when a ball breaks the bone," and

> Dies in silence, biting hard,
> Amid the dying hounds.

His jaw is one of the most terrible of carnivorous weapons, and its slashing bite, aimed not to grip but to tear, can break the thighbone of a buffalo. "The noise of it, when at work in a sheepfold, resembles nothing so much as *the incessant cracking of a heavy whip*." With a sense acute as the vulture's for fresh blood he will

travel leagues on a winter's night to find his prey, and pursue it with an almost human ingenuity and perseverance. When hungry (and he is almost always hungry) he will attack and devour anything from a full-grown elk or bear to a frog, a lizard, or an insect. *In extremis* he can make a meal of an old boot or a pair of derelict carriage-traces. Such is the *Canis lupus*, the "wolf of the evening," as we know him painted from life by the closest observers. And this blood-sucking monster, the farmer's deadly enemy, the inveterate foe of every animal devoted to man's service, pursued by hound, gun, *traqueur*, destroyed by poison and pitfall, has succeeded in perpetuating himself, not in remote deserts and jungles, but in the heart of the most civilised countries.

Our Anglo-Saxon ancestors dedicated to his dread name the winter month when he became famished and desperate, and called after him the outlaw with whom no terms were to be held.

But though parts of Ireland were described as "infested with wolves" down to the eighteenth century,[1] Great Britain has long been free of them. In the forests on the continent, however, they have continued to flourish as an active pest to rural humanity down to our times. And in France we may quote the remark of an English barrister writing in 184–, that "the depredations of these animals would appear fabulous to those unacquainted with such matters."[2] A series of classical authors (from the days of Froissart's famous friend Gaston-Phœbus, Count of Foix[3]) have devoted special monographs to the animal, his natural history and character, and the methods for his pursuit and destruction. Anecdotes of his ferocity and his depredations in the provinces abound through the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Thus, in the correspondence of the famous Duchess of Orleans, we read (Marly, February 9, 1709) in her account of the severe winter:

"Packs of wolves commit frightful ravages. They have devoured the postman of Alençon and his horse. Two of the beasts

[1] Macaulay, "History of England," iv., 141, in citing various authorities. Ireland was nicknamed "Wolfland," and wolf-hunting was a common sport in Munster. The last wolf is said to have been killed in Scotland in 1686, and in Ireland about 1710.

[2] O'Connor, "Field Sports in France."

[3] See De Foix, "Déduits de la Chasse," Vérard (1507), and the famous J. de Fouilloux, "Venerie, Fauconnerie," etc., 1585 (and reprinted 1864); and Jean de Clamorgan, "Chasse du loup" (illustrated with 15 woodcuts), an important supplement to Estienne's "Maison Rustique," etc., 4to, Lyon, 1578. Lisle de Moncel, "Methodes pour parvenir à la destruction des loups dans le Royaume," Paris, 1768, is the special subject of this article, for which I have also cited La Crignelle's most interesting account of "Le Morvan: Its Wild Sports, Forests, etc.," translated from the French MS. by Capt. Jesse, 8vo, 1851, and O'Connor's valuable "Introduction to the Field Sports of France" (illustrated), 8vo, London and Paris, 1846. L. de M. cites (among seventeenth-century authorities, a priest, Louis Gruan, Robert de Salnove, a poet Habert, and Robert Montois.

attacked a tradesman near Mons, one springing at his throat. In response to his cries for help two dragoons who were walking by came to his help. One drew his sword and ran the wolf through the body, on which it turned and seized its new assailant by the throat. His comrade came up and beat the brute off, but not before it had strangled the man. Meanwhile the other had seized the second dragoon from behind and dragged him down. Finally, when effective help arrived from the town both the soldiers and one wolf were found dead, the other had got away."

Such were the possible incidents of a suburban stroll in hard weather in 1709. It is more astonishing to read that in the year 1846 (when England was engaged in repealing the Corn Laws) wolves are described by one competent authority as "decidedly on the increase," and by another (in 1851) as "scarcely diminishing in number." The damage inflicted by their activities in one winter upon a single small district in Le Manche amounted to the value of £70 or £80.

French law and policy in regard to these evils, as towards game-preserving and other matters, were naturally not unaffected by the general changes and reaction in the spirit of her government. The salutary laws enacted to encourage the destruction of wolves were, it was complained, injudiciously relaxed, and the public rewards for killing the beasts were reduced—obviously not on public grounds—to nominal sums which could not remunerate so arduous an undertaking. Thus in 1814 the *louvetiers*, or state officials appointed for the purpose in the "wolf districts," were allowed the privilege of hunting twice a month in all forests rented by sportsmen from the State, which privilege was by an ordinance of Louis Philippe (July 24, 1832) wholly withdrawn; and the rewards, which were previously of considerable value, had been reduced on the following scale, viz.:

For killing a wolf	200 fr.	Reduced to	12 fr.
,, she wolf with young	300 ,,	,,	18 ,,
,, ,, not with ,,	250 ,,	,,	15 ,,
,, young wolf	20 ,,	,,	6 ,,

"Nor has this reduction been made in consequence of any diminution in the number of these noxious animals; on the contrary, it is *an admitted fact that they are much on the increase*,"[1] in which case the diminution in the price offered might seem to indicate that game-preserving influence was absolutely paramount at court. These are,

[1] O'Connor. In La Crignelle's time the reward for male and female wolves is given as 20 and 25 fr. respectively.

THE ENEMY

at any rate, curious facts in nineteenth-century history. The casual railway traveller who gazes wearily on the white poplar-girt roads and neat close-trimmed fields of orderly agricultural France, where nature seems often pared to the bone, and his eye misses the occasional clump of trees, the waste corner with exuberant hedge-row, so characteristic of England, may be excused for forgetting the amount of primitively wild cover still left in that country.

Thus in an account of the district of Le Morvan, some 120 miles south-east of Paris, we are introduced to such scenery as might set the sportsman and lover of nature fairly raving with delight: "A tract of thick dark forest of ancient oak, maple, and spreading beech, covering nearly 200,000 acres of ground," and abounding with every variety of game, the deer, roebuck, hare, rabbit, partridge, wood-cock, wild cat, wild boar, and last but not least the wolf. As to the solitude of these vast wildernesses we are assured that from one point in the forest of Ervean it was possible to walk some eighty miles almost to the gates of Dijon "without seeing a cottage or a human soul." In the centre of such a country, surrounded by deep ravines, lonely heaths, and watercourses buried in almost impene-trable thickets, there stood, a little north of the Hostel of Bazarne, an immense farmhouse built on the lava of an extinct volcano, twenty miles from the nearest habitation. La Crignelle, who spent his youth in this romantic spot, certainly enjoyed unique oppor-tunities for the study of wild life. It was the favourite rendezvous, he tells us, of many of the deer, boar, and other denizens of the forest.

"In winter when the snow covered the earth for several weeks, the famished and furious wolves assembled in the neighbourhood in packs, carrying off in broad daylight everything they could lay their teeth on; sheep and shepherd, dog and huntsman, horse and horse-man, bones, hair, skins half tanned, old hats and shoes. Even the corrupt bodies of the dead were torn from their resting-places and eaten by these horrid animals. On moonlight nights these brutes would come fearlessly up to the very walls of the farm, dancing their sarabands in the snow, howling like so many devils, shrieking and showing their long, white teeth. . . . Their yells, their cries of rage, of victory, and of love, intermingled with the funereal song of the screechowl, and the lugubrious melodies from the blast without in the large open chimneys—were the concert which from December to April lulled to sleep the inmates of Saint-Hibaut." [1]

Among the inimitable sketches of wild life and scenery given by this author, which include portraits of two celebrated local

[1] La Crignelle, "Le Morvan," etc., 1851.

characters, racy of the soil, Navarre, the famous head keeper, with that culverin-like rifle none but he could wield, and Père Seguin, the veteran "double" poacher (*i.e.* past master of all sports dry and wet), none is more fascinating than the description of the *chasse aux mares*, the sensational raptures of which are easily realisable.

The larger pools or lagoons (*mares*) in the heart of the forest, begirt by luxuriant cover and resonant with the voices of all kinds of birds, provide a natural and charming theatre from which the sportsman, well hidden in the bushes, seated in the fork of a convenient tree, or snugly ensconced in a carefully constructed hut, may survey on a summer night the private dealings of a whole procession of wild animals.

In the violent heats of July and August, he tells us, when the earth is quite dried up, the hot-blooded animals cower panting in their shady retreats all day; but at sunset, when twilight brings in its train the dark hours and humid vapours, the forest breathes again; and the large *mare*, "silent as a catacomb," is all at once endowed with life, is filled with strange noises, and becomes, as night falls, a common centre to which the hungry and thirsty cavalcade direct their steps. One may picture the scene as viewed by our boy-sportsman from the sylvan hut he had constructed for himself, giving a view over the banks of a solitary lagoon he had discovered, its dark waters almost surrounded by wild fruit trees, the sorb or service tree, the medlar, the wild cherry, and arbutus, the soft green turf strewed with shining black and red berries.

"The first arrivals are hundreds of birds of every size and colour, who come to gossip, to bathe, to drink, and splash the water with their wings. Next come troops of rabbits and hares to nibble the fresh grass that grows there in great luxuriance.

"As the shades grow deeper, groups of the graceful roebuck, timid and listening for anticipated danger, their large eyes gazing at each tree, giving an inquiring look at every shadow, are seen approaching with noiseless footsteps; when reassured by their careful reconnaissance, they steal forward, cropping the dewy rich flowers as they come, and at last slake their thirst in the refreshing waters."

At this point, one may well agree, the temptation to shoot, to bring down the nearest buck and bag another with one's second barrel as the affrighted troop plunge back into the forest, might seem irresistible. But no! Reader or sportsman must not miss the scene that follows.

See! the roebuck prick their ears, turn to the wind, and appear uneasy; call one to the other and draw together. Danger is near. They feel it, hear it coming. They would fly, but find it is too late; terrified, they remain chained to the spot.

For the last half-hour the wolves, which have been following gently and at a distance their own more rapid movements, have closed in upon them from behind, have formed the fatal circle, have noiselessly decreased it as much as possible, and at length come swiftly down upon the helpless creatures. Each seizes his victim by the throat; the tranquil spot is transformed to a scene of blood and carnage, and the echoes of the forest are awakened to the hellish yells of the savage brutes devouring their prey. The cries of agony, of death and victory, sometimes last a quarter of an hour, during which, as you watch the scene from your hut, you may fancy the teeth of these brutes meeting in your own flesh, and feel a cold paw with claws of steel deep in your back or head. The slaughter over, these monsters pass like a flight of demons across the turf, vanish, and again all is silent.

And later in the evening, long after all the birds are sound asleep in their nests, while the young fawns in some wild ravine bleat for their lost mothers, and the gorged wolves, their muzzles red with blood, are stretched snoring in their dens, then at last the heavy boars shake off their drowsiness, leave their sombre retreats, and trotting, grunting, with hesitating footsteps come, plunge their awkward and heavy bodies in the marshy waters, and wallow in the soft mud.

One may be permitted to doubt if any Indian or African explorer has ever sketched a more striking or sensational scene in the great drama of wild life; such are the varied and fascinating opportunities of the *chasse à l'affût* (ambuscade).

Of the various methods employed for killing the wolf the most popular are the great battues that take place in May (when the animals are with young) and December.

For this purpose everyone who loves excitement attends. Gentlemen, poachers, gendarmes, young conscripts, old soldiers, doctors, and schoolmasters, everyone who is the fortunate possessor of a gun, carbine, pistol, sabre, or bayonet, presents himself at the rendezvous, while bands of peasants armed with bludgeons, spears, broomsticks, cymbals, bells, frying-pans, saucepans, and fire-irons (it is impossible to make too much noise on these occasions) assemble from all quarters. And out of these ample materials the head ranger of the forest, assisted by a whole battalion of *gardes-de-chasse*, proceeds to organise a gigantic wolf-drive on principles familiar to the British covert-shooter. The "guns" are placed so as to form two sides of a triangle, with strict orders to fire only in front: the base of the triangle or cord of the arc being formed of the crowd of peasants who advance in serried lines beating every bush and thicket, hallooing, singing, and banging together their pots, kettles, and irons in a fashion to scare all living creatures.

The intense excitement, the solitude and suspense, the impatience with which the sportsman standing at his post (marked, lest he should stray from it, by a notch or a broken bough) watches the flying legion of feathered and four-footed animals go by him, is graphically described. But the wolves, for whom every shot is conscientiously reserved, are the last to break cover; they trot up and down restlessly seeking for a break in the line, and rarely advance till the tempest of sound is almost ringing in their ears. Then, as the *traqueurs* (beaters) come in sight, the largest and boldest of the beasts place themselves in front, and spurred forward by one more *charivari* of yells, shouts, and clashing saucepans, at last rush into the open amid a fusillade of various artillery, and a hailstorm of ball and buckshot.

Thirty or forty head of killed, not counting wounded, was considered a fair day's bag. The Government rewards (perhaps amounting to twenty or twenty-five pounds) were distributed among the peasantry to complete the festivity of the occasion.

An effective kind of *chasse à l'affût* was also applied to the wolf in midwinter time, when hunger made him bold. The sportsmen, well fortified with liquor and provisions, concealed themselves in a large hut. A few living baits—usually calves, each with a vein opened in its neck, by which the poor beast bleeds slowly to death with lugubrious bleatings—are tethered by strong ropes in a convenient clearing made or selected for the purpose. The hut, it should be observed, has been left unoccupied for some nights previously with two or three ducks, a goose, or a sheep fastened near it in order to tempt the wolves and familiarise them with the surroundings. Then, on the appointed night, if all goes well, a pack will assemble, and a few audacious individuals attempt to drag the calves off into the forest. Finding this impossible, and goaded by the pangs of hunger, the brutes abandon all caution, crowd upon their prey, and plunge their ravenous jaws into the palpitating flesh. Then is the moment for the impatient sportsmen to open fire. The first volley puts the wolves to flight, but hour after hour as silence falls again upon the scene, attracted by the cries and the smell of their wounded companions, and the fresh blood of the mangled or half-devoured victims, they will return again and again, till the forest glade becomes a scene of ghastly carnage.

In the morning the wounded, a considerable number, will be tracked out by the peasants with their dogs and dispatched.

The cruelty of the process may perhaps be excused by its beneficent object, no mere fanciful victory over a factitious enemy, but one in which the peril and suffering were by no means all on one side, as we learn from a grisly anecdote here recorded: In

February of a severe winter, when deep snow had cut off all communication between the villages, the forest of La Madeleine became overrun with wolves, who attacked and devoured so many travellers that few dared venture into the country at night. On the outskirts stood a large farm, whose ramparts (of the fashion already described) enclosed a large number of sheep and cattle. Hither at night-time would assemble "troops of wolves, scratching under the walls and loudly demanding the trifling alms of a horse, an ox, or a man."

As it happened that a colt had recently died, the proprietor determined to use it as a bait. The body was accordingly placed in the middle of the courtyard, on a bright starlight night, and securely fastened by heavy weights in an obvious position, the principal gate being left open with an arrangement of cords and pulleys for closing it. At night the house was shut up and barricaded, all lights extinguished, the dogs brought indoors and kept quiet. Soon after ten, wolves were heard approaching, and after the usual interval of suspicion and hesitation, the anxious watchers from the house discerned a group of eight gathered round the dead colt and eating hard, with ears erect and with eyes still on the way of retreat. A low whistle, and, four men hauling instantly at the ropes, the large folding-gates rolled together in the silence of the night, with a thunderous noise, and the wolves were prisoners, startled and terrified, creeping about in vain search for some outlet. The quarry thus secured, their destruction was reserved for the next day. At early dawn master and men set ladders against the courtyard walls, and from those points of vantage and from the windows fired volleys on the entrapped wolves. Unable to resist, the animals hurried hither and thither, crouching under carts or behind stones. Wounded and enraged, they began to make alarming leaps and utter dreadful yells. The rustics were but indifferent shots, and the wolves never an instant at rest, galloping wildly round the enclosure or leaping from side to side. (What would not the reader have given to be there, a hammerless breachloader in hand and his pockets stuffed with cartridges of buckshot!) The affair became tedious. One youth, finding his ladder too short, took his seat astride on the wall. One of the largest of the wolves at that moment made a desperate leap, as if to clear the obstacle, and, failing, attempted to climb up the unhewn stonework like a cat, then fell back, but not till he had reached high enough almost to seize with his teeth the foot of the unfortunate lad. Terrified at this, the latter, raising his leg to avoid the brute, lost his balance and fell with a heartrending scream into the court below. The maddened wolves turned like lightning upon their helpless victim, and a scene ensued perhaps seldom paralleled in European experience.

The farmer, gun in hand, leaped heroically, followed by his men, into the ghastly arena, where the horrors of a hand-to-hand conflict between man and beast were intensified by the cries of the dying youth, the neighing of horses, the bellowing of oxen, and the wild lamentations of the women and children who watched it from the house. At length the farmer's wife, a powerful and resolute woman, released the fierce dogs and dropped them from a window into the yard, a welcome reinforcement which completed the tumult and the tragedy.

In twenty minutes the eight wolves lay dead, and with them half the faithful dogs and the ill-fated youth, his throat torn open. His brave defenders were all more or less wounded, and the gallant farmer's left hand was so injured as to require amputation. One can well believe there was little exultation over such a victory, and that the sense of hatred and terror impressed by the episode upon a rural population could not easily be effaced.

THE RIGHT PAW OF AN "OLD WOLF" PRESENTED TO THE LATE DUKE OF BEAUFORT

No less tragic possibilities attended the use of the *traquenard* or great wolf-trap, a terrific engine, each jaw a circle of iron four or five feet in circumference, furnished with saw-like teeth. It was secured by an iron chain, having at the other end a bar of iron with hooks, a sort of grapnel to prevent the entrapped wolf going any considerable distance.

The *traquenard* is set about an hour before sundown. A pig, dog, or sheep, some days dead, is divided into four or five parts, of which one is hung from a bough just over the trap, and the others are drawn along the ground by way of drags to entice any roving wolf on to the fateful line of scent. To prevent accidents to human travellers, especially where the trap has been set on some disused pathway, it is usual to hang stones and bits of stick from branches in the neighbourhood.

A safer and very effective form of trap is the *tour à loup*, or simple form of maze as it might be called, a circular structure composed of a double row of stakes firmly driven into the ground about 5 in. apart and leaving a passage of only 16 in. wide, with one entrance of about the same width, to which is hung a swing door, made to open inward, and to shut and latch on pressure from within. In the central space enclosed by this double circle, the bait—a goose or sheep—is confined, the door left open and the passage trodden down

to represent a beaten path. The wolf, once tempted inside, finds no room to turn, and going round comes behind the door which he pushes to, and thus closes upon himself in a fashion delightfully simple.

For one wolf killed at a big battue or hunt, twenty or thirty, as one can easily believe, fell to the trap, poison, or other private contrivance.

Hunting, for reasons already indicated, was in itself but a tiresome and ineffective method, scarcely any dogs being anything like a match for the wolf in strength and endurance. As to his ferocity and superior *armament*, Louis XIII is said to have tried the best hounds in his pack—three at a time—upon one elderly specimen, which disposed of twelve of them very shortly without suffering any serious injury. The wolf, while extremely difficult to dislodge from any extensive forest, even with the aid of fifty couple of hounds, was, if he chose to break cover, soon out of reach of any of them. Hence a better plan was to employ a special breed of bloodhounds, assisted by *relays of greyhounds slipped at intervals* in order to delay his course and enable the heavier animals to get up with him, a practice obviously involving a good deal of skill and special knowledge. The maintenance of such packs was no less expensive a business than the organisation of the battue and payment of the vast horde of beaters it involved. Both methods, however, were commonly used by our eighteenth-century *louvetier* when the game was far more plentiful. His volume[1] is, in fact, a patriotic appeal, coupled with explicit directions as to every detail of the great business of wolf destruction, battue, hunt, poison, trap, pitfall etc., the organisation of peasants and domestic servants for the purpose, and notes on the natural history of the animal, weapons, powder, ball, etc.

The *Gazette du Commerce* (April, 1765) after dwelling on the "atrocious ravages effected by wolves for some time past," and the "general consternation they have caused," gives a special report of the campaign, as we may call it, of M. Lisle de Moncel against the national enemy.

"If every large landowner," it continues, not very hopefully, "would organise *constant* wolf-hunts on his estate, we should succeed in destroying, *at any rate to a great extent* (!), these dangerous animals." In those days they carried their depredations up to the very gates of populous cities. The newspapers were full of their ravages. Mad

[1] Lisle de Moncel, "Methodes et projets, etc.," Paris, 1768. How the late Duke of Beaufort took a pack of hounds across the Channel to hunt the wolf in France has already been described in this magazine.

wolves appeared now and then and communicated the dreadful disease. A single wolf had recently appeared just outside Verdun. It was first seen at 7 a.m. The commandant and a party of officers turned out in pursuit and killed the monster by 10, but in the interval it had caused the death of five or six people and dangerously wounded nearly a dozen others. Women and children in many districts were afraid to work in the fields or frequent the public markets. And in the forests in Sainte-Menehould the woodmen dared not venture out of their huts. In a single parish nearly fifty head of cattle were destroyed in a year. Bands of wolves invaded one rural district after another. M. Lisle de Moncel, ex-cavalry officer and *grand seigneur*, pursued the enemy from forest to forest; and the account of his campaigns (in which, among other points, he notes the appearance of a new species of wolf, of size and ferocity indicating a Northern origin, which French hounds could hardly be persuaded to face) is very curious reading.

Space forbids us to refer to it further than to cite his note on the capture of live wolves in a special kind of pitfall which he seems to have brought to perfection. It was 13 or 14 ft. deep, of conical outline, some 12 ft. across, and lined at the bottom with straw and vine twigs, to break the animal's fall, and also to deaden his spring when attempting to jump out. The animals thus trapped were largely used for blooding young hounds.

FIFTEENS AT WINCHESTER COLLEGE.
(Photograph by R. H. Northall

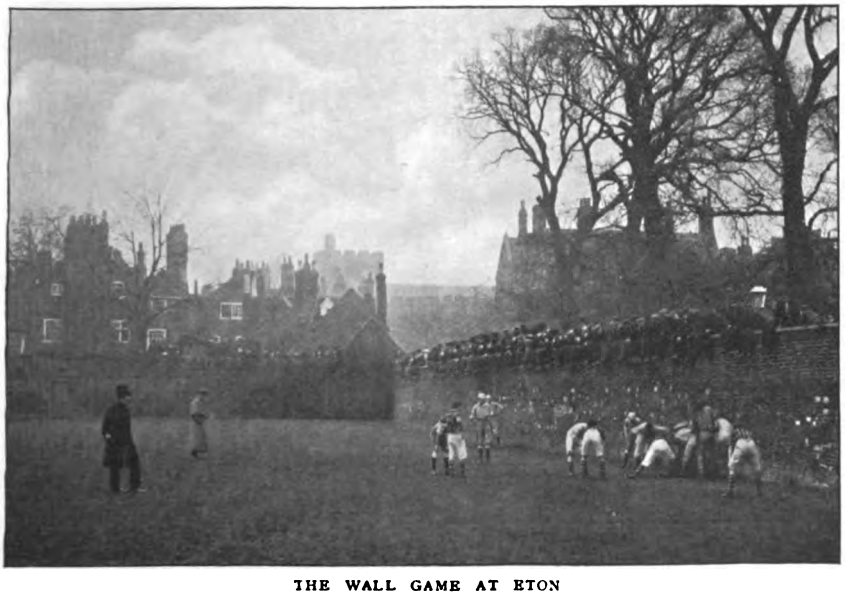
THE PLAYING-FIELDS OF OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS

BY GEORGE A. WADE

LEADERS of men in almost any department of public life in England have usually come from one or other of our chief public schools. The soldiers may have been educated at Marlborough or Wellington; the statesmen at Eton, Harrow, or Rugby; the divines at Winchester or Westminster; the city's commercial leaders at Merchant Taylors', St. Paul's, or Christ's Hospital; the brilliant newspaper men at Clifton, Fettes, or Haileybury. But whatever position they hold, or whatever special work they have taken up, although a leader now and then may be found who has sprung from another rank and source, yet it remains undisputable that, generally speaking, they are public-school men.

And if it be so unquestionably true that the leader owes a great debt to his old school, it is equally true that his old school owes a big debt in her turn to the playing-fields which have had such a share in teaching those who have spent their early years there to be bold, chivalrous, and resourceful. It is impossible to say which of our

great schools has the finest or most notable playing-fields. Eton's have become historic from the well-known dictum attributed rightly or wrongly to the hero of Waterloo; Rugby's can boast of being historic in the real meaning of the term,—for did not Cromwell and his famous Ironsides encamp on the Close during the night of March 30, 1645, whilst on their journey to fight the Royal army? Winchester will tell you that the fame of the Meads was ancient even before the first public school—her own—was thought of; Westminster's games and sports are watched in Vincent Square by bigger and more enthusiastic crowds than those of any other similar school on ordinary match-days.



THE WALL GAME AT ETON
(Photograph by Hill & Saunders)

Most readers well know the wide expanse of playing-fields at Eton, the celebrated wall which sees, every St. Andrew's Day, the great contest in the ancient "wall-game," "Sixpenny," otherwise "Timbrall's," the many splendid fives-courts and racket-courts there, and that beautiful expanse of turf where small Etonians in silk hats cry out and shout "Well played, sir!" during the annual tussle between Eton and Winchester. Eton has truly noble playing-fields. They lie by the Thames; their extent is great, their turf excellent, their surroundings all that could be desired. Cricket, football, hockey, rackets, fives, all are there—with the wall-game

and the beagle-pack thrown in for those who choose. Last year the school cast aside her long love for the Soccer game of football, and has taken up with the newer love of Rugby. Probably she will distinguish herself in that as she has done in Association. The record of famous Etonians, famous for the after practice of what they learned in the playing fields, is unending. Of these now prominent are Alfred Lyttelton, his brother Edward, Lord Hawke, Lord Harris, B. J. T. Bosanquet, and the Foleys, to name only a few. Stories of the playing-fields can never tire the average schoolboy, and Eton's history teems with them.

"SOCCER" IN DEAN'S YARD, WESTMINSTER.

After Eton comes Harrow. The Harrovian will doubtless object, and say "*Before*, please!" So let it be explained that we do not mean to institute comparison, but simply to follow the ordinary use in the words, Eton *v.* Harrow. "The Hill" is of world-wide celebrity. It is true that there is a steep slope on one side of the oldest play-field at the school, and that on the other side the palings make the boundary rather closer than many boys would have it; but every Harrow boy loves the field, and hits at cricket have to be run out, no "boundaries" are allowed. This field is known as the "Sixth Form" ground, since that game—the highest in Harrow cricket—is played there. There is also the "Philathletic Ground," a large expanse separated from the former

ground by a road, and another field has lately been acquired in the neighbourhood. Harrow, therefore, does not lack space. As many as twelve games may often be seen in progress at one and the same time on the Philathletic Ground, proving that there are Jacksons, Maclarens, Dowsons, Stogdons, etc., all getting ready to keep up the reputation of the School-on-the-Hill. One thing often attracts the notice of visitors to the Harrovian playing-fields. There are quite a number of young trees to be seen together in one part. This is explained by the fact that, if a boy makes fifty runs in a house-match, he is allowed to plant a tree to record the feat. The honour is much sought after, as the sixty trees prove.

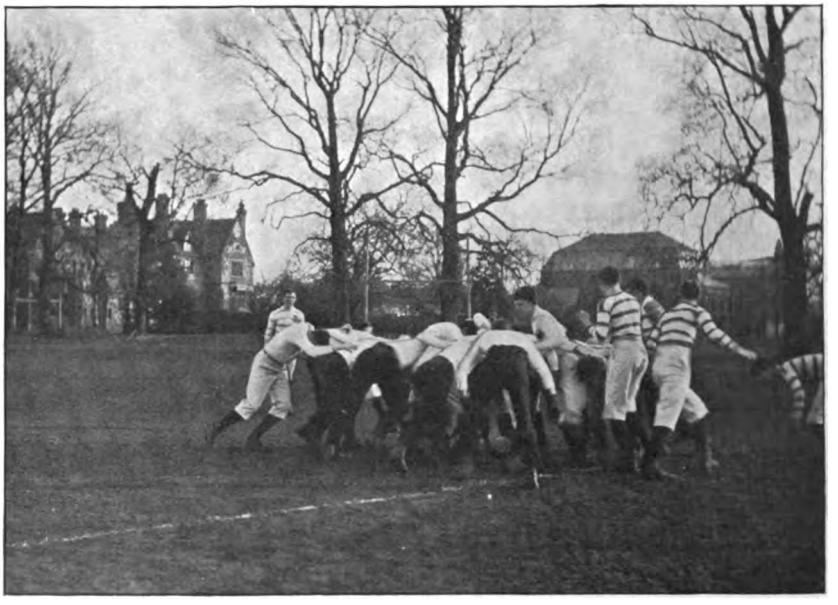
WESTMINSTER V. OLD HARROVIANS—A CRICKET MATCH AT VINCENT SQUARE

(Photograph by Sparrow)

Whilst we are about London let us deal with Westminster's fields. Field number one is close to the school, for it is the "Green" of Dean's Yard itself. Here there is not too much room for the Soccer game, but junior Westminster makes the most of what there is. It is very interesting to know that the playing of games on Dean's Green is a survival of the past times when Westminster boys played football, hockey, etc., in the very cloisters of the Abbey itself. When the authorities put a stop to what had gone on for centuries, they agreed to turn over the Dean's Green for the school's use. How many pedestrians passing through the Yard have had their silk hats kicked off by a deft shot from the foot of a budding Blaker or a Moon or a Sandilands, who may tell? But it used to be a favourite

piece of practice for the players to try this performance some years ago—it may still be so, for all I know to the contrary.

As to the even more celebrated Vincent Square, with its ten acres of playing-fields unequalled in the centre of London, who does not know those high railings, that worn football expanse, the green pitches for cricket, and the unique array of dirty, ragged urchins and loafing men, who turn up persistently to watch every match of the chief elevens, or to see the school sports each year? Frank and abrupt are the comments of that crowd, yet how it grows enthusiastic for the school! How it cheers when a Westminster boy gets a goal, or when a "Pink" hits a boundary at cricket! And for



RUGBY AT ITS ORIGINAL HOME
(Photograph by Speight, Rugby)

some reason it prefers to encourage a King's scholar to a Town-boy when the contest is between these houses. It somehow gets to know the names of prominent players, and it beseeches Thomson to "Buck up!" or cries out "Well run, Watkins!" in a way that proves its interest in the result.

As has been previously remarked, the playing-fields of Rugby are really historic. They consist of what is known as the Close, Caldecott's, and Benn's. These fields may again be divided into three portions, well known to all past and present Rugbeians as Old Bigside, Pentines, and Chapel Piece. As late as 1886 Rugby, which

up to then had only owned the Close for playing-fields, began to extend its area for sports by buying new ground, some of which had belonged to a farmer about half a mile from the school. One of the fields was re-named after a much-loved master, Mr. C. M. Caldecott. Let us not forget that it was on the Close that the present Rugby football game was first developed; that here "Tom Brown" had his many pleasant games, and that he has made it world-famous by the many people who have read his great story of Rugby life and ways. It is safe to say that not even Eton's playing-fields are more celebrated than those of Rugby, in the sense of being familiar to thousands of folk who have never even seen them, but who are keen in their estimation of our chief schools and their boys.

Not least amongst English public schools is that of Shrewsbury, though the man in the street may not hear its name as often as he does those of Eton and Harrow. But Shrewsbury has turned out some notable men, and some fine athletes also, and no article of this nature would be complete where the Salopian establishment of centuries did not receive her due recognition. The area of the playing-fields at Shrewsbury is about twenty-five acres, a really excellent space, and even that does not include the school bank on the river-side. Unlike Westminster and one or two other big schools, Shrewsbury has not to go far for her sport: the fields are close to her very doors, on the plateau at the top of the hill. The school-grounds at the front of the buildings are divided from them by a hedge and carriage-road only. In these fine fields the 251 boarders and the twelve day-boys of Shrewsbury School disport themselves each day to their hearts' content. Here such famous Salopians as Horne and Kemp (who both played in the Cambridge Eleven for three successive years), Raikes of Oxford (two years), and others of equal note, learned their cricket and football, and this old school is seldom without excellent representatives to-day in the 'Varsity teams of several sports.

Probably no big school, except Westminster, has had to labour under such disadvantages for playing-fields as Charterhouse. When in London much ground for sport was impossible to her, and it is surprising to know that after she had been transferred to Godalming it was several years before her authorities began to trouble about finding decent playing-grounds. A poor beginning was made in 1881 to remedy this, and years passed to 1888 before anything satisfactory was done. Then the field of ten acres, now known as "Under Green," was purchased for £4,000, it was turfed and sown properly for cricket, football, etc., and, with the five small grounds that the school had previously used, things began to look more promising. Since that time the authorities have attended better to

the sports side of school-life, with excellent results, as the fame of Charterhouse boys will easily prove. The names of C. W. Wright, G. O. Smith, Captain Wynyard, C. A. Smith, the Streatfeilds, Fane, Wreford-Brown, and others in modern days, will show that these playing-fields have been used to some purpose.

In strong contrast with what the Charterhouse rulers did when they removed the Carthusians to Godalming is what the Bluecoat School authorities have done since Christ's Hospital migrated from Newgate Street to West Horsham. They began at once to prepare for the army of blue coats and yellow stockings that was expected. And with what a glorious result! The boys now simply leave their own boarding-houses, and they are at once in their playing-fields. Moreover, so thoroughly have the governors done their part, that each house contains on the ground floor a fine dressing-room, where jerseys and flannels can be changed and ordinary clothes hung up, each boy's on his own pegs, whilst shelves for his boots, etc., are all prepared. And think of the area of these fields, certainly the largest of those possessed by any public school. Twenty football grounds of full size for Rugby games, besides cricket-pitches on the same liberal scale, and something like a score courts for rackets and fives! Truly they do not do these things by halves at the Bluecoat School, and if "Old Blues" fail to show up greatly amongst noted players from the public schools during the next few years there will be occasion for surprise. I have not mentioned the great gymnasium, the provision for swimming in baths and the open, but these all tell on the work of the playing-fields.

Winchester College has always been great since she led the van of our public-school system about 1380, and she is yet well in the forefront of it. Her playing-fields are now excellent and spacious. She has Meads, Dogger's Close, Lavender Meads, and New Fields, acquired at various times, of which Meads is the oldest portion. These extensive grounds stretch as far as St. Cross, so Wykehamists cannot complain of want of room in this respect. It has been said that Winchester has the most level grounds of any big school, which is perhaps quite true, for the play-fields here have been described as "billiard tables cushioned with trees," and indeed it is a really charming scene of rural beauty that is presented by these grounds where J. R. Mason and H. B. Leveson-Gower learned to play cricket, where Sir Edward Grey practised tennis, and where Fiennes and Cobbs have disported themselves for generations.

Radley College can claim that no rival has a more beautiful park-like group of playing-grounds for its alumni than it possesses in its seventeen acres. The fields are very extensive, stretching for a great distance from the school, and they are well kept, so that the boys

have all that they can possibly need in this way. If Radley has not yet turned out players equal in quality and numbers to Marlborough and Malvern it is at any rate not due to the want of playing-fields, or to these being neglected, for cricket, football, hockey, and athletic sports are very largely practised there.

The grounds for sport at Dulwich College lie close beside the well-known red-brick buildings that face you on that country road which leads to Sydenham. They are extremely well-turfed and kept in almost perfect order, which may well explain why such clean and smart craftsmen as C. M. Wells, R. N. Douglas, J. Douglas, and

THE TENNIS COURTS AT RADLEY
(Photograph by Warland Andrew, Abingdon)

others of fame came from Dulwich. There is a prim and smart look about the close-shaven lawns and the modern buildings at Dulwich which at once appeals to the observer.

There are only three big schools which can lay claim to having to provide for more than 800 boys on their fields, and we have already dealt with Eton's 1,050, and Christ's Hospital's 850. Now we come to the third, which is the celebrated Bedford Grammar School, with its 880 youths to look after and bring up in the way they should go. The play-fields at Bedford cover an area of more than twenty acres, and stretch along De Parys Avenue, a spot not unknown to other

Bedfordians besides the schoolboys. Though Bedford Grammar School has won much distinction in rowing, cricket, and shooting, perhaps its chief sport is football of the Rugby type. More than one of its youths have played in International matches, and it can boast of what must be nearly unique, viz. that Milton, who learned his football on these very acres, actually played for England whilst still a boy at the school.

At Marlborough there are three main pieces of ground which are used for games. The first of these is the "Field," which is a large piece of land adjoining the college. It will provide at a pinch

THE CRICKET PAVILION, BRADFIELD COLLEGE

six football grounds, but now is not much used for that game. Some dozen cricket matches can go on there at the same time. A portion of it has been specially levelled and is known as "The XI," being used for the chief games. The Broadleaze, which lies beyond the "Field," was acquired by the college about seven years ago. Here hockey used to find a home, and some football was played on about three grounds. Thirdly, the "Common" is the scene of all the principal football matches. Two grounds are used only by the college, and during Easter term several hockey grounds are in use: so that there is no stint of space for games at the school where A. G. Steel, best of amateur bowlers, whose name will never

be forgotten, R. H. Spooner, and others learned their cricket, and where the well-known Marlborough Nomads first practised kicking the oval over the cross-bar.

But when space is the standard, considering its number of boys—325—there can surely be few public schools better off than is Bradfield. It has five fields, known respectively as the Upper Ground, Lower Ground, Pit Field, Modern Side Field, and New Field. The total area of these is over thirty acres. There are other notable features worth attention here. The splendid pavilion, which was erected from the profits of the tuck-shop, cost £900; the fives courts, built from the same source, cost £300, and £1,100 has been expended on the grounds. Bradfield College has no superior in this matter with respect to its playing-fields.

When it comes to space pure and simple, however, Wellington College is easily first; for whilst it possesses a twelve-acre cricket ground, and a sixteen-acre football ground, it has also from 400 to 500 acres of beautiful estate belonging to it, over the whole of which the boys are allowed to roam and play. Only Christ's Hospital, with its two-and-a-half miles round its enclosure, can at all vie with the playing area open to Wellington boys.

The cricket ground at Cheltenham College extends over an area of eleven acres, and the coach of the boys for many years was the celebrated Lillywhite. The fields at Cheltenham have a distinction that few schools possess, for here the great county matches are held during what is known as the "Cheltenham Week," when Gloucestershire plays two matches against important opponents in the County Championship. Besides cricket fields there are large football grounds at this college, also an excellent fives-court and racket-courts, so that the many hundreds of boys at the "military school" cannot complain that they are not well provided with playing-fields.

IN A MALAY TOWN

THROUGH THE MALAY JUNGLE

BY J. C. GREW

OUR object in planning an expedition into the interior of the Malay Peninsula was two-fold: first the big-game shooting for which, from the accounts of others, the peninsula seemed to be a veritable paradise; then to see this rapidly developing country before the hand of British progress should have opened up its last hidden corners to the light of civilisation.

In the first respect we were destined to be wholly disappointed. The time chosen for our trip, although unavoidable, had brought us into the jungle at the height of the rains, the worst possible time of year; the rivers were in flood, the saltlicks submerged, and although continual signs of wild elephant and seladang were to be seen in the lowlands, all the great quantity of game which must have been there but shortly before our arrival had disappeared into the hills and the depths of the jungle where tracking was impossible. Only once, as I shall narrate, did we come on a fresh seladang track, but after following it for several hours until almost on the animal we were obliged to abandon the chase on account of the darkness. Tiger spoor were everywhere, and more than once news came to us of a native or bullock killed in some near-by village; yet to carry out a

successful beat in such vast stretches of thick jungle would have been absolutely impracticable.

In the other respect, however, we were well rewarded, for though rain poured almost incessantly day after day and week after week, with a tenacity and vigour which are known only in the tropics, all such handicaps were many times repaid by the interest of seeing at close hand the wilder places and people of this comparatively little-known country.

British influence is fast bringing the Malay Federated States to a condition of civilisation and prosperity undreamed of twenty years ago. Then the country was unopened, wars between the tribes

STREET SCENE IN SINGAPORE

were practically continuous, the murder of white settlers the rule rather than the exception. To-day each district is orderly and progressive under the able guidance of a British Resident, cities are springing up, roads are daily being pushed farther into the interior, and as far as the roads extend the smallest kampong with its school-house and police station is learning the demands of a higher civilisation.

We entered the peninsula from the port of Penang, which with Malacca, Province Wellesley, and Singapore forms what are known as the British Straits Settlements. A railway journey through great palm forests and vast stretches of rice-cultivated country, where big

black water buffaloes were in evidence in all directions, carrying burdens or turning irrigation wheels, and where hundreds of coolies in their pagoda-shaped hats worked knee-deep in the flooded pádi-fields, brought us to Taiping, a large town in the state of Perak. It was here, I remember, that a trifling incident gave me my first insight into the true Malay character.

We were deposited on the unlighted station platform at night, in utter darkness and a most dispiriting deluge of rain; hungry, weary, and wet as we were, the cheer of the rest-house appealed most strongly. Rickshaws were engaged, and in a moment we were speeding up the road at the satisfactory pace which a gentle reminder with one's cane on the coolie's back always secures. I took it for granted that my coolie knew where we wished to go, for although my knowledge of the Malay language did not then include either of the much-needed nouns "rest-house" or "hotel" I had carefully repeated both these words to him in English, and he had bowed with an expression of such total comprehension that I felt no misgivings as to a speedy arrival at the desired destination. So we spun along in the darkness, I already beginning to feel the cheering anticipation of a hot dinner and dry clothes.

Alas for a traveller's innocent trust in the moral responsibility of the oriental mind! We were well out in the country now; the rain was pouring harder than ever and dripping dispiritingly through the rickshaw top down my face and neck; not a light was in sight to show signs of human habitation, and the driving storm had quickly separated me from my companions, shutting out all other sounds. Then it was that I finally grasped the situation; my coolie not only had no knowledge of my intended destination, but took absolutely no interest in learning it; he was a wonderful piece of brainless, heartless mechanism, wound up to go until forcibly stopped; that was his purpose, his duty, his whole function, and he was fulfilling it to the letter, going on straight until ordered to cease, as unconcerned with the why and the wherefore of the matter as a bullock drawing a cartload of stones. When I stopped him and shouted despairingly, "Rest-house, hotel, rest-house!" he grinned as comprehensively as before, and changed his course; when I expressed my opinion of him in the choicest and strongest words at my command he beamed appreciatively and immediately started off in still another direction. Under the circumstances I was at the time unable to appreciate the humour of the situation. But the matter ended happily, for after an hour or more of aimless wandering we happened by good luck to pass a police station where the word "rest-house" was understood, and my coolie, with an ostentatious dressing down from the little Malay policeman, was directed thither.

My companions, I found, had both enjoyed exactly the same experience as myself.

Kuala Kangsar, the capital of Perak, was reached some days later, the Dato or headman of the town, who had been apprised of our arrival, receiving us with great cordiality and escorting us to the rest-house, where a day was spent in making final preparations for the trip.

We were to have had an audience of the Sultan of Perak, but as he was indisposed at the time this was unfortunately impossible, and our shooting permits were sent instead by the Dato. I happened, however, through an amusing mistake, to be presented to

SINGAPORE RIVER AND HARBOUR

one of the three Sultanas, each of whom lives in a separate Istana or palace. The chief native physician, having been introduced to us by the Dato, called at the rest-house in the morning after our arrival to ascertain if one of us would care to accompany him on his rounds in order to see something of the town, and as the others were busy packing I agreed to join him. He showed me the hospital, which though simple was neat and orderly in a degree worthy of the most civilised of cities, and having attended to several cases, started for an Istana, where he was to visit one of the Sultan's wives. We entered and passed upstairs to a large ante-room from

which a door led into the Sultana's apartments. As the doctor opened this door he made a sign to me, which I misinterpreted to mean that I should follow, and I was ushered in at his heels. The Sultana was sitting on a dais at one end of the room with her handmaidens grouped about her, and in her lap a baby born but a few weeks before, perhaps some future Sultan of Perak. The group made a decidedly Oriental picture, and in my interest at observing it I did not for the moment realise how unconventional my presence was. As the doctor turned and saw me his jaw fell in surprise, for he had in reality motioned me to wait outside. He was, however, to be credited with much diplomatic tact, for without a moment's hesitation, having salaamed to the Sultana, he presented me as a noted foreign physician who had come especially to advise concerning her health! I bowed low, my presence was approved, and what might have been an embarrassing situation turned out happily.

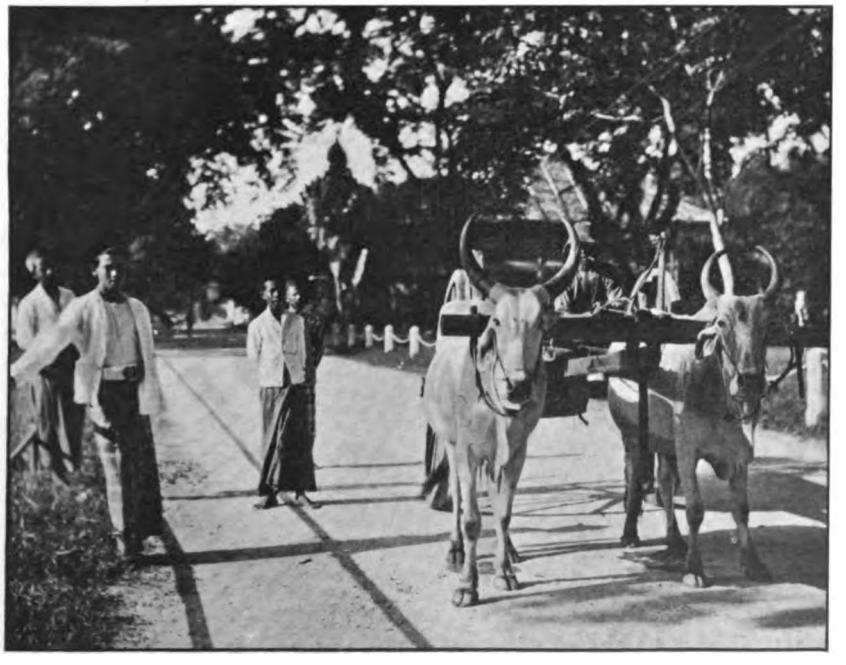
Kuala Kangsar is, so to speak, the outpost of civilisation: the railroad from the coast ends here, and to go farther one must arrange transport for oneself. Our plan briefly was to push in through Upper Perak to the state of Pahang, make the head waters of the Pahang River, build a raft of bamboo and float down stream to the eastern coast of the peninsula, where we should trust to find some sort of boat to Singapore. As Malay life centres chiefly around the great rivers, our plans promised no little interest.

A clear starlit night saw us packed in three bullock-carts at the rest-house at Kuala Kangsar, ourselves in the first, the luggage in the second, and Ahmed, our worthy cook, holding down the third. The impressions of the following fourteen hours are as clearly marked in my memory as at the time they were on my person: they were a medley of springless swaying and creaking, the sharp "Ja!" of the Kling driver coming at regular intervals through the night, the damp evil smell of the pâdi-grass which served as bedding, the odour of our driver's vile cigarettes and areca nuts, which alone must have served to keep one awake, and, above all, the pitiless swarms of flies that came from the pâdi-fields through which we passed, to render sleep as impossible as it was longed for. The cart jolted along at scarcely two miles an hour, never once stopping through the long, hot, soul-trying night.

Dawn disclosed the jungle like an impenetrable wall on one side and a valley on the other, luxuriant with ferns and cocoanut palms and hundreds of brilliantly-coloured song-birds. We were hungry—as hungry as any healthy mortals might be after such a night. Ahmed proved his efficiency from the first by binding his ankles with a fibre thong and proceeding to clamber up the nearest

cocoanut tree, whence he soon returned with a full breakfast under either arm.

Arriving at Lenggong we repaired as usual to the rest-house. Now, the British rest-house is a most gratifying institution. It is intended originally for the Government Official on his round of duty, whether he be the Resident of a district on a tour of inspection, or the Roads Commissioner building new highways into the interior: and among the printed regulations on the wall of the dining-room it is clearly stated that in every case an official has first call in the matter of accommodation. In the more-frequented places



A MALAY BULLOCK-CART

a servant will be found in charge who performs the combined duties of cook, butler, valet, and anything else that may be required. Farther away from civilisation where travellers are few and the officials given larger tracts to cover there is no servant, but the key to the rest-house will be found in charge of some privileged old inhabitant of the village, who unlocks it with the greatest pomp and ceremony and sweeps it out as though preparing a palace for the king's arrival. Up in the interior these buildings are raised high above the ground in case of flood, a porch runs along the outside, and the single floor inside is simply furnished with plenty of plain wooden

chairs and tables, pots and pans for cooking, and, above all, mosquito netting.

It was at Lenggong that our first news of a tiger came. The headman or Penghulu of the village called on us one morning with two old trackers who said that within the week a tiger had killed a bullock some three miles down the road, and that if we cared to investigate we might find him still round the carcase. We accordingly got out our guns and walked to the spot where the animal had been killed; here the jungle was dense on both sides of the road, but we found the path the tiger had made in dragging his prey away, and followed it straight into the rukh to the remains of the slaughtered bullock, whose limbs had evidently been well chewed and scattered not far from the body itself. I noticed several fresh paw-marks in the mud which on account of the rains could not have been more than a day old. As we were bending over them there was the distinct sound of an animal escaping into the jungle: both trackers at once said "Rimau!" ("Tiger!") and appeared much excited. But a tiger slinks away silently; and though the men assured us they had heard a growl, we attributed the noise to a deer, and returned to the village feeling that however much game there might be in the country, tracking was to be out of the question, so dense and pathless was the jungle.

Rain had now poured steadily for several days, turning the roads into sluices, which rendered the journey to the next post, Janing, exceptionally trying; to take a bullock cart through that wilderness of mud was out of the question. We learned, however, that Government elephants might be secured from the British Resident at Janing, and, trusting to be able to send them back for the luggage, set out to cover the twenty-odd miles on foot. This was no easy task: the highway had become a veritable quagmire into which one sank at every step, and since we had neglected to carry sufficient drinking water, thirst came on with painful intensity. Darkness found us with our bearings completely lost, as we had missed the right road and taken one which apparently led nowhere; we were much too fatigued by the twenty-two mile tramp to hope to reach Janing, and a prospect of a night in the open jungle, with no means of guarding against the beasts which might happen to be there, was not pleasing. But by good chance we stumbled upon the small village of Kuala Kinering, where an English tin miner, prospecting alone in the interior, brought tea and rice, the first food we had had since morning, and made us comfortable for the night.

Janing, which we reached at noon on the following day, proved to be a rather pretty little town on the bank of the great Perak

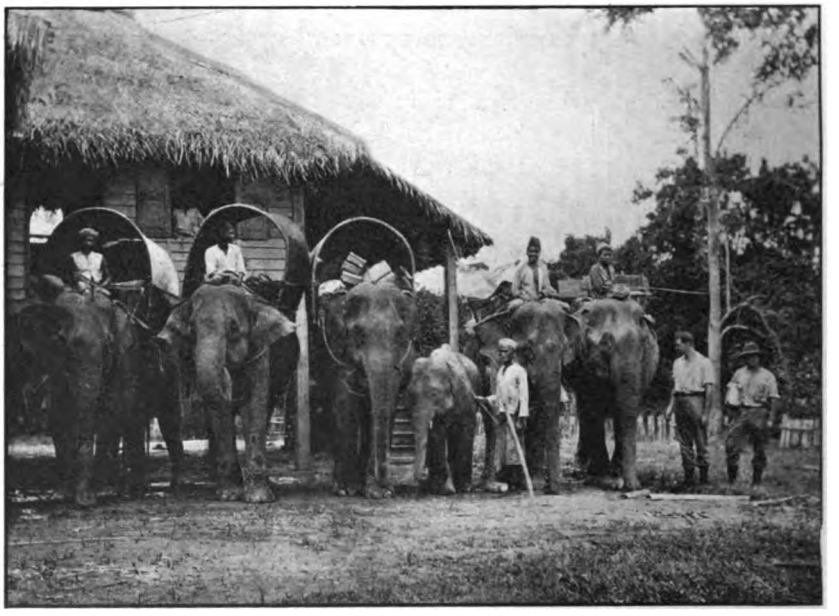
River. Our stay there was rendered most pleasant by the hospitality and cheery personality of the British Resident, Mr. Burgess. The picture made by his little white bungalow, sheltered by palm trees and surrounded by smooth green lawns, like an oasis in the dark jungle desert, its cool interior well fitted with pictures and game heads, its library and many long comfortable cane lounging chairs, is one which I shall not soon forget. Whether such comforts can make up for a life of almost absolute loneliness, so far as intercourse with white men is concerned, is a question which only a man's personal character can decide: many of these officials, their wives and children at home, remain for years up in the interior of the countries they labour in, without a holiday, with almost never

OUR RAFT ON THE PERAK RIVER, BUILT ENTIRELY OF BAMBOO

the sight of a white man's face, and few indeed with the comforts I have described, their whole nature absorbed in their work, all their sympathies centred in their black charges, whom they doctor, teach, and govern. It is a true labour of love and patriotism this, and one worthy of admiration. Mr. Burgess's face lighted with affection and pride when he spoke of the men he worked among; perhaps, after all, there are better things in the world than creature comforts.

On the day after our arrival the whole village, including the police force, was turned out to beat pig for us—perhaps, for the sake of the uninitiated, I should say to drive wild boar. While we stood at short distances apart on a jungle path, the natives formed in a long line and came down a hillside yelling at the top of their

lungs, beating tin pans and letting off fire-crackers, making indeed a pandemonium before which the heart of the most intrepid boar might well have quailed. The sportsman stands in a little clearing, his gun cocked, his eye, for want of a better expression, "peeled": the din approaches, there is a rustle in the bushes, and what appears to be a black 20-ton torpedo shoots like a thunder-bolt across the path. For the first few times the hunter then gradually recovers his breath and uncocks his still undischarged rifle, the boar being by this time several miles away and still going strong. Occasionally the animal, happening to emerge exactly where the expectant sportsman is standing, makes a bolt between his legs, and the latter, being



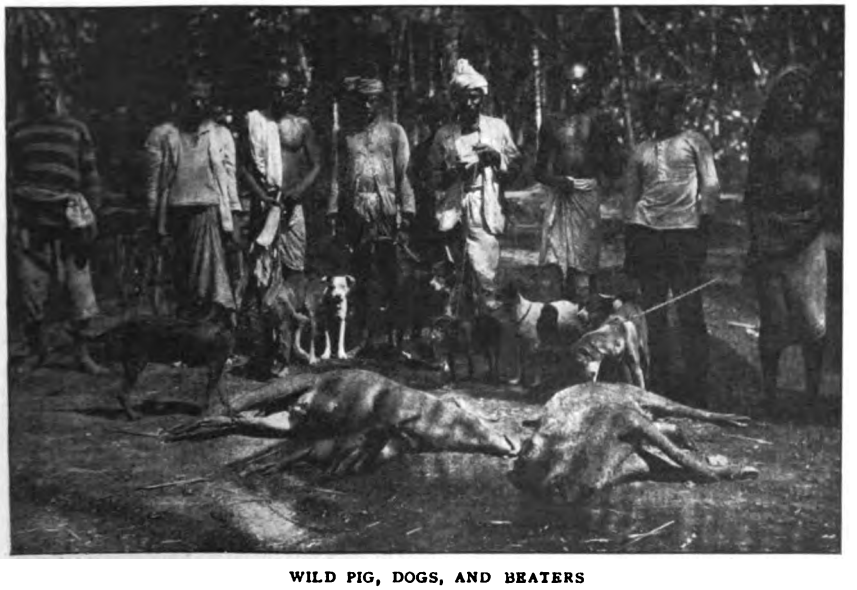
THE "OUTFIT"

unable to shoot accurately while turning a complete somersault in the air, thus also loses his game. However, with a little experience he learns to judge where the boar will appear, and to catch him in mid-air as he springs across the path.

While we were shooting, the Resident of the neighbouring district happened to call at Janing, and not finding a single inhabitant in or near the village came to the obvious conclusion that an earthquake had swallowed up the entire population.

Mr. Burgess had most kindly sent back Government elephants for the luggage, and on their return proposed that we should take them on to the next post, Grik, where others could probably be

hired from the natives. This we agreed to do, and on a clear sunny morning, which contrasted cheerfully with the previous downpour, set out with five elephants and a baby elephant accompanying its mother. The jungle was at its best that morning: the foliage, from the refreshing rains, was of the most vivid green, and sparkled in the sun; on many trees and shrubs rich orchid-like flowers were in full blossom, while among them darted birds of all descriptions, surpassing in the brilliancy of their plumage and sweetness of note any that I have seen in other lands. Occasionally a troop of chattering monkeys swung by us overhead, pausing to regard us with curiosity and to hurl down twigs and bits of bark as they passed; the whole jungle world was full of movement and life,



WILD PIG, DOGS, AND BEATERS

every bird and animal apparently drinking in with pure enjoyment the glorious freshness of the sunshine after rain.

A source of continuous amusement to us were the antics of the baby elephant. You have seen a kitten career madly around after its tail, or a puppy tumble over itself in paroxysms of playfulness; but have you witnessed an elephant at the tender age of six months expressing its uncontainable spirits? I assure you there is nothing more excruciatingly funny. To begin with, he suddenly charges a bamboo thicket, butting down great trees as carelessly as though they were corn-stalks; these fall across the way together with a small avalanche of rotten boughs, placing your life distinctly in jeopardy and causing you to wonder anxiously whether in the event

of a dearth of bamboo you yourself may not be selected as a substitute. He then tears up a large sapling by the roots, breaks it in pieces, and hurls the bits in every direction, while you vainly attempt to dodge the missiles. Tired of this pastime, you will observe him surreptitiously filling his trunk with the semi-liquid mud by the roadside, which he appears to have swallowed until a sudden carefully aimed jet covers you from head to foot. The next moment he is trotting docilely by his mother's side, his whole being radiating innocence and defying calumny. Perhaps the most amusing episode in our baby's infinite variety of entertainment was once when fording a brook he slipped on the muddy bank and landed on his back in mid-stream, where he lay with his legs waving absurdly in the air, as helpless as an overturned beetle; the fond parent, seeing his predicament, was obliged to return and support him until he could regain his feet.

The glorious sunshine of the morning was not to last. Towards noon the clouds rolled up, and soon it was pouring in tropical torrents; frequently we had to ford rivers up to our waists in water, while the road, from the mud and pools, became almost impassable. As my feet had become sore from the gravel which chafed in my shoes at every step, I boarded an elephant, and for five hours endured the uncomfortable swaying motion and the chill of the drenching rain; the others kept on, however, till at nightfall pitch darkness found them alone in the jungle some miles ahead of the elephants. In attempting to ford a river they got in up to their necks, and only with difficulty managed to escape being swept away by the now much-swollen current. The outlook was serious, as it was a question whether the elephants would be able to keep to the road and find them in the darkness. Meanwhile my gajah had been steadily lumbering along, while the driver belaboured him continually on the head with his stick, and now and then gave him a prod with the ankus, all the while addressing him in a comical reproving voice as one talks to a young child. After dark he became frightened at the noises in the jungle and tried to turn, but the driver kept him on with an ever-increasing volubility of epithets, and finally we met the others, who were of course delighted to find that they would not have to spend the night alone. We forded the river, reached Grik, a small kampong composed of a few little thatched huts, and turned in, wet and very weary.

Through the assistance of the Penghulu of Grik, Ibrahim ben Ishmail, a bamboo hut was now built for us on a game field some seven miles away, called Padang Sambai. These penghulus, by the way, invariably showed us the greatest courtesy and goodwill, and indeed all the natives with whom we had dealings proved the

recognised cheeriness and light-heartedness of the Malay character. But indolence is their vice; it is the Tamil from Madras and the Chinaman who do the work in Malay. Even in the most solitary places we were continually running across well-ordered Chinese farms; were it not for the great number of Chinamen who have settled in the peninsula, and who by their thrift and energy have established themselves in successful farming and commercial enterprise, the Malay Federated States would be very much more backward in civilisation and exploitation than they are to-day.

Padang Sambai, the game field which I have mentioned, lay in the thickest part of the jungle, approached from Grik only by a

COAST SCENE, SHOWING COCOANUT PALMS

scarcely perceptible trail. We were guided there by some hunters from the Sakai hill tribes, who had put in an appearance at Grik the night before our departure. These were truly remarkable specimens of humanity, short of stature, wild-looking, and stark naked except for a narrow loin-cloth. They went ahead through the thickest jungle, absolutely noiselessly, and at a pace which quickly exhausted us, over logs, through streams, and always in mud nearly up to our knees. The hut was found to be nearly finished, several natives having been working on it for some days—a bamboo floor raised three feet off the ground and covered by a roof of cleverly interwoven leaves which proved to be quite waterproof. Fortunately it was near the river, where in spite of Ahmed's

warning to look out for alligators we at once indulged in a refreshing swim. Our legs were in a bad way from the elephant-leeches which attach themselves when one is tramping in the jungle; the exhilaration of walking prevents one's feeling the bite, so they stay there and continue to suck the blood, soon becoming three or four times their natural size. Even with carefully-wound putties I found it difficult to keep them out: they attach themselves when extremely minute, and succeed in getting inside in spite of all precautions. Eight were on my legs from this one walk, leaving sores which bled badly, and others were found to have dropped on us from the trees and actually crawled down our necks without being felt. Black scars result from the bites and remain for years.

A WATER BUFFALO OR CARIBOU

Our stay on Padang Sambai soon proved the uselessness of the trip so far as the shooting was concerned, and in fact led us to abandon all idea of going into Pahang, for day after day the rain poured with a dreary and dispiriting persistency. This great open game field, with its tall grass, ponds and marshes, was all marked up with the tracks of wild elephant and seladang. Yet morning and evening, day after day, we waited and watched to no purpose. Every animal, with the exception of a few deer, had effectually disappeared from the country. A few shots at these deer were small recompense, and I found that shooting from the back of an untrained

elephant, who at the report of the gun tries to imitate a bucking broncho, is anything but conducive to perfect accuracy.

It was finally decided to build a raft here on the Perak River and to float down its course instead of crossing into Pahang. Seven natives were put to work, and in a few days had made, with no material but bamboo, a very ingenious construction. Some twenty pieces of bamboo about thirty feet long had been lashed together with bamboo thongs, and upon these, in the centre, was a raised platform some fifteen by six feet. A light frame supported the tent and fly as a covering over this. Not a single nail had been used in the construction.

The trip down river would have been thoroughly delightful had it

PALM-GROVES AND CATAMARANS

not been for the rain. As it was, the mornings were always bright and warm, and the river banks, as we floated leisurely past, were always full of interest. As on our journeys through the jungle, gorgeously coloured birds kept flying and singing around us; the shores were here and there lined with banana and other fruit trees, in which monkeys played and squabbled, and occasionally we passed a little kampong, half hidden in the foliage, with natives working and babies sprawling on the thresholds of the huts.

In one place we had to go over a rather formidable set of rapids which our paddlers had been discussing for days beforehand, and

which apparently caused them some nervousness. The barang or luggage was carefully lashed, a huge steering paddle constructed in the stern, and, with paddlers and polers at their posts, we pushed out into the stream. As we drifted toward the first pitch, the pilot, who was a grey-headed officious old man, took a charm from his turban and threw it at a big rock in mid-stream, crying out a prayer to the river spirit to see us safely through. There were four pitches, each successive one a little worse than the last, and as we went over them the old man appeared to go mad; he leapt from side to side, brandishing his bamboo pole quite uselessly in the air and yelling as though he were possessed of devils, beating the poor coolies, who were doing all the hard work, on the back as he did so. They were all shouting too, and when in the last pitch the flood rushed over the platform on which we were sitting, they also seemed to lose their heads, and rushed about the raft like a stampeded herd of cattle. To a spectator on the bank the sight must have been a ludicrous one.

In one place the fresh seladang track of which I have spoken was found on the bank, and as it was evidently but a few hours old we followed it for hours through the worst tangle of underbush it has ever been my lot to encounter. When we were so close that the water in the animals' hoof-prints was still muddied, the trackers who had accompanied us refused to continue closer: an Englishman had not long since been killed by a bull seladang in the same country, and the accident had left too serious an impression on the natives' minds. We followed on, but the seladang had moved swiftly, and at dark we were obliged to turn back, bleeding all over from scratches and leech-bites.

The remainder of the trip was a disheartening story of rain, rain, rain. Occasionally a night was spent in some native's hut on the bank, where we slept on wooden shelves in opium-thickened atmosphere; but as a rule things were made as comfortable as possible on the raft. At the best, we slept in pools of water, with mosquitoes biting ceaselessly and rivulets from the soaked canvas dripping on our faces. Some weeks later I was carried in a hammock to the coast, with a severe attack of malarial fever, from which in the end none of our party escaped.

YOUNG PHEASANTS FEEDING IN A RIDE, WHERE THE RATS FEED ALSO

(Photograph by Herbert Lazenby, York)

VERMIN IN THE GAME PRESERVES

BY F. W. MILLARD

(Secretary to the Gamekeepers' Association)

WERE a sportsman or gamekeeper asked what he considered the worst kind of vermin troubling his preserves he would undoubtedly reply "Rats"—that is, if he had ever experienced the havoc of which a plague of these creatures is capable. Both, probably, dread an incursion of rats, immediately preceding or during the breeding season of the game, more than an influx of any kind of vermin; and it is not difficult to explain why the rat, not perhaps individually but in battalions, is feared most.

First of all, in a district where rats are troublesome, one can never be confident of freedom from attack; for a covert perfectly clear of such pests one week may absolutely swarm with them the following, as the rat has no hesitation in undertaking a long journey in search of a spot where provender is more abundant. This he likes to carry out at night, for preference along the banks of a convenient stream, and he gathers companions as he proceeds; in fact, the horde increases in size like a snowball started from the top of a mountain, till at last a perfect avalanche descends on some

well-stocked game preserve with which the advancing rats happen to meet.

When once this plague of rats has established itself it is most difficult to deal with successfully by any of the older methods usually adopted to meet the case; for a rat, unless it be very young and green, is wonderfully suspicious regarding traps, and appears immediately to detect where one has been set, however artfully it may have been concealed and the bait disposed. Rats may be cleared off by means of poison, and there are certain kinds of the latter which may be employed with perfect safety by capable hands, but on the majority of preserves the use of such means of destruc-

THE KEEPER'S REMEDY FOR RATS
(Photograph by Oxley Grabham)

tion is entirely prohibited, because the proprietor does not like to incur the slightest risk. It is this impotence in the presence of a swarm of rats which makes their appearance so much dreaded by a keeper; for, if denied the use of poison, and unacquainted with the newer methods of contending with an influx, he is fully aware that he cannot clear them out to his own satisfaction; at the best he can only hope to kill a few by means of trap and ferret, and drive away the rest with the certainty that they will presently return strongly reinforced.

The writer does not believe that during recent years rats have increased in country districts to any great extent, but they have

manifested a stronger tendency to congregate in game coverts, and the reason of this is not difficult to give. The first influence which leads to their collecting in the coverts rests with the farmer, for cereal crops now occupy but a small portion of the majority of holdings, and his stackyard is not filled with corn-ricks packed closely together. Each autumn it was the habit of rats to resort to the stackyard and establish themselves for the winter in the ricks to be found there, and when these ricks were threshed the opportunity for destroying every rat seen was never neglected. Very few escaped on such occasions, and those which were so fortunate retired to the hedgerows bordering fields already sown with corn rather than to

A TUNNEL TRAP FOR RATS

(Photograph by Herbert Lazenby, York)

the coverts. Then the professional ratcatcher (a profession which of late has entirely died out) was engaged to deal with the rats in the fences, as the farmer was perfectly aware that if these were allowed to breed in peace first his seed and then his ripening corn would be injured, and a swarm of rats in autumn would be ready to invade his stackyard.

At that time and under these conditions the farmer was compelled for his own protection to destroy every possible rat; but circumstances have altered since then. Corn-ricks no longer attract rats to his homestead, and why need he trouble to kill those established

in the fences which now, except in rare instances, intersect grass fields or land only cultivated for the production of green crops used as fodder? If rats have increased of late it is attributable solely to farmers being dilatory with reference to them.

Both birds and animals are quick to adapt their habits to altered circumstances, and the influences which have caused the rook to become carnivorous are those which have helped to attract the rat to the game-covert. Corn has become scarcer, higher preservation has led to eggs and young game becoming plentiful, and it is questionable if the rat did not always prefer the latter as a diet, although he may have got little of it in years gone by. If the rat should prefer corn he is more likely to find it in the coverts than in the fields, for pheasants are lavishly fed during the autumn and winter months, and a rat in a game-covert need not go short of such fare.

With the higher preservation of game has come the closer and more skilful trapping of vermin, such as stoats, weasels, hawks, etc.; all these, although enemies of the game, are also destructive to rats, and a few stoats are sufficient to disperse a colony of the rodents in question. Years ago, before the strictly carnivorous vermin were trapped so closely, the coverts were hardly the safe refuge for a rat which they now are, and, consequently, he was more inclined to keep away from them. Whatever may be asserted to the contrary, increased game preservation is not "healthy" for foxes, and over certain districts, particularly the eastern counties, foxes are much scarcer than they were formerly. Where there are few or no foxes rats are always to be found in greater abundance. The fox dearly loves a rat; both are nocturnal, and so it happens that the two frequently meet, to the disadvantage of the latter.

During the last three decades the preservation of pheasants has largely occupied the attention of sportsmen, and covert-planting has been widely carried on, existing coverts being improved and young plantations established. The idea of the planter has been to utilise trees and shrubs capable of yielding food for game birds, and with this intent oaks, beeches, and berry-bearing undergrowth have been planted to the exclusion of everything else. This natural food for the game is also the natural food of rats, and as the supply increases the coverts will prove more and more attractive to the pests; therefore the rat plague in the game-covert is not likely to grow less as the years progress unless stringent and concerted measures are taken to destroy every one.

When provender is scarce, rats spread out a good deal, resorting in ones and twos to various hollow stumps, burrows, and drains; these odd rats are not easy to destroy, because they shift their

quarters at the slightest interference, but they must by no means be ignored, as it is the odd rat comfortably established which tempts immigrants to remain. A rather clever destroyer of rats recently remarked to the writer that, on finding the pests scattered all over a covert, he found it best to gather them to one spot by the provision of food, and then take steps to destroy them wholesale. This idea would have many advantages in carrying out the destructive measures hereafter recommended, and readers are invited to bear it in mind.

Rats are moisture-loving animals, and their increase during a wet summer is always very marked; should the season be dry,

RATTING PARTY

(Photograph by Herbert Lazenby, York)

those rats which do exist are twice as destructive to game as they otherwise would be. The ditches and ponds to which they have usually resorted to drink are dried up, and moisture of some kind must be obtained, so they fiercely attack even adult game, and are very destructive amongst eggs, young game, and rabbits. At such a time, any measures taken to destroy them should be carried out in the vicinity of the nearest supply of water.

Having a wide acquaintance with the game-preserving world, the writer has penned this article for two purposes—the first being to impress upon readers that rats will be more and more destructive

to game as the years go on if greater efforts are not put forth to destroy them; and the second to call attention to the efficacy of the virus treatment, which may be followed with perfect safety, and without the risks attendant on the use of poison. Various preparations are offered for producing disease in rats that devour them, and all are more or less successful; but experience has proved to the writer that the form of disease caused by "Ratin" is the most deadly, and, what is far more important, the most contagious. This is the preparation readers troubled with rats are advised to use. However plentiful the rats, and however abundantly the bacteriological preparation is scattered around their haunts, the

YOUNG RABBITS IN NEST—A DELICACY THE RATS LOVE

(Photograph by Oxley Grabham)

individual rats partaking of it can never be many, and it is most necessary that the disease produced should be highly contagious if all the colony is to be infected. The danger is that the particular disease promoted by the preparation used should only assume its most deadly form in the rat which has actually eaten it, and that conveyed to another rat during association be of a mild nature, but "Ratin" has never been known to yield such unsatisfactory results. The disease attacks all rats with equal virulence, and rarely fails to effect a complete clearance.

Directions for the use of these bacteriological preparations are sent out with each package, but a few hints on how to utilise

"Ratin" in game coverts will be welcome to those troubled with the vermin therein. Should the rats be scattered, endeavour to collect them to one or two central feeding-places, not only before the preparation is placed down for them to eat, but for at least a fortnight afterwards. The disease develops about eight days subsequently to the bait being eaten, and it is most important that both healthy and afflicted rats should be induced to consort together in the closest association. In that way the disease will be spread from one to the other more speedily and effectually. If several coverts are infested it is best to deal with all simultaneously, as rats are apt to move if interfered with, and should the disease be

EIGHT HUNDRED RATS TRAPPED NEAR THE REARING FIELD

(Photograph by Oxley Grabham)

prevalent all over the place healthy rats will gain little by shifting their quarters.

Do not fall into the grave error of placing all the bait in one heap, or it may happen that a powerful master rat will monopolise the whole and keep the rest away. This would be disastrous to him; but the proper method is to scatter the bait so that as many rats as possible may eat some of it, incur the disease, and assist in spreading it. One of the most valuable features of the disease promoted by "Ratin" is that the rats suffering from it are exceedingly restless, and live for several days in that state, wandering from burrow to burrow amongst their kind, and thus

conveying contagion over a wide area. A diseased rat which remains tucked up in its burrow is of little value in spreading the complaint, but none remain in solitude when infected by this preparation.

There is one matter which must be strongly impressed upon all who use these bacteriological preparations, and it is never to kill rats seen wandering about in the last stages of the disease. Such is everyone's antipathy towards rats that we all entertain a strong inclination to destroy each one with which we meet; but those sickly rats observed outside their burrows are the most valuable agents in spreading infection, and should be allowed to exist as long as possible.

The gamekeeper who is paid so much per head for all vermin destroyed will be glad to learn that the majority of rats infected by "Ratin" die outside their burrows, and may be picked up for exhibition on his vermin-pole; this does not always occur when he uses various poisons, and he is consequently a considerable loser. The fact that the rats desert their burrows to die will encourage the use of the preparation in stables, outbuildings, and dwellings, which a dead rat rotting beneath a floor often renders uninhabitable when poison has been employed.

It should be thoroughly understood that the disease does not attack any other creature but rats, mice, and voles, all of which are harmful in the game preserve, the first to game and the two last to the plantations. Even the rabbit, although a closely-allied species and a rodent, is immune from infection, so the course advised may safely be taken should rats and rabbits be occupying different sections of the same burrow, which is often the case.

With this wonderful agent of destruction at command there is no reason why rats should trouble the game-preserver or country-dweller, and these pests should be destroyed with little expense or labour. There is no necessity to spend weeks in tedious trapping or ferreting, or to run grave risks by placing down poison, for the preparation recommended is simply got ready, and even the hands are not soiled during the process. It is most essential not to disturb coverts more than is absolutely necessary during the breeding season of the game, and a sudden influx of rats at that period is often left undisturbed because of the disquietude caused by carrying out ordinary means of destruction; but it is an easy matter to place down a bacteriological preparation here and there, and leave it for the disease produced to do the rest.

The game-preserver should be the first to recognise the value of this treatment, and, could each one be induced to follow it, little more would be heard of the rat plague, and the increase of game would no longer be handicapped by these noxious vermin.

BOOKS ON SPORT

GREAT GOLFERS IN THE MAKING. Edited, with an introduction, by Henry Leach. London: Methuen & Co.

On what subject at present unthought of will a number of books be published in the course of the next few years? It is not long since no one can have imagined that a golfing literature would have arisen, especially considering for what a length of time the game had been played. Automobilism, again, has given birth to innumerable volumes during the last decade. From present appearances one is inclined to suspect that aerial navigation will be the next theme to keep the printer busy; but no one can say for certain; some sport may come with a rush, as Bridge did in the history of games, and busily occupy pens and printing presses. Golfing has been so voluminously treated that when a new work on the subject is issued one is inclined to ask whether its appearance is justified. In regard to the present volume we may answer with an unqualified affirmative.

Mr. Leach has been in communication with, it may be said, almost all the distinguished golfers of the period, amateur and professional. He has asked each of his correspondents to tell him how they learned the game, what were their chief difficulties, how they overcame them, and, amongst other things, what, on reflection, they "regarded as the most important morals of their experience." This last request seems somewhat vague, and it is perhaps not unnatural that some of the writers should have passed it over. But those who have written give all sorts of interesting bits of information, and the description, comment, incident, and anecdote provided by the thirty-four contributors make up a book which cannot fail to appeal to all readers who have the least acquaintance with the royal and ancient game. These contributors have won no fewer than twenty-six open championships among them, together with all sorts of other events, and they speak with the authority which is given by success. A few of them perhaps take themselves a trifle too seriously. Harry Vardon, for instance, thinks it necessary to counsel "all who love this really glorious game of ours, who practise it, and who desire to excel in it, to treat it with all the seriousness of mind of which they are capable, and study it at all times with the utmost earnestness." There is almost a suggestion of the pulpit in this solemn adjuration, for after all golf is but a game! It is Harry Vardon's profession, however, and of course it is well for a man to take his profession seriously.

"How can one best learn golf?" is a question which constantly occurs. On this Mr. John L. Lowe, whose paper comes first, has

something to say. "I do not believe that any really great Golfer has been *taught* his game: he has always taught himself," is Mr. Lowe's conviction, and it is borne out by several other experts—by Harry Vardon amongst others, who, as the winner of four Open Championships, must of course be heard with respect. He states that he never received a single lesson in golf from anybody in all his life. The way to learn is to watch the great players and follow their example to the best of one's ability, always remembering, however, that style is frequently, if not for the most part, a matter of individuality. Thus, James Braid is a believer in every man having his own style, certain indispensable fundamental necessities of course being observed. The raw beginner, for example, will generally want to hit the ball without the swing and follow through that are the first essentials; and golf must be played with golf strokes.

One of the mysteries of the game is, why a player who is making fair progress so often suddenly goes to pieces and commits all the heartrending stupidities which he is chiefly trying to avoid. Possibly he may be getting stale; but, for whatever reason, go to pieces he often does, and gets exceedingly miserable about it in consequence. But there is satisfaction in the thought that his form returns almost if not quite as rapidly as it has vanished. A curious and inexplicable thing happened to James Braid. He was a very short driver, and vainly struggled for improvement. Ambitious to succeed, he was almost in despair, when suddenly, as he states, "without any alteration of my stance, or grip, or swing, or any conscious effort on my part, I suddenly within a week was exalted from being a short driver into a really long one. How it came about was a mystery to everybody, including myself. All I or anybody else knew was that, whereas one week all my opponents were outdriving me by a good twenty yards every time, the next week I was outdriving them by the same distance; and the best of it was that this sudden display of form was not merely temporary, as all golfers know such things frequently are."

What is a long drive? Mr. Edward Blackwell is a master of long driving, and tells us that on one occasion at St. Andrews he drove more than a thousand yards in four shots—a gratifying average, but far from remarkable for him. From the seventh tee at St. Andrews he once hit a very long ball, the distance of which was carefully measured and found to be 366 yards. This is only 74 yards short of a quarter of a mile! Braid goes so far as to declare that there are some unreasonable creatures who would rather that they drove far and lost their match than that they

drove short and won. Perhaps this is an extreme assertion, but we are fain to admit that the successful making of a real good drive seems to us almost, if not quite, the chief gratification the game affords, and the putting, however obviously important, is mild business in comparison. Some players advocate putting with one hand, Mr. Walter J. Travis, Amateur British Champion in 1904 and American Amateur Champion in three previous years, being one of them. The left hand, he thinks, "should be used only for the purpose of swinging the club-head backwards preparatory to taking the stroke. When it has done that its work is done, and the right should then be sole master of the situation, the left being merely kept in attachment to it for steadying purposes. When only one hand is thus employed the gain in accuracy is very great." It seems to us that this is a matter of practice. The player who has been long used to employing both hands will fall off if he attempts new devices. It is a common saying that the game is won on the green, and, as Mr. Walter Travis points out, when you come to analyse, nearly half the strokes are devoted to little putts; but several of the writers admit the obvious fact that long driving confers a very considerable advantage on a player Mr. Sidney Fry is one of these, and regrets that driving is his weakest point. It is perhaps natural that so good a billiard player should be a successful putter. He, it may be remarked, is a distinguished golfer who played the game for some time without becoming a devotee.

Few players know more about golf than Robert Ferguson who won the Open Championship in 1880 and the two following years. The son of a farm servant, he became a caddie at the early age of eight, has lived for the game ever since, and his conviction is that golfing is "a gift." Nerve, enthusiasm, and practice are, he admits, three necessities, but "the gift" must be there first of all. There are some amusing stories in this book, and one of them may be quoted to wind up this notice. Mr. George S. Lyon, Canadian Amateur Champion on five occasions, is the narrator.

"We were playing the hole known as the East Gate. My partner got a nice ball from the tee, and a good brassy would have taken him to the green; but from where he had to play his second stroke a path crossed the field, running parallel with and almost in a line for the hole. A stranger was walking on this path about seventy-five yards ahead, and my partner shouted 'Fore!' two or three times; but he (the stranger), not knowing anything about golf, knew not what the warning cry meant, and by this time he was probably a hundred and thirty to a hundred and forty yards away. My partner said, 'Oh, I guess I am safe enough now.' So he

made his stroke, and a beauty it was; but, horror! he could not speak, for the ball started straight for the stranger, right for the back of his head, and seemed certain to lay him out if not kill him, for it was a well-played strong brassy. But, as luck would have it, just as the ball was about to hit him, he lifted his hat to scratch the back of his head, and just as he did so the ball caught the hat, a Christy, and cut the crown from the rim all but about an inch. My partner, Baillie by name, ran forward at once, and was offering his apologies and explaining that he had called 'Fore!' but the stranger's only observation was, 'It was new yesterday!'"

THE HISTORY, CONSTRUCTION, AND EFFECTS IN WARFARE OF THE PROJECTILE-THROWING ENGINES OF THE ANCIENTS. By Sir Ralph Payne-Gallwey, Bart. Illustrated. Longmans, Green & Co. 1907.

Sir Ralph Payne-Gallwey, one of the authors of the Shooting Volume of the Badminton Library, has taken an enormous amount of trouble to throw light upon an extremely interesting subject. In these days when heavy artillery has been brought to what we (perhaps knowing no better) are inclined to regard as well-nigh perfection, natural curiosity exists to contrast the engines and weapons of the twentieth century with those which were employed two or three thousand years ago. Sir Ralph had already written a book on mediæval archery, and his researches made him anxious to find out all that could be ascertained about the catapult, balista, and trebuchet of the ancients. In order to carry out his design, he has been at the pains of having weapons constructed as nearly as may be resembling those of which particulars are contained in various works here cited. Many readers will be extremely curious to know what these weapons were like, and they are not only described, but illustrated, several delightfully quaint pictures being reproduced, some from the 1727 edition of Polybius and a few from the paintings of Leonardo da Vinci. The catapult, balista, and trebuchet were all designed on somewhat similar principles, a long arm being drawn down and suddenly released, so that the projectile placed upon it, in a huge cup or sling, was hurled against the enemy. It will naturally be asked what these projectiles weighed, and how far the machines carried? Of course they were of different sizes and degrees of strength, but it appears from Josephus that at the siege of Jerusalem, A.D. 70, stones weighing a talent, that is 57¾ lb. avoirdupois, were thrown by the catapults to a distance of upwards of 400 yards. Sir Ralph's largest catapult throws a stone ball 8 lb. weight nearly 500 yards, and in spite of modern appliances and inventions he is quite disposed to believe that the skein of sinew employed by the ancients

was more effective than anything that he has been able to discover for replacing it. The tendons of which the sinew was composed, the animal from which it was taken, and the manner in which it was prepared, are impenetrable mysteries.

The balista, so far as in our ignorance we can make out, appears to have been something in the nature of a gigantic cross-bow, and the more powerful ones could cast arrows, or rather feathered javelins, from 5 to 6 lb. weight, to a range of 450 to 500 yards. The trebuchet came after the other two instruments, and from about the middle of the twelfth century in great measure superseded the catapult. It was able to cast stones of about 300 lb. weight, with what may be described as the impetus derived from a sling, and occasionally it was used for throwing dead horses into a besieged town in the hope of creating pestilence. One of the pictures of Leonardo da Vinci just mentioned shows how this equine bomb-shell was hurled. There is a story told by Froissart of an emissary during the siege of Auberouche who came to treat for terms and who was seized and shot back into the town. "They took the varlet and hung the letters round his neck, and instantly placed him in the sling of an engine and then shot him back again into Auberouche. The varlet arrived dead before the knights who were there, and who were much astonished and discomfited when they saw him arrive." Archimedes was great on the designing of such weapons as are here described, for information on which subject those who are curious may be referred to Plutarch.

The second half of the book is taken up with a consideration of Turkish and other Oriental bows, the author, as is probably known, being an expert archer. Here again one is interested to learn something of the range of the arrow and the conditions under which it was discharged. The Turkish bow is a small weapon, about 3 ft. 9 in. in length, and weighing some 12½ oz.; but Sir Ralph observes, "In these days no person I have ever heard of can string a strong Turkish bow—diminutive as this weapon is—without much personal assistance or else by mechanical means; yet formerly the Turkish archers could do so with ease." The length of the arrow was about 25½ in. and the weight equal to two shillings and sixpence, a computation easily realised. The Turks were accustomed to wear a thin horn groove on the thumb of the left hand, and this added considerably to the length of the arrow's flight. By way of testing the point, Sir Ralph shot from a Turkish bow twelve arrows each about ¾ oz. in weight and 28½ in. in length. They flew an average of 275 yards. He then reduced the same arrows by 3 in. to a weight of ½ oz. each, shot them from the same bow, wearing the horn groove, and they travelled on an average 360 yards.

This as a matter of fact is very excellent shooting, though of course nothing like what has been done by those who devoted themselves to practise with the weapon. In his family papers Sir Ralph has found a letter to Sir Thomas Frankland, Bart, M.P., from one of his brothers, describing how the secretary of the Turkish Ambassador in 1795 assisted at an archery exhibition. He had a bow made of antelopes' horns, and short, for the convenience of being used in all directions on horseback. The Turk was told that the farthest distance attained with an English flight-arrow was 335 yards; and notwithstanding that the Oriental and his bow were both stiff and out of condition, he shot a carefully measured 482 yards. Even this, however, was a comparatively moderate performance. In Constantinople there are, or were, some marble columns at the Ok Meydan (Place of the Arrow), erected in honour of those who excelled in archery. The first inscription records two shots each of 625 yards. The record was made by the then reigning Emperor, Sultan Selim, who shot an arrow which drove into the ground at a distance of 838 yards. There were giants in the land in those days!

HORSES, THEIR POINTS AND MANAGEMENT IN HEALTH AND DISEASE. By Frank Townend Barton, M.R.C.V.S. Illustrated. London: Everett & Co.

Mr. Barton, author of many works on horses, dogs, and cattle, believes that notwithstanding the vast number of books upon the market relating to the horse there is still a little room left for literature of the right class upon the subject. It is well-nigh impossible to write about horses and not say what has been frequently said before. He, of course, speaks from the results of long and practical experience, but on the horse as on most other subjects authorities differ. Thus he does not believe in summering hunters, in which view he has supporters and opponents of equal eminence, who advance so many arguments for and against the practice that it is difficult, not to say utterly impossible, for the inexperienced man who seeks information to make up his mind in the multitude of counsellors. In his chapter on Grooming the first qualification he demands is open to controversy. The groom should display "Willingness to comply with his master's orders, when the dictates of intelligence teach him that it is right so to do." This, in point of fact, is giving the groom an entirely free hand? Not long since we talked to one of the most distinguished steeplechase riders now living, who had served in a cavalry regiment and was an absolute master of all points connected with the horse. He hired a groom who

had not realised when seeking the situation who his master was, and, finding out, remarked to him soon after his arrival, "Why, sir, you must know almost as much about horses as I do!" This was of course intended as a compliment; it was far from being so, as the man's knowledge proved exceedingly limited and his ideas generally mischievous and absurd. His incompetence was so speedily discovered that he had few opportunities of acting on the "dictates of his intelligence," and if he had only complied with his master's orders when he deemed them right, the stable would soon have been reduced to a very melancholy condition.

Mr. Barton has chapters on various breeds, hunters, harness horses, cobs, ponies, shire and cart horses, Suffolks, Clydesdales, Cleveland Bays, and a few pages about the thoroughbred, whose history, he says, is traced back to the famous Arabian imported by Mr. Darley from Aleppo. The Byerly Turk and the Godolphin Arabian, who surely ought to have been included, receive no mention. In writing about the racehorse Mr. Barton has a tendency to generalise. The height ranges from fifteen to sixteen hands "or thereabouts," he remarks. The colours are bay, chestnut, brown, "etc." We could mention various well-known horses who are not "remarkable for the lightness of the body and light forehead" which he names as peculiarities, and one scarcely needs to be told that knee, hock, and fetlock joints must be free from disease. The thoroughbred, he thinks, "appeals to one as a type of horse specially designed for racing purposes only," but at the same time we have known several well-nigh perfect thoroughbred hunters, have heard of many more, and the great Duke of Wellington was one of several distinguished cavalry leaders whose chargers were almost always thoroughbred. The purely veterinary details are what might be expected of the author of several accepted works on the subject.

THE GUN-TRADE HANDBOOK. Issued by the Birmingham and Provincial Gunmakers' Association.

This book contains much that is of use to those who deal with firearms. The proof marks of English and various foreign guns are given, together with much instruction for men who take firearms abroad. Possibly not every reader knows precisely what a pistol is. We confess to having been ignorant of the precise definition until we found it here stated that it is "a firearm or other weapon of any description from which any shot, bullet, or other missile can be discharged, and of which the length of barrel, not including any revolving detachable or magazine breech, does not exceed nine inches."

BADMINTON NOTÂ BENE

THE Daimler Company, convinced that the more their cars are examined the more they will be approved, desire to make known that specimens of their manufacture will be on view at the Manchester Motor Show, February 22 to March 2. Three of their cars have lately been sent to prominent Indian princes, and among recent testimonials is a very cordial one from Lord Newlands, who specially eulogises his Daimler as a hill-climber.

* * * * *

Much serviceable information on motor matters is to be gained from *The Car Review*, published at the Motor House, 314 and 366, Euston Road, N.W. There also new and second-hand cars may be bought at practically all prices, and in buying new ones full value is allowed for old ones in part payment.

* * * * *

Mr. A. Pellant, of 74, Shaftesbury Avenue, advocates the Pilain Automobiles, the only cars with direct drive on two speeds. The Pilain moderating brake is a feature, worked by compression of cold air admitted into the cylinders by the throttle lever.

* * * * *

Another expert who is peculiarly well qualified to advise in the purchase of cars and all matters connected with motoring is Mr. W. Bowle Evans, of 24, Belfast Chambers, Regent Street, W. Here cars may be hired for any period, repairs are perfectly carried out, and he appeals specially to Colonial inquirers.

* * * * *

Those who are interested in Ireland and desire to benefit Irish industries may have their attention drawn to the enterprise of Messrs. Hamilton & Co., of the White House, Portrush, which is claimed to be a patriotic movement. Their endeavour is to popularise Irish tweeds, lace and linen, and the list of distinguished patrons shows that success is attending the effort. The prices are low; the quality of the goods, it is claimed, is high.

* * * * *

An elaborate work is in preparation at *The Sportsman* office, "The British Hunts," which is to be made one of the most exhaustive publications ever devoted to any single branch of sport. The work is divided into three parts, the History of Hunting; the Hunts of Great Britain and Ireland; and Biographies of leading Masters and prominent hunting men. The illustrations are to be of high artistic finish.

* * * * *

Golfers who have tried it speak highly of a suit specially made by Mr. Morris, of 28a, Sackville Street. The back of the coat is so contrived that inverted pleats open when the wearer is striking the ball, returning to their normal shape immediately afterwards. Cheapness is a recommendation of this establishment.

A PRIZE COMPETITION.

THE Proprietors of the *Badminton Magazine* offer a prize or prizes to the value of Ten Guineas each month for the best original photograph or photographs sent in representing any sporting subject. Competitors may also send any photographs they have by them on two conditions: that they have been taken by the sender, and that they have never been previously published. A few lines explaining when and where the photographs were taken should accompany each subject. Residents in the country who have access to shooting-parties, or who chance to be in the neighbourhood when hounds are running, will doubtless find interesting subjects; these will also be provided at football or cricket matches, and wherever golf, cycling, fishing, skating, polo, or athletics are practised. Racing and steeple-chasing, including Hunt Meetings and Point-to-point contests, should also supply excellent material. Photographs of Public School interest will be specially welcome.

The size of the prints, the number of subjects sent, the date of sending, the method of toning, printing, and mounting, are all matters left entirely to the competitors.

The Proprietors are unable to return any rejected matter except under special circumstances, and they reserve the right of using anything of interest that may be sent in, even if it should not receive a prize. They also reserve to themselves the copyright in all photographs which shall receive a prize, and it is understood that all photographs sent are offered on this condition.

The result of the March competition will be announced in the May issue.

THE JANUARY COMPETITION

The Prize in the January competition has been divided among the following competitors:—Mrs. Carne-Williams, Bridgwater; Mr. P. S. Greig, Lieutenant R.N., Greatham, West Liss, Hants; Miss Gully, Forest, Belgium; Mr. R. Elliot, Hawick, N.B.; Mr. Carslake Winter-Wood, Kenwick, Paignton, South Devon; Countess of Dartrey, Dartrey, Co. Monaghan, Ireland; Mr. Harry H. Mitchell, Caterham, Surrey; Mr. T. E. Grant, Leytonstone; Mr. H. P. Huggins, Edgbaston, Birmingham; and Mr. C. J. Waters, Epsom.

AT THE COVERT SIDE—WITH THE TAUNTON VALE FOXHOUNDS

Photograph by Mrs. Carne-Williams, Bridgwater

CRICKET ON BOARD THE "ARGONAUT" IN THE MEDITERRANEAN

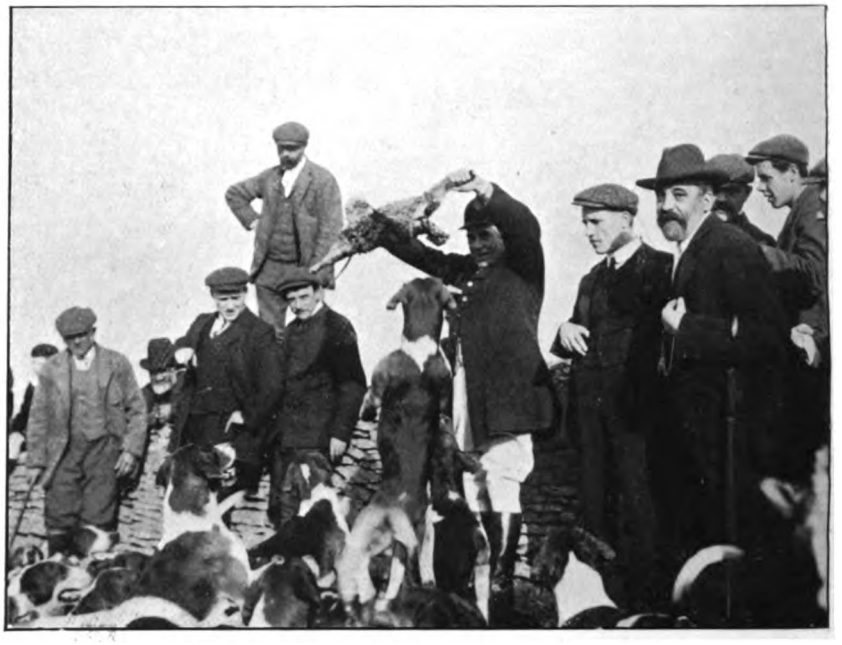
Photograph by Mr. P. S. Greig, Lieutenant R.N., Greatham, West Liss, Hants

AN UNEXPECTED BATH

Photograph by Miss Gully, Forest, Belgium

POLTALLOCH TERRIERS

Photograph by Mr. R. Elliot, Hawick, N.B.



CHARLES TRAVERS, THE VETERAN HUNTSMAN OF THE COTSWOLD HOUNDS, HOLDING UP HIS FIRST FOX KILLED THIS SEASON AT THE OPENING MEET AT LILLEY BROOK

Photograph by Mr. H. G. Swiney, Sandford Lawn, Cheltenham

"AWAY TO DRAW"—SOUTH DEVON FOXHOUNDS AFTER A MEET AT CADEWELL, NEAR TORQUAY, THE RESIDENCE OF MR. CHAPMAN

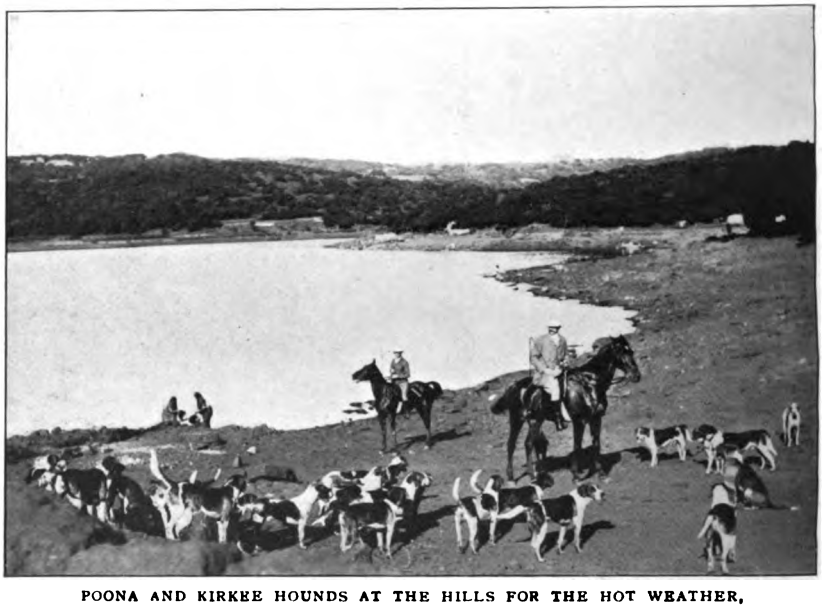
Photograph by Mr. Carslake Winter-Wood, Kenwick, Paignton, South Devon

WITH THE WESTON-SUPER-MARE HARRIERS

Photograph by Mrs. Carne-Williams, Bridgwater

PILLOW-FIGHTING ON BOARD THE "ARGONAUT" IN THE MEDITERRANEAN. PREPARING FOR ACTION

Photograph by Mr. P. S. Greig, Lieutenant R.N., Greatham, West Liss, Hants



POONA AND KIRKEE HOUNDS AT THE HILLS FOR THE HOT WEATHER, MAHABALESHWAR, INDIA

Photograph by Mrs. C. H. Badham, The Crescent, Bedford

A LARGE CATCH OF PILCHARDS OFF PORTHGWARRA, NEAR LAND'S END

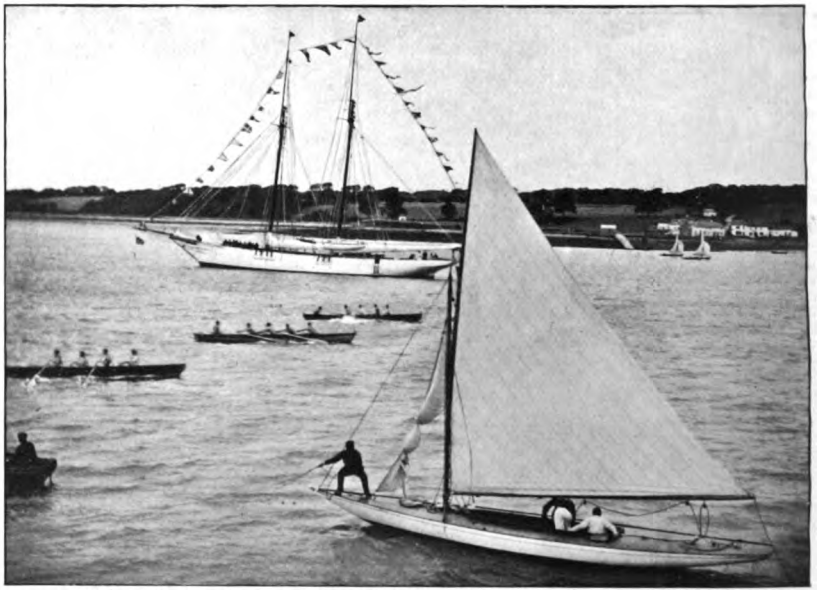
Photograph by the Countess of Dartrey, Dartrey, Co. Monaghan, Ireland

POLO AT HURLINGHAM

Photograph by Mr. B. N. Wood, Westbourne Crescent, W.

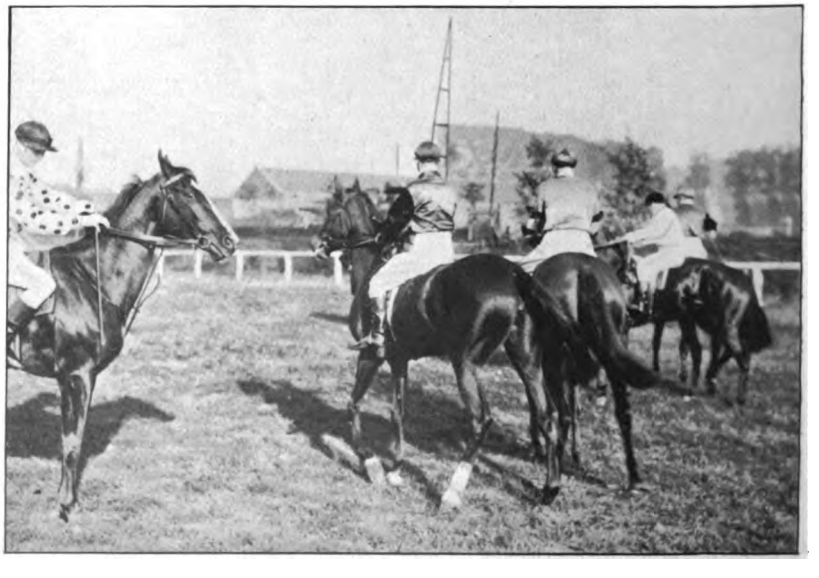
OFF TO BUSINESS

Photograph by Mr. Harry H. Mitchell, Caterham, Surrey



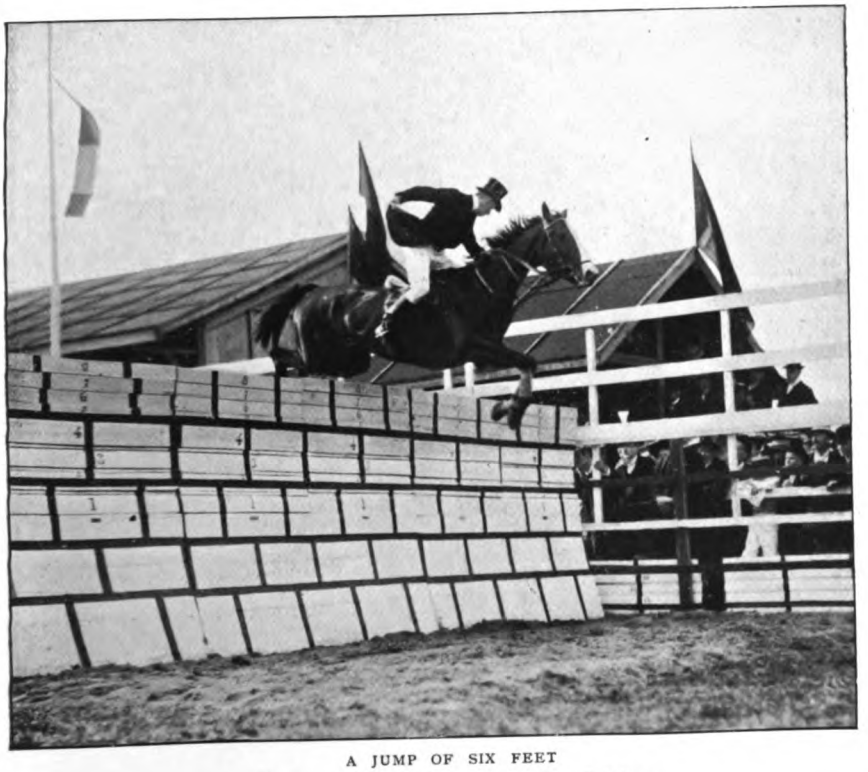
BOAT-RACING AT PORT DINORWIC, NORTH WALES

Photograph by Mr. R. Elliot, Hawick, N.B.



AT THE START

Photograph by Miss Lizzie Gully, Forest, Belgium

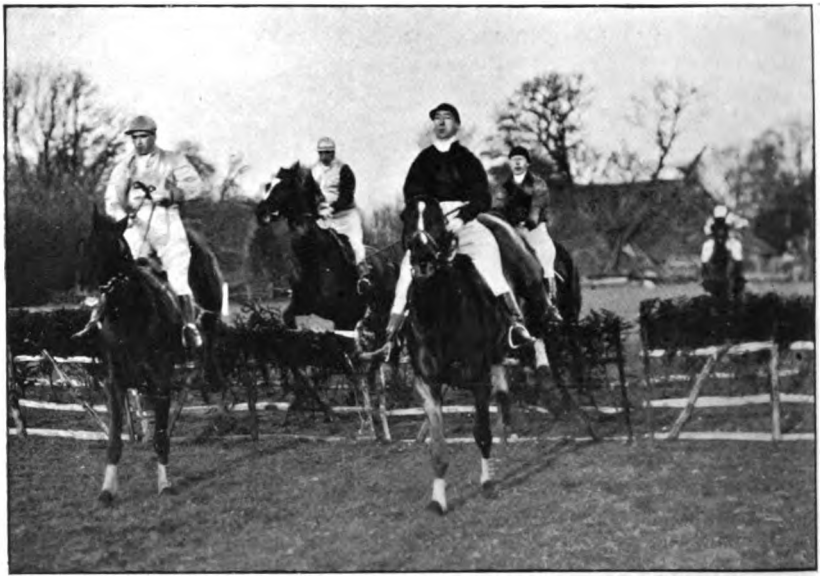


A JUMP OF SIX FEET

Photograph by Miss Gully, Forest, Belgium

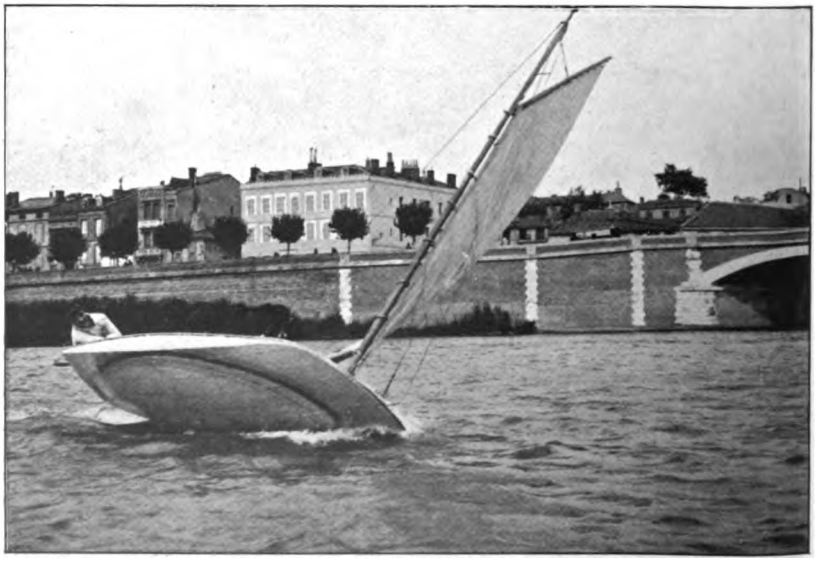
IN THE LEASH

Photograph by Miss FitzGerald, Idlicote, Shipston-on-Stour, Warwickshire



WYE RACES—MAIDEN HURDLE-RACE WON BY MR. J. W. PRATT'S WOLFHOUND, J. DILLON UP

Photograph by Mr. T. E. Grant, Leytonstone



NEARLY OVER—SAILING ON THE GARONNE AT TOULOUSE

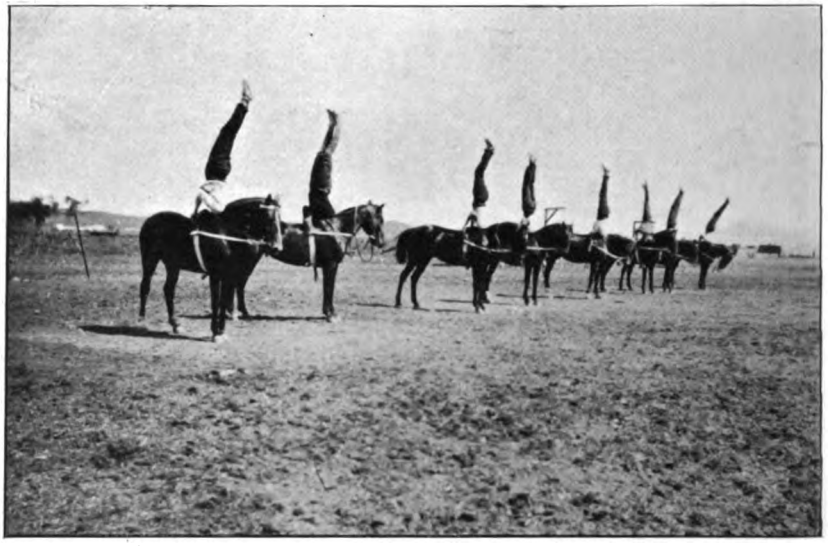
Photograph by Mr. H. P. Huggins, Edgbaston, Birmingham

CAMP AT LAKE CHILWA, BRITISH CENTRAL AFRICA

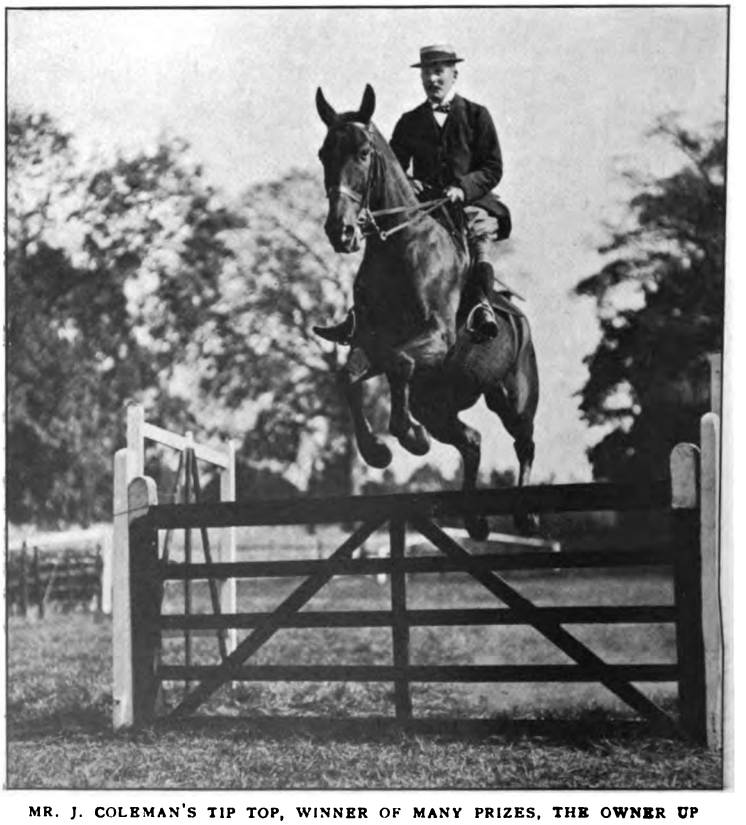
Photograph by Mr. A. H. Wyatt, Lomba, British Central Africa

A USEFUL HACK

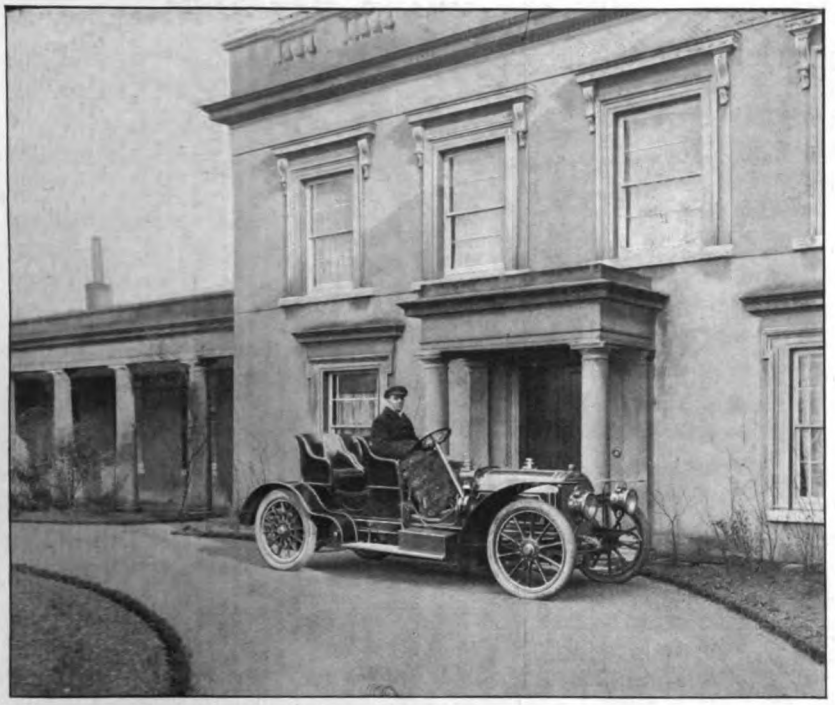
Photograph by Mr. Harry H. Mitchell, Caterham, Surrey



THE VAULTING TEAM, 4TH DRAGOON GUARDS
Photograph by Mr. H. de Grey Warten, 4th Dragoon Guards, Middelburg, Cape Colony



MR. J. COLEMAN'S TIP TOP, WINNER OF MANY PRIZES, THE OWNER UP
Photograph by Mr. C. J. Waters, Epsom



MR. CHARLES JARROTT ON HIS 40 H.P. CROSSLEY

The Badminton Magazine

SPORTSMEN OF MARK

XVIII.—MR. CHARLES JARROTT

BY ALFRED E. T. WATSON

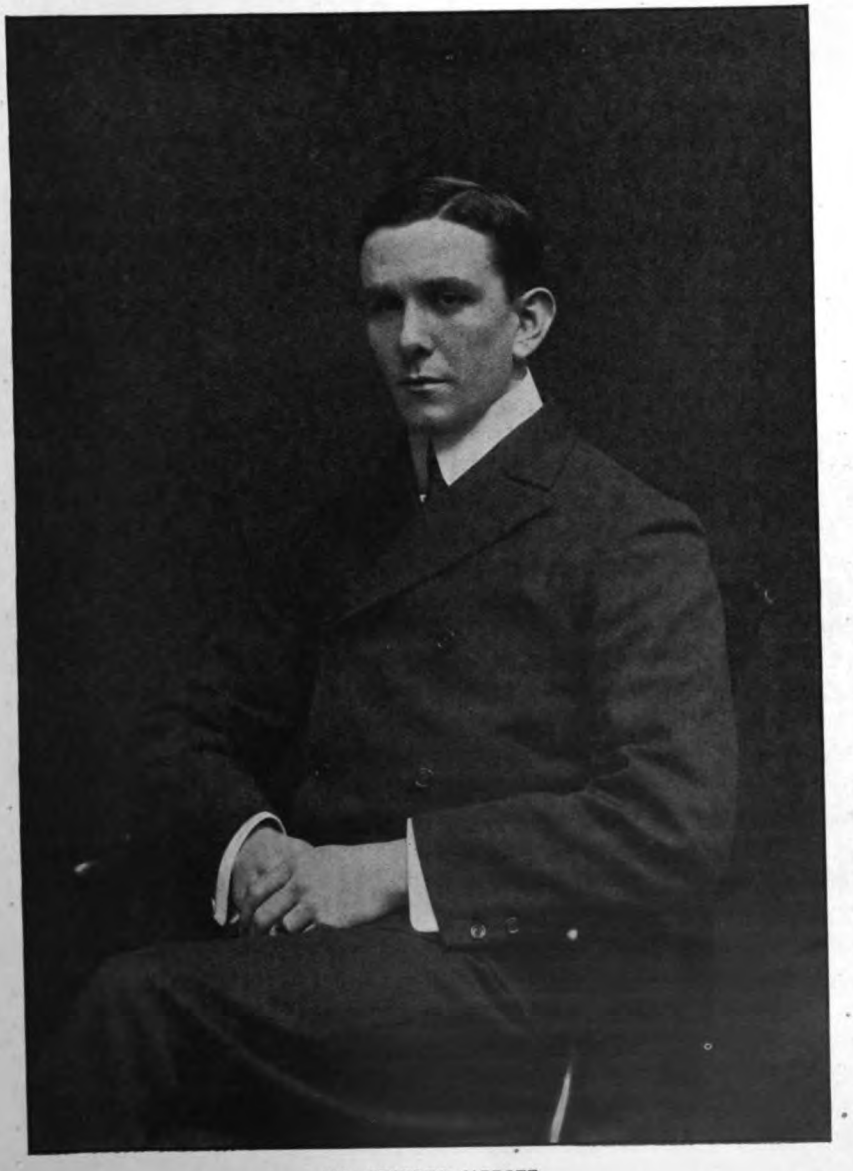
CAN motor-racing be regarded as a sport? Not long since I have little doubt that many who would now reply in the affirmative would have hurled a scornful negative at the question. But let us consider in what sport consists. It includes emulation, the pitting of one's wit, skill, and strength against competitors, disregard of danger, the acceptance of risk which one's foresight, knowledge, and ingenuity must overcome; and if these things constitute sport, surely motor-racing must take high rank. You are in command of a mighty machine of stupendous speed, magnificent power; you control it by a touch, you play on it as on an instrument, you take your life in

your hand confident in your capacity to avoid disaster; and seeing that few men have competed more energetically and successfully than Mr. Charles Jarrott—if indeed anyone has—I have thought it well to vary this series by introducing a new subject and including the bearer of so well-known a name.

On this matter of motor-racing Mr. Jarrott was eloquent in an excellent book which he published last year. To him, readers will not be surprised to find, motor-racing "appealed as the greatest sport evolved by man." He was speaking of the road-races, and for the moment ignoring the great drawback which it is impossible to deny and which has led to their disappearance—the obvious danger of accident when without warning a huge car travelling at terrific speed dashes into an unsuspecting district. He speaks of "the exhilaration of covering the space of a continent; hundreds of hundreds of miles of road varying in grade, in character, in scenery, and in every other kaleidoscopic feature which makes the road the Mecca of every true automobilist. The unknown presents itself at every yard," he says; "your neck and the safety of your car depend on the soundness of your judgment." If you were leading when three parts of the journey had been traversed the result was still wholly uncertain, for at any moment something might happen. "Are you better in dealing with these ever-recurring problems of driving than the man immediately in front of you or the man just behind you? If not, he gains and you lose; you drop farther back and are passed from the rear, and as you wrestle mentally and physically with all the difficulties of the trial the excitement of it enters into your soul and you realise that this is a sport of the gods. The glorious uncertainty of everything, capped by the intoxicating exhilaration of speed, would fascinate the most hardened sceptic."

Mr. Jarrott admits, nevertheless, that much as speed may add interest it is not an essential. He imagines twenty keen automobilists landing at Boulogne furnished with little 8 h.p. cars and told to make the best of their way to Nice. They would not go very fast, but their knowledge and resource would be drawn upon practically as much as if they were each equipped with a 90 h.p. Mercédès, and here would be all the elements of sport.

Charles Jarrott was born in March, 1875, and educated to a great extent by his elder brother, the Rev. T. I. Jarrott, an enthusiastic cyclist, who naturally imbued his junior with a love for the wheel. Mr. T. I. Jarrott was one of the few men in holy orders who have taken part in cycle racing, having distinguished himself in the contest for the Surrey Cup amongst other events. Charles's first destination was a lawyer's office, but the law did not appeal to him; he fancied he should do better if he adopted commercial pursuits,



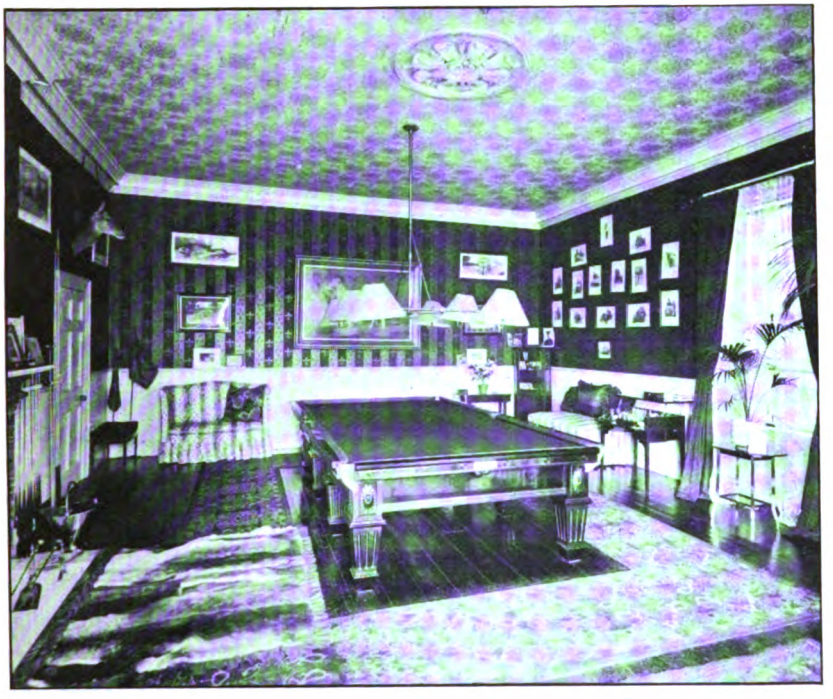
MR. CHARLES JARROTT

and when automobilism began to come into force he perceived in this an outlet for his energies. At the beginning, of course, it seemed doubtful whether he had chosen wisely, for motoring originated with everything against it, including a general prejudice which to start with amounted largely to detestation; and he recalls the first large assembly of the craft one typical November morning in 1896, when the gathering took place with the object of going—it cannot be called racing—from London to Brighton.

I well remember how anxiously nearly everyone hoped that the expedition would prove a fiasco, and with what satisfaction most people read of the mishaps and failures which attended the majority of the starters. At ten o'clock in the morning the scene outside the Hotel Metropole was one of the extremest confusion, at which Mr. Jarrott looked on with varying sentiments. A breakfast had been held at the hotel, attended by many members and guests of the Motor Car Club, when Lord Winchilsea amidst great enthusiasm tore up a red flag such as according to law had to be borne in front of every mechanically-propelled vehicle; the idea being that the old twelve miles an hour regulation would soon be rescinded. Thousands of persons thronged the roadway; lamp-posts, house-tops, and balconies were occupied by spectators interested, wondering, and chiefly derisive. There were cars of all the then known descriptions, including an early version of the motor bicycle, at that time a complicated mass of mechanism mounted on two wheels, in charge of, certainly it cannot be said controlled by, an unfortunate rider who apparently knew very little of the machine; for having started it by running alongside, he failed to get into his seat, and was last seen lying prostrate on the road with the motor on top of him, helpless and unable to move. A "break-down van" had been thoughtfully provided containing many things which it was supposed would be useful for the repairs of the various motors on the road. This was to bring up the rear of the procession, and in the rear it certainly kept, the driver, when he arrived at Brighton about three o'clock next morning, informing Mr. Jarrott that he had spent the best part of his time beneath his machine repairing break-downs on his own van. Mr. Pennington started off in front when at last the signal was given, but was brought to a halt somewhere near Brixton through the bursting of a tyre, and completed the journey by train. The Duryea car arrived first about three o'clock in the afternoon, that is to say, having completed the fifty miles in five hours; the Bollée charged a hedge and had to be towed to Brighton behind a cart. What happened to most of the starters was never known, but the result of the journey was greatly to the satisfaction of horse-dealers, saddlers, and others connected with the horse, who were

convinced that there was little to be feared from the competition of mechanically-propelled vehicles. Mr. Jarrott, however, did not share this opinion. He realised the difficulties which were so unmistakably in the way of the motor car, but believed that they would be overcome, and determined to throw in his lot with the movement.

His first driving lesson was on the road from Coventry with a more experienced friend named Turrell, and it was far from being a success. The car, in fact, ran away with him. "At no time in my existence," he says, "have I ever appeared to be travelling any-



BILLIARD ROOM, MANOR HOUSE, WALTHAM CROSS

thing like as fast as I was at that particular moment when I found that the car had control of me." Down one hill he dashed to speed up another, wondering if he was ever going to stop, when Turrell, having taken a short cut, came to his rescue, much hurt, however, that Mr. Jarrott had not "taken out the clutch"—a remark which conveyed no definite impression to him—and put on the brake. So far, however, from being cured by this experience it rendered him all the keener and more anxious to become a master of the art. By May next year, 1897, he flattered himself that he had learnt a great deal, and anxious to impress a well-known representative of one of

the London papers with the pleasures and conveniences of motoring, took him out on a little Bollée machine—a species of motor bicycle with a carrier attached in front. In his eagerness to show the capabilities of his craft, he started off at top speed over a rough piece of ground, struck a huge hump in the road which gave such a jerk that his passenger flew into space and had a narrow escape of being run over. This, it should have been said, was one of four cars which started from Coventry to Birmingham, and was the only one that arrived to time, though in the course of the afternoon the others completed the eighteen miles, and the drivers went straight to a banquet presided over by the Mayor; for it was hoped and believed that the industry would prove beneficial to the trade of the town. The numerous little accidents he met with seemed only to make Mr. Jarrott more earnest. Whenever he came across anything in the shape of a motor his great desire was to drive it, and happening to be at Wisbech, and seeing a tandem tricycle outside the hotel, the temptation to try it was irresistible. He and a friend were speedily seated, set off at full speed, and were going admirably when in rounding a right-angled corner they came to a small bridge blocked at the moment by a coal-cart. There was not room to pass, the machine struck the parapet with a tremendous crash, and the next thing Mr. Jarrott knew was that he was lying in the stream which ran beneath the bridge, with a confused impression of things in general, a badly sprained shoulder, and clothes torn to ribbons. The machine presented a complicated and eccentric spectacle with the front handle-bars somewhere beneath the back of the axle; and having pinned his clothes together as best he could he made a melancholy journey to London by train with the shattered car on a truck on its way back to the manufacturers.

In the year 1898, however, motors had reached such a stage of development that long journeys could be undertaken with a reasonable prospect of arriving at the intended destination. The speed limit was still twelve miles an hour, but Mr. Jarrott's Bollée could do something like eighteen if all went well with it, which was by no means invariably the case. On one occasion he was summoned for exceeding the legal limit, and the account he furnishes of the proceedings is extremely quaint. The first policeman who gave evidence was asked whether he recognised the driver. He replied that he did, and when requested to identify him vaguely looked round and pitched on the solicitor for the defence. A second policeman when asked a similar question picked out an innocent spectator, and it was a long time before the right defendant was discovered. There can be no sort of doubt that many motorists have most richly deserved the penalties awarded them, decent

automobolists have from the first condemned more strongly than any other people lack of consideration for users of the road, but at the same time the number of mistakes the police have made, and it is to be feared the amount of perjury committed by constables anxious to obtain convictions, must be enormous.

By this time Mr. Jarrott had become an expert, and one day, having ridden down on his tricycle to a well-known Kentish seaside resort, an elderly clergyman, admiring the extreme ease with which he controlled the machine, expressed a wish to try it. Mr. Jarrott pointed out that it was not perhaps quite as simple as it looked, but

MR. JARROTT'S STUDY, MANOR HOUSE

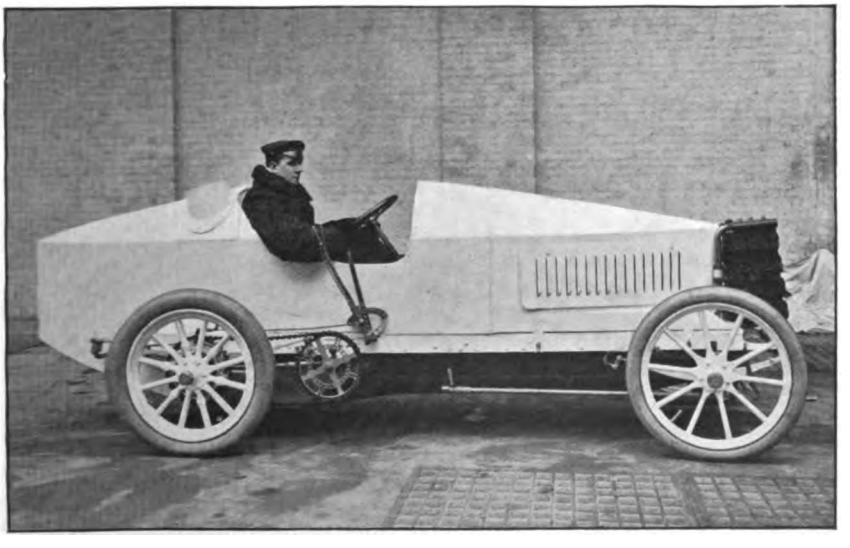
the clergyman was convinced there was nothing about it that he could not manage, begged for a ride, and seating himself in the saddle started off down a long hill. The pace increased as he descended, and suddenly turning almost at right angles to the road, the motor jumped a gutter and set off over the rough turf of the cliff-top, heading straight for the sea. Mr. Jarrott, running as hard as he could, arrived just in time to save it from plunging over the cliff, the rider explaining that he had been overcome by a feeling of bewilderment as soon as he was in motion, and entirely forgot the directions he had received.

Mr. Jarrott's name had now become generally known as one of the most successful riders, and in the year 1900 he and his friend Mr. S. F. Edge entered for the motor-cycle section of the Paris-Bordeaux race. Cars of all sorts competed, it being decided that the larger machines were to start twenty minutes after the motor-cyclists, of which latter there were thirty-seven: 3.15 a.m. was the hour fixed; the competitors were lined up four abreast and were briefly addressed by an official with a red flag. "Gentlemen," he said, "this is Paris. There is Bordeaux" (pointing towards the road). "There is but one thing that you have to do—get there. Are you ready? Go!" Off they started (most of them), and on they went, much excitement being created by the circumstance that after a time the big cars began to overtake them, though in one way this suited Mr. Jarrott, who, finding himself behind M. Charron in his machine, perceived that he would obtain the benefit of pacing, being drawn along behind with no wind resistance to overcome. The car with its springs of course travelled much more smoothly than the little machine behind without springs of any sort, but the rider stuck to it for miles, presently arriving at Poitiers, where he was told that he was third, only a few minutes behind the leader, Bardin, who, like himself, was on a Bollée tricycle. Ten miles from Poitiers his machine stopped with a sudden jerk, rain was falling in torrents, and Mr. Jarrott realised acutely that motor-racing was anything but an unmitigated joy. It was afterwards discovered that the tricycle had stopped because the rain, saturating the high-tension wire from the accumulator to the sparking plug, short-circuited the current. Bardin knew from experience that this was likely to happen, dragged his machine under shelter until the storm had passed, and then went on with his mechanism in perfect order.

It was in 1901 that Mr. Jarrott made the British motor tricycle hour record, covering 42 miles 255 yards. The year 1901 was also the date of the race between Paris and Berlin. Mr. Jarrott was by this time devoting himself chiefly to larger cars. The English Panhard business was in his hands, and he naturally determined to drive one of those cars in the race. Going to Paris he was introduced to the monster which he was to conduct in the first really great contest he had undertaken. It was figured "13," which of course was against it, 13 being an unlucky number; still, there had to be a 13, and he could not escape it; but on the other hand the car had been painted a beautiful rich green, and green being the French lucky colour it was hoped that this would counteract whatever effect the bad number might have. The distance was split up into three stages: from Paris to Aix-la-Chapelle 285 miles, Aix-la-Chapelle to Hanover 278, Hanover to Berlin 186.

A hundred cars started, on Thursday, June 27, from Champigny, just outside Paris, two other Englishmen being competitors—Mr. Edge on a Napier and Mr. Rolls on a Mors. Mr. Jarrott's time to Aix-la-Chapelle averaged thirty-eight miles an hour. The 278 miles the next day occupied 7 hrs. 48 mins., much delay having occurred at Cologne through a punctured tyre—a mishap which also befell him on the last day of the run, when the 186 miles were completed in 4 hrs. 49 mins., Mr. Jarrott's place in the contest being eighth.

Not long after came the Circuit du Nord—to be precise, in May 1902—Mr. Jarrott driving a 40 h.p. Panhard. In this race De Knyff had a 70 h.p. car of the same make, and it must be



MR. CHARLES JARROTT ON DE DIETRICH RACER

admitted that apart from the personal excitement of the contest, regarded purely as a race, such an event lacks interest, as a 70 h.p. car is certain to beat a 40, if all goes well. Here, however, all did not go well, De Knyff getting into difficulties soon after the start; but the event is memorable as affording a remarkable instance of French politeness. As the leaders were approaching the finish a Commissaire of Police, seeing that the crowd was straying on to the course, endeavoured, with the aid of his men, to force them back. He had misjudged the pace of Mr. Jarrott's car, which was on him before he could escape, and hurled him violently into the air. Mr. Jarrott put on his brakes and pulled up with all speed, got down and ran back, to find the unfortunate officer being carried away

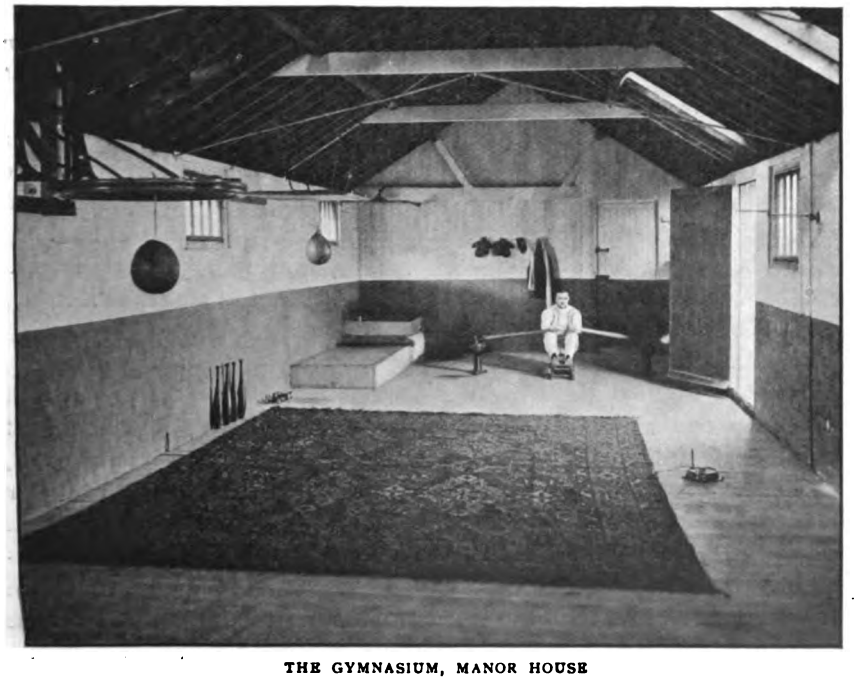
in an unconscious condition—dead, as there seemed too much reason to suppose. To have killed a police functionary was a most serious matter, and Mr. Jarrott was wondering what would happen, when a message reached him to the effect that M. Commissaire was not only alive, but wished to see him. Going at once to the room where the victim of the accident lay, Mr. Jarrott was delighted to find that no serious injury had befallen his victim, and more than amazed when the official apologised in the most profuse manner for having been the cause of such an unfortunate incident and obstructing his path for the finish at such a critical moment. Politeness, indeed, could not go much further than this!

In the Paris-Vienna race Mr. Jarrott drove a 70 h.p. Panhard similar to that used by De Knyff in the Circuit du Nord. Punctures and other difficulties occurred after going particularly well the first day, Mr. Jarrott just getting into the first dozen. The winner was announced to be Mr. Henry Farman, who had covered the 1,120 kilomètres in 16 hrs. 25 mins., but the idea was that a better performance had been accomplished by Count Zborowski (afterwards killed in a lamentable accident in the Riviera), whose time was 15 hrs. 56 mins., much of which had been wasted, however, at one of the frontiers through an alleged irregularity in some of his papers. The fastest time was made by M. Renault, 15 hrs. 46 mins.; but he was driving a light car, and the real racing interest was between cars of the heavier class.

Of the Circuit des Ardennes, which was won by Mr. Jarrott on July 31, 1902, he was good enough to write a graphic description in this magazine, under the title of "The Ardennes Race." Here again he had the 70 h.p. Panhard; the course was six times round a circuit of fifty-three miles—or nearly so, for the actual distance is described as 321 miles. There were thirty-two starters, Mr. Jarrott's number was 32, the very last on the list, which meant that thirty-one cars would be in front of him making an amount of dust which may be imagined. I will not relate in detail the story of the race. It may be briefly said that one car after another was passed by No. 32, though it was impossible for Mr. Jarrott to tell how many he had overtaken. When the last lap came to be ridden, however, he learned that Gabriel on his Mors was only twelve seconds ahead. The dust, he says, was fearful. He sped on, wondering whether he could ever catch his man, but happily sanguine of victory, because Gabriel had started four minutes in front of him, and if he could only do as well as he had done hitherto the twelve seconds would be a small deduction from the four minutes. All went right till the Haby la Neuve corner, turning which his car slewed completely round, making him lose a good half-minute; but presently he dimly

discerned Gabriel ahead, and as he did so perceived that the leader was slowing down; then he stopped, and it was only by a hair's breadth that Mr. Jarrott escaped dashing into him from behind. The 321 miles were completed in 353 minutes—good travelling! The average here was, it will be seen, some fifty-four miles an hour. Next year in the Paris-Bordeaux-Madrid race Mr. Jarrott's average time was sixty miles—a mile a minute—which can only be described as stupendous.

It was this desperate contest which put an end to road-racing so far as going from one capital to another at top speed is understood. The record of disaster was indeed terrible, and Mr. Jarrott



THE GYMNASIUM, MANOR HOUSE

declares that as he went back over the road after the race he marvelled not that several people had been killed, but that the tale of accident was not greater. Cars in fragments, cars in the fields, by the roadside, some upside down, others with no wheels, met his view; and the sufferers were not all the inexperienced, for two of the "old brigade," M. Renault and Mr. Loraine Barrow, handled the steering wheel for the last time, drove their last race, and paid the extreme penalty. On this occasion Mr. Jarrott drove a De Dietrich, and it may here be observed that the De Dietrich, the Crossley, and the Mors were the three the English rights of which he had acquired,

others to which he has devoted special attention being the De Dion and the Panhard-Levassor.

Gabriel on his Mors did an extraordinary piece of driving from Paris to Bordeaux, which Mr. Jarrott believes will always remain unequalled. Starting 168th, he came through scores of cars, blinding dust clouds, and wrecks, in 5 hrs. 14 mins.—that is to say, an average of over sixty-five miles an hour! One light De Dietrich, with an English driver and mechanician, took a corner too fast, turned a somersault, and of course threw the occupants into space; but the first thing the driver did was to rescue his camera and take a snap-shot of the ruins. Barrow's car struck a tree when going eighty miles an hour, killing the mechanician on the spot and fatally injuring Barrow. The car was, of course, smashed into fragments. It certainly cannot be wondered at that road racing of this description came to an end. In 1902 Mr. Jarrott made the then kilometre record at Welbeck, covering the distance in 28⅕ secs.

The Gordon Bennett races followed, the well-known proprietor of the *New York Herald* organising and liberally endowing these contests, a description of which would occupy more space than can here be devoted to them. Attempts were now made to keep the courses, but mishaps still occurred, and Mr. Jarrott had a desperate experience in the Irish race. When near the Kildare Control his engine began to miss fire, one of the wires becoming loose on a sparking plug, and though this was remedied something went wrong soon afterwards when the car was travelling about sixty miles an hour. It made a sudden right-angled turn, just missing a telegraph pole, charging a high bank, and turning over, throwing Mr. Jarrott out, but leaving his companion Bianchi under the car. Mr. Jarrott picked himself up, ran to the overturned machine, and found the unfortunate Bianchi with a red-hot exhaust-pipe pressing on his chest. There was imminent danger that the car would catch fire, and it seemed impossible to move it, as before the race he had vainly endeavoured to lift one of the wheels in order to see whether, should tyre-repair become necessary, he could rectify the mischief without the aid of a lifting-jack. It was a question of life and death, however, and by an almost superhuman effort he raised the car while some onlookers hastened to drag the sufferer from beneath. The moment after Mr. Jarrott lost consciousness, and returning to himself opened his eyes to see nothing—a horrible idea that he was blind naturally overtaking him. The fact was that he had been dragged into a farmyard and covered with a sheet, the impression being that he was dead. He and Bianchi escaped without broken bones, though with badly torn muscles and terrible bruises.

That at the present time Mr. Jarrott should be as keen as ever on motoring certainly says much for his courage, and no one could have been better qualified to write the chapter on "The Pleasures and Penalties" of the pastime which winds up his book. This volume also contains a particularly interesting chart showing the growth of racing speed. In the Paris-Bordeaux race of 1895 the record was just over fifteen miles an hour. Early in 1898 this was

MRS. CHARLES JARROTT

doubled. Mr. Jarrott's own Ardennes victory achieved fifty-four miles; Gabriel in the Paris-Madrid race already mentioned increased it to sixty-five, and for the Flores Cup the year before last Lancia attained the phenomenal speed of seventy-two miles an hour. The flying kilomètre was covered by Marriot in a Stanley car, in January of last year, in 18$\frac{4}{5}$ seconds; that is to say, at a speed of

121·52 miles an hour, which is surely the greatest rate at which any human being has ever travelled. It may be noted that this was on a steam car.

Mr. Jarrott declares that he never had any pronounced mechanical taste or capacity. When on a motor he was anxious to put things right when they went wrong merely for the sake of proceeding on his way, and by the light of experience he gradually acquired ability to do this. All over the world the motor has made amazing progress. A few years back three French firms used to stand out by themselves; now there are some dozen in the very front rank, any one of which is likely to turn out a car as near perfection as has been at present attained. The development in England has been quite astounding. Two years since there were no English manufacturers who could compete with their rivals across the Channel; now there are several who are able to hold their own against all competitors. The Italians have come on wonderfully, great power, lightness, and strength being the characteristics of their best machines. Whether they have stability and will really last well it remains for time to prove. The Germans are mainly distinguished for the introduction of the Mercédès car and for the Daimler, which has had so great a name from the first, and is more than holding its own against all rivals to-day. The Mercédès was designed by Herr Gellinek and named after his daughter, and he is so pleased with his invention that he has adopted the name of Mercédès as his own surname. The French are necessarily not advancing as rapidly as they were when they were much further from the ideal, the improvements in their cars at the present time being more in detail than in principle. A perfect tyre is still the great want, but though tyres will burst this is not so serious a matter as it used to be. Formerly it often took a good four hours of tug and strain before a tyre could be replaced; now the repair can often be effected in about fifteen minutes.

Mr. Jarrott does not know whether he has given up racing, after having certainly done enough to write his name large in the history of automobilism. The Kaiser Cup is to be contested in the summer over a course in the neighbourhood of Homburg where he has previously distinguished himself, and it is probable that he may again take part in this contest. When he snatches a respite from the main occupation of his life he plays cricket and shoots. In 1903, it may be added, Mr. Jarrott married the former Lady Rosslyn. A cheery companion, and always ready to do anyone a good turn, Mr. Jarrott's popularity is naturally great with all sorts and conditions of men, and no one grudges him a success he has striven so indomitably to win.

THE PRINCIPLES OF GOLF AND CRICKET

A COMPARATIVE RESEARCH

The Argument Verified by Action-Photographs

BY GEORGE W. BELDAM

THERE has been a good deal of discussion at different times amongst cricket-golfers, not only as to whether one game interferes with the other, but also as to whether the methods of the one coincide with those of the other. For the past few years, ever since I have had the exceptional opportunity of analysing the methods of the best exponents of both games in my action-photographs, and the additional advantage of intercourse with them, I have devoted myself to find out what principles are common to both games.

I do not set down my views as beyond controversy, nor do I say that I may not, in years to come, modify some of my deductions, for that is only to be expected into whatever field of research one enters; but I do think there are certain principles common to both games, as seen in the best players, which, backed up as they are by the camera, cannot be gainsaid.

The artist can only arrive by degrees at that state of excellence when he cannot help painting what is considered by connoisseurs a fine picture: years of uphill work, which means years of experience, elapse before he is able to treat the subjects he undertakes naturally.

He who is gifted by nature will arrive at that state of perfection quickest; but after all there is no limit—anything worth doing is really inexhaustible.

These remarks may apply especially to the artist, but they are equally true of golf and cricket, and indeed of every game worth playing. And just as certain principles influence the artist in his early career, until principles and experience intermingle, and the picture is painted naturally by the almost automatic movements of the eye, brain, and hand, so in golf and cricket there are principles which must be assimilated until they become part of one's being. When one has arrived at a certain state of excellence, one improves almost imperceptibly.

Action-photographs have their limitations for instruction, but they are always useful if looked at as one looks at nature. They serve the purpose, so essential in early training, of teaching those principles which it is absolutely necessary to grasp if one is to excel in any game; but they are only for those who have eyes to see.

I will now proceed to point out what are those principles which the action-photographs show to be synonymous in both games. I would say there are at least three—viz. the Grip, the Wrists, the Centre of Gravity of the Body.

The Grip.—In all the old text-books on golf we are told to grip the club in the fingers—tighter with the left hand than the right—and not in the palms. There is no doubt that the new school of golf, as represented by the overlapping grip which is being adopted by a great number of golfers, still agrees with the old text-book principle. For though the hands are brought closer together the grip is still a finger-grip, especially with the right hand. And why this finger-grip and the bringing of the hands closer together? All with one object—that of allowing the wrists to work freely and easily. Let the golf-club be gripped tightly in the palms instead of the fingers, and it is only too evident that the muscles of the wrists are so contracted and stiffened that if the wrists are to work they have to be forced to do so, and it becomes quite an effort. They appear to be working against their will. Grip the golf-club tightly with the first finger and thumb, and it will be seen that the undue pressure of the thumb tends to tighten the wrist muscles. It is for this reason that the golf-club is gripped in the two crooks of the first fingers of each hand, and the right thumb is allowed to fall rather loosely over the shaft; the left thumb in the overlapping grip is possibly exerting a little more pressure, which is consistent with the left hand gripping rather more than the right. It is just here that the doctors of golf disagree slightly. Some say that they grip equally tight with the fingers of both hands, others that they grip tighter with the left;

whilst others say they like to feel the left hand just in the ascendant. Most agree, however, to grip tighter with iron than with wooden clubs. But in one point almost all agree—*i.e.* that the grip should be in the fingers to allow the proper working of the wrists.

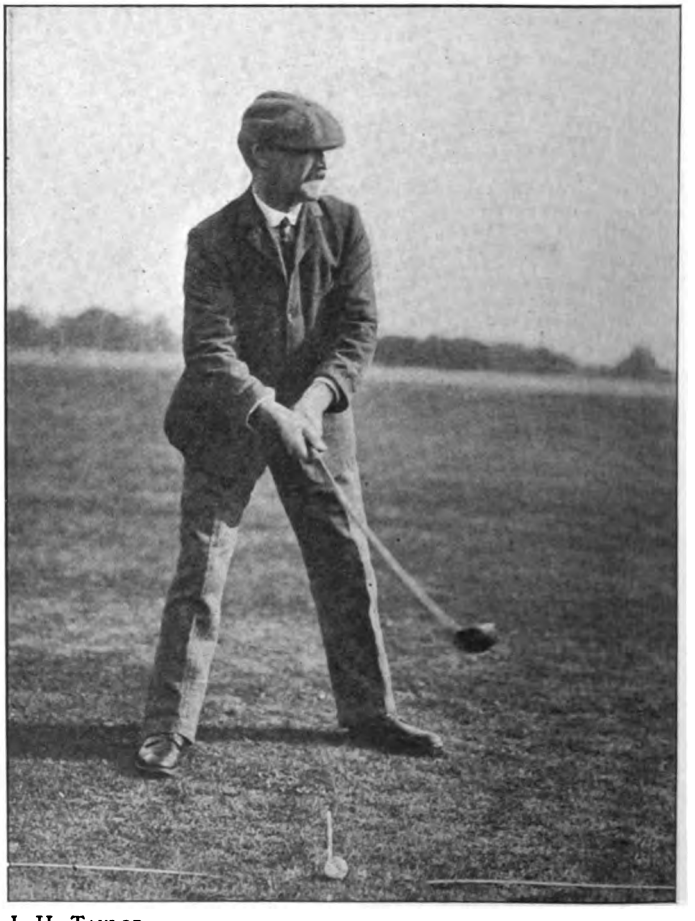
Is there anything in this principle as applied to cricket? Without the slightest hesitation I say, Yes. The same principle of finger-grip runs through the play of the larger proportion of our best batsmen.

First and foremost I would place the grip of K. S. Ranjitsinhji. A well-known writer—I believe it was Mr. C. B. Fry—likened the play of Ranjitsinhji's fingers on his bat handle to that of a violinist on his instrument. This proves that his preliminary grip must be with the fingers, otherwise they could not be moved at will with such ease and rapidity. But Ranjitsinhji himself once explained it to me, and stated that it was far more in the fingers of each hand than in the palms; and further, that he has not much use for his thumbs, especially the right one. Is not this synonymous with the golf methods before explained? But let us turn to the photographs, which show the grip of the golf-club and cricket-bat in the hands of some of the champions of these games.

Fig. 1 shows J. H. Taylor in a preliminary position somewhat similar to K. S. Ranjitsinhji, Fig. 2. The photographs were taken possibly a second or so before each had determined the shot to be played. But notice especially in both cases the looseness of the right-hand grip preparatory to making the stroke, and that the grip of the right hand must be in the fingers. There is also a similarity of grip between that of J. H. Taylor (Fig. 3) and Victor Trumper (Fig. 4), and this would be all the more evident if Taylor gripped in the so-called orthodox style, with the left thumb round the shaft. Finger-grip is, however, plainly seen in each case. These are only a few out of many examples which I have in my collection of photographs.

The Wrists.—Since there is the strongest relationship between the grip and the use of the wrists in nearly all the best exponents of cricket and golf, and since I consider their right use in both games the one absolute essential to success, I will take the use of the wrists next in order. I did not put it first, because undoubtedly a proper grip is necessary if the wrists are to work in the right manner. If I were asked to say what is the most important principle common to both games, I would without any hesitation reply, "It is that the wrists should initiate the upward movement of the club or bat." There is a strong tendency for the arms to start this upward movement, which is sure to show itself in a photograph, or to the trained eye. The upward movement is slower, and the club or bat is taken

further back; the result is also seen in the finish, which makes the follow-through appear forced, as it really is. When the wrists initiate the upward movement, the end of the club or bat starts moving first, and then at a certain point the arms naturally follow the circle initiated. Instead of the circle being described from the elbows, the point or fulcrum is much lower down on the handle of



J. H. TAYLOR

FIG. 1.—THE PRELIMINARY "LIFT" IN GOLF

These photographs show the players just before they respectively made up their minds exactly what to do with the ball. The similarity which I wish to bring out is the looseness of the right-hand grip

the bat, because all the power is concentrated in the wrists. The effect of this is nothing short of marvellous, when compared with arm initiation. It is difficult to explain this upward initial move-

ment of the wrists and how it is made. I will, however, try to give some idea of it, taking cricket first. It appears to me that the very beginning of the movement comes from the fingers (proving how essential it is to grip with the fingers and not with the palms); then the movement is taken up by the wrists, which are caused to turn in an upward direction; the wrists then make the arms move from the elbows in a natural manner. This is the whole of the initial wrist movement, as I conceive it, and it is confirmed by photographs.

K. S. RANJITSINHJI

FIG. 2.—THE PRELIMINARY "LIFT" IN CRICKET

preparatory to making the stroke—undoubtedly each is gripping quite loosely with the fingers of the right hand. But notice also that the preliminary lift of the club from the wrists has had the tendency to move the right elbow naturally into the side.

The movement in golf is exactly the same, only to compare the two one must take a club (the mashie) which is about the same length as a cricket bat. In the drive at golf the same idea is worked out,

but on a larger scale, and the initial movement is less upright and more round the body.

Figs. 5 and 6 show the initial movement having taken place in both games.

When the wrists are being used properly the player can hit very much harder without danger of the body overbalancing at the most crucial moment. It is just here that the finest golfers can "press" if they want to, and let the ball have it for all they are worth without any fear of bad results; and all because the wrists

J. H. TAYLOR

FIG. 3.—THE GRIP IN GOLF.

These photographs show the grip which is essential if the wrists are to be the motive power and control the club or bat. The principle in each case is that of finger rather than palm grip — especially with the right hand. If J. H. Taylor's left thumb were round

have initiated, and hence control, the whole movement from start to finish. A glance through my collection of photographs shows very plainly this same point coming out in Ranjitsinhji's and others' strokes in "Great Batsmen." In many instances he has hit the ball

with the utmost of his vigour, and yet there is no apparent effort, because the body is kept under complete control owing to the wrists predominating the whole stroke. The photographs would show quite a different effect if the arms were the motive power—for very often they fail to control the body, and then mistiming results. In such cases it would be evident that the bat had been *forced* to do the necessary work. One often hears a professional at golf give the advice "Let the weight of the club do it." But this is, in my opinion, well-nigh an impossibility if the arms initiate the upward movement. I will dare to say that when the wrists initiate and control the movement of the club or bat, timing, which is the

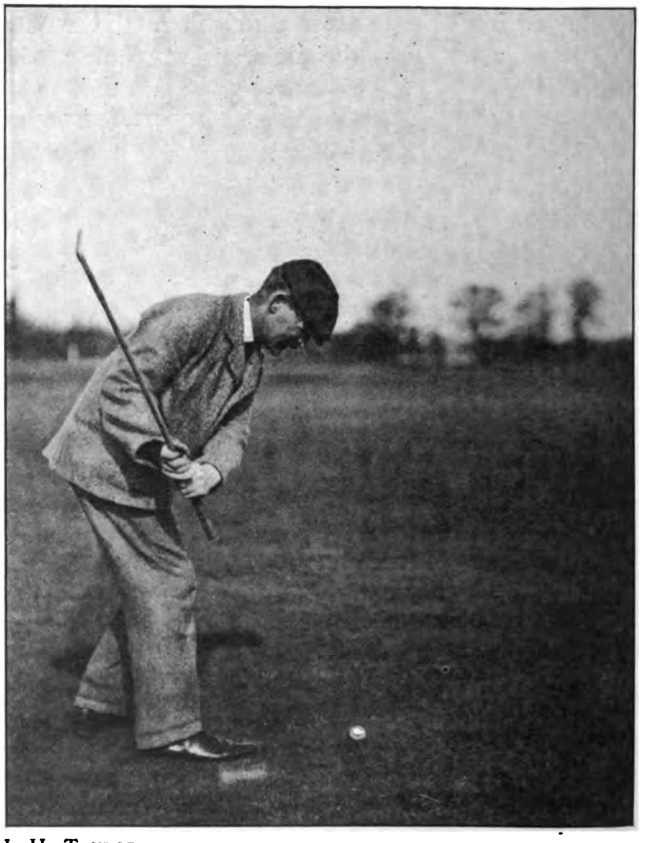
VICTOR TRUMPER

FIG. 4.—THE GRIP IN CRICKET

the shaft according to the orthodox grip, the similarity would be all the more evident. The object of the finger grip is to facilitate wrist movement, by not contracting the muscles of the wrists, as is the case where the club or bat is not gripped in the fingers.

summum bonum of either game, is greatly facilitated, and most of the difficulties disappear. I will even dare to assert that when the wrists are working properly, either at golf or cricket, foot-work is facilitated and comes far more naturally, the body is kept far

steadier, and a firm stance is the natural outcome. A firm stance! What golfer has not heard of the necessity of a firm stance at the moment of impact! But I must touch on that later. Initial wrist movement is such a subtle affair that it defies instruction by illustration: the player can, however, be conscious that the wrists are the initial motive power, and when once he has experienced this he has come into his kingdom. The one thing necessary then is to practise in this way until he is no longer conscious of what is happening.



J. H. TAYLOR

FIG. 5.—THE PRELIMINARY WRIST MOVEMENT IN GOLF.

Here there is a marked similarity between the wrist actions; though the golf stroke is a mashie pitch, and the cricket shot is the beginning of a drive. It shows, however, that the position of the wrists and arms at the commencement of the cricket drive

Then he will find a new country opened out to him and vast possibilities of strokes of which he never before dreamed.

Yet another important point for consideration. The follow-through is considered absolutely necessary in both games, but one

often hears it referred to as if it enjoyed a separate existence instead of being created, as it should be, by wrist initiation—or some previous movement in the upward direction of the bat or club. The follow-through, which is strained after for effect, is absolutely useless from the point of view of effectiveness. Any follow-through which is not the natural outcome of the upward movement, but is tacked on after the ball has gone, is worthless. There are really

VICTOR TRUMPER

FIG. 6.—THE PRELIMINARY WRIST MOVEMENT IN CRICKET
(when the wrists have initiated the movement) are more akin to a mashie stroke or a short iron shot. The bat does not go very far back when the wrists control it. There is no doubt that Victor Trumper is preparing to drive the ball.

only three kinds of effective follow-through, and one is very inferior to the other two.

(*a*) The follow-through which comes from the wrists principally, the arms having been most aggressive at impact and quiescent

immediately afterwards—the wrists being the controlling power throughout. See Figs. 7 and 8.

(*b*) The follow-through which comes from the wrists and is helped by the arms, neither the wrists nor the arms being so aggressive at impact. See Figs. 9 and 10.

(*c*) The follow-through which comes from arm initiation and control, wrist-work being entirely absent. See Figs. 11 and 12.

To take *a* first, and apply it to golf and cricket: Whatever takes place in the upward, must of necessity be reproduced in the

J. H. TAYLOR

FIG. 7.—THE CORRECT FOLLOW-THROUGH (PURELY FROM WRIST INITIATION) IN GOLF

J. H. Taylor is here shown executing a typical drive. It is very evident that the wrists initiated the movement of the club and controlled it right through the swing.

The same methods exactly, making allowance that the swing is more upright, have been applied by K. S. Ranjitsinhji in his on drive. It will be noticed on comparing

downward, movement. And when the wrists are the controlling power, having acted as previously explained, the arms, viz. the portion from the elbows to the shoulders, come into the movement later than is the case with the *b* movement: in both cases (*a*

and *b*) the whole movement is even and smooth and not cut up into separate parts.

Because the wrists have almost entirely initiated the *a* movement, they keep control right through to the end. The arms will be found to be most aggressive at the moment of impact, but the wrists are predominating and cause the bat or club to travel through at such greatly accelerated speed that they cannot help following through, unless purposely checked. It is just this kind of follow-through which makes the golfer or cricketer unconscious of what has happened to the club or bat after the ball has

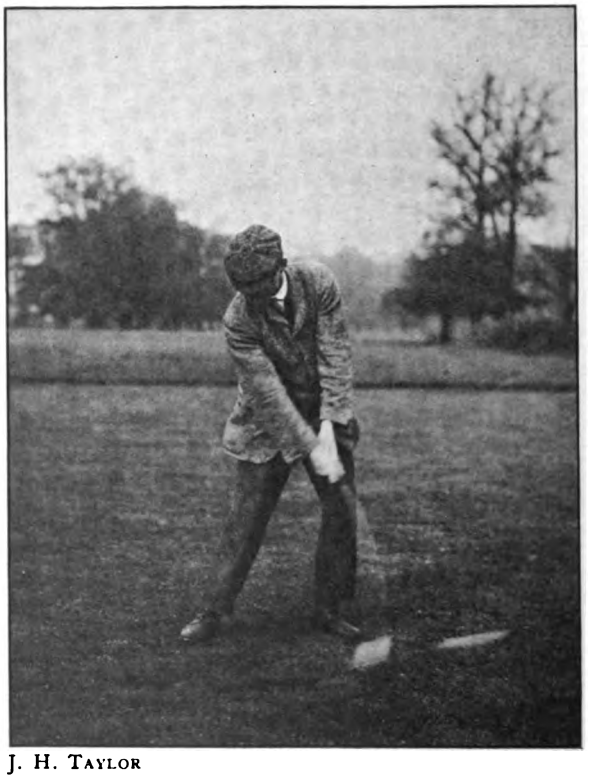
K. S. RANJITSINHJI

FIG. 8.—THE CORRECT FOLLOW-THROUGH (PURELY FROM WRIST INITIATION) IN CRICKET

these two photographs, how near to the head the hands finish in the follow-through, clearly proving, to my mind, that the wrists initiated and controlled the whole of both strokes, and also that the arms were most aggressive at the moment of impact, and quiescent afterwards, being dragged through by the weight of the club or bat.

gone; and if the stroke has been timed properly he experiences the most gratifying feeling of having achieved the maximum of result with the minimum of effort. It does not follow at cricket that this feeling is always experienced if the stroke has been made

with the wrists controlling the bat: for it stands to reason there is only one point where the ball must meet the bat, that varies in accordance with the stroke determined on, and the pace of the ball in the air has to be judged as quickly as possible. In other words, the stroke may be made in accordance with the *a* principle, and yet to no effect if the ball has been mistimed. But the very fact of the wrists moving properly has been found to facilitate the correct movement of the feet at cricket. There seems to be some subtle sympathy, some kind of telepathy, between the two, which is



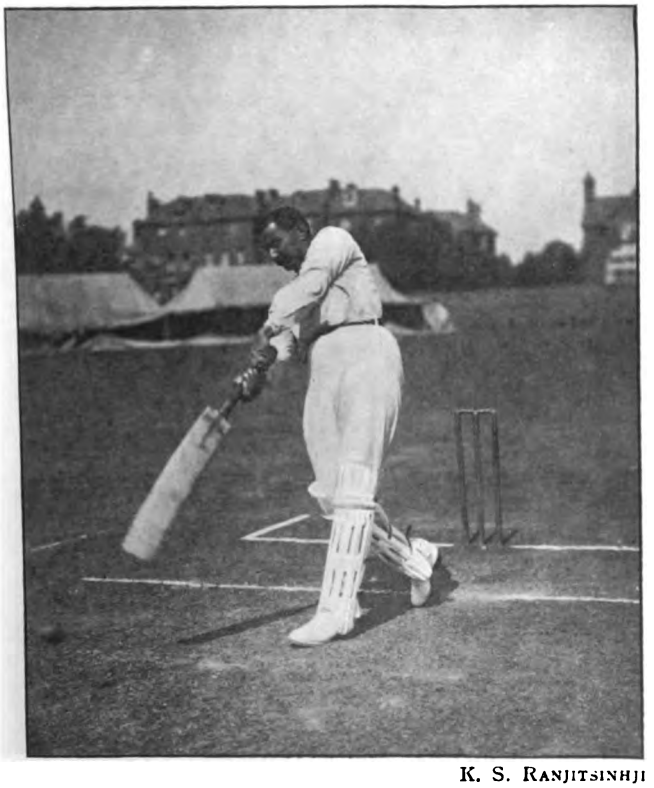
J. H. TAYLOR

FIG. 7A.—THE POSITION OF ARMS IN GOLF AT ABOUT THE MOMENT OF IMPACT

The fraction of a second intervening between actual impact and the above positions is infinitesimal, so that we may treat the case as one of actual impact. The wrists and arms are evidently doing the work, and are most active at this point; but as the wrists are the motive power, the

altogether absent when *c* methods are used—*ergo* the dual importance of this initial wrist movement. At golf, too, something similar takes place, only the ball is not moving, and hence the feet are likewise restricted in movement. The drive at golf differs from

the drive at cricket more in the upward movement than in the follow-through, and in this respect: The club being longer than the cricket bat, and the ball further away from the player when the stroke is made, the upward movement is longer, and this causes the arms, which have joined in the initial movement (later in the *a* method and earlier in the *b*) to call upon the body to turn from the hips. This movement from the hips will also be found to come naturally if the initial movement from the wrists has taken place, there being a like sympathy as in cricket, between the wrists and the feet. For



K. S. RANJITSINHJI

FIG. 8A.—THE POSITION OF ARMS IN CRICKET AT ABOUT THE MOMENT OF IMPACT

arms will be dragged through after having done their work. The arms being in extension show they have done their part—almost immediately after the impact there is a feeling of laxity and looseness—as the momentum imparted to the club or bat at impact causes it to follow through of its own accord.

this body-turn causes the left knee to bend and the left foot to turn inwards naturally.

It is just here, when the player is at the top of the movement, whether at golf or cricket, that he is most likely to go wrong. In

golf the turn of the body which took place last of all in the upward movement should come into the stroke last of all. The great fault is that players rush the body forward till it is in front of the club, and so all effectiveness and power is lost. James Braid gives most wise counsel on this point, for he tells his pupils to let the arms

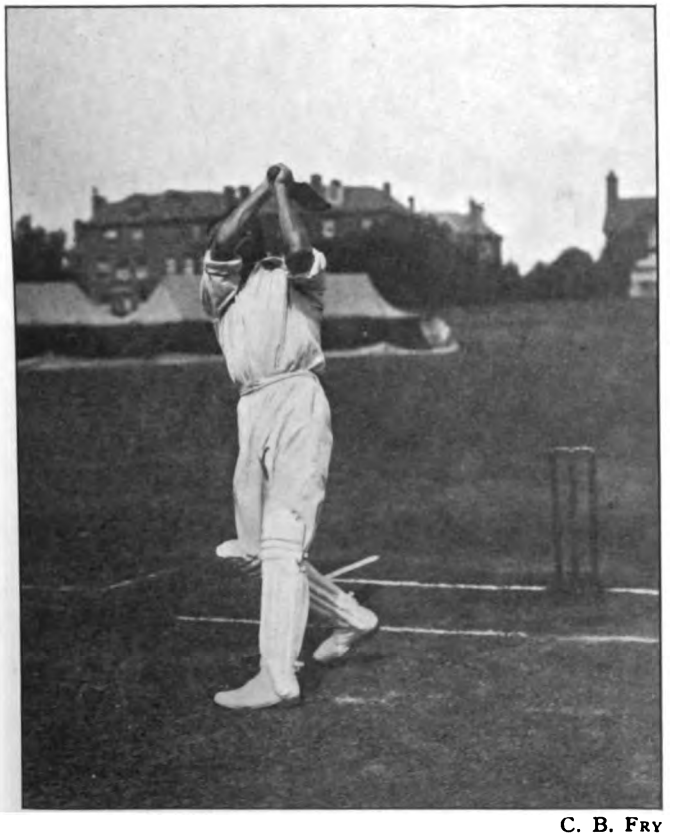
H. VARDON

FIG. 9.—THE CORRECT FOLLOW-THROUGH IN GOLF (WRISTS BACKED UP BY THE ARMS)

By comparing these two photographs with "an exaggerated follow-through," and also with those of J. H. Taylor and K. S. Ranjitsinhji, it will be seen that they come somewhere between the two. The arms in the cases of H. Vardon and C. B. Fry have been utilised more than in the case of J. H. Taylor and K. S. Ranjitsinhji; but still

bring the club down and keep the body back as much as possible. Why? Because the arms will then drag the body round at the right moment, and correct timing will be the result. But I venture to

think there is not so much likelihood of the body asserting itself too soon in the downward movement if the wrists have worked properly, because the balance of the body has not been disturbed, as would be the case when *c* methods are used. Finally, in regard to *a* methods, there is, both at golf and cricket, immediately after impact, a feeling of laxity and looseness, just as if all the virtue in the stroke had gone altogether into the ball, and such a feeling is not experienced



C. B. Fry

FIG. 10.—THE CORRECT FOLLOW-THROUGH IN CRICKET (WRISTS BACKED UP BY THE ARMS)

the impression given is that the arms are in subjection to the wrists. In proportion as the arms are controlled by the wrists, so the hands finish nearer to the head or body. In the "exaggerated follow-through" it will be seen they are far away from the body, nearer in these two photographs, and nearer still in those of J. H. Taylor and K. S. Ranjitsinhji.

unless the wrists have controlled the movement entirely from its commencement.

J. E. Laidlay once discussed with me this action of the wrists

on the ball at the moment of impact. He was also very emphatic as to the initial grip being in the fingers and not a tight one. As evidence of the effectiveness of this and the action of the wrists at the moment of impact, he gave a very forcible illustration. "Have you ever noticed," he said, "stonebreakers breaking stones along the roadside?" I confessed I had not particularly noticed

FIG. 11.—AN "EXAGGERATED FOLLOW-THROUGH" AT GOLF (ARM WORK)
This photograph (one of myself taken by H. Vardon) shows an excess of arm work in the follow-through at golf. Had the wrists been used properly the hands would have been nearer the head and the arms more bent and not playing such an important part in the follow-through. The arms have forced the club through instead of being dragged through by the weight of the club.

their methods. "I have," he said, "and tried my hand at it, and it is a fact that if the hammer is gripped tightly and its head brought down on the stone with all the force it is possible to exert

the results are not at all satisfactory, and some stones absolutely refuse to yield to such treatment. Then I held the hammer quite loosely in the fingers, and allowed the wrists to take it back: the hammer-head, travelling at its highest velocity, met the stone with the most surprising results, and broke into atoms that which had before refused to yield to forceful treatment." And the same

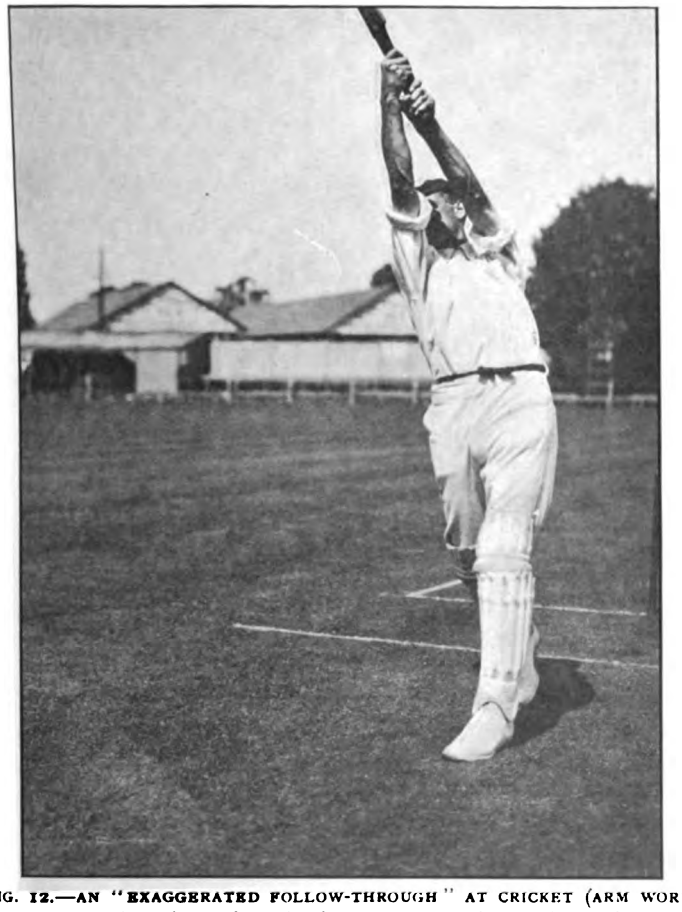


FIG. 12.—AN "EXAGGERATED FOLLOW-THROUGH" AT CRICKET (ARM WORK)
This is a photo of Lewis, the Somerset professional. It shows an altogether exaggerated arm follow-through at cricket. It is clearly seen that the arms have controlled the bat and forced it through; had the wrists done so the arms would have been bent and in a far less strained position, and the weight of the bat would have dragged them through, and the hands have finished much closer to the head.

mechanics apply to the methods used with the golf club or cricket bat.

Jack Graham, when asked to explain how it was he got his

extra length in the drive, simply stated, "The only way I can account for it is that I grip tighter at the moment of impact." In this remark one may see possibly a crude explanation of the wrists coming into the stroke at the right moment. Yet one more illustration. I was told that during a certain golf meeting some of the professionals went in the evening to a fair and amused themselves with one of those punching-ball machines which are supposed to show by an indicator who is the strongest man! The burly Andrew Kirkcaldy had easily beaten all comers, when presently up came little Ben Sayers and challenged him, to the evident amusement of the on-lookers. The challenge was accepted, and Andrew sent the indicator beyond his previous best. Ben Sayers then just stepped up to the machine and gave a typical wrist punch (a true boxing blow), bringing the wrist and arm in at the right moment. Up flew the indicator past Andrew's best; and though he had further trials he could not beat it. It clearly proved that the so-called testing machine was not a true test of strength.

The right application of force through the medium of the wrists governs more games than golf and cricket; indeed, it will be found that similar principles of wrist work apply to all ball games. Notice the finest shots made at hockey, and you will see wrists coming into play distinctly; indeed, it is mostly wrist work. At lawn-tennis, too, the wrist plays a most important part—not to mention racquets, polo, fencing, billiards, &c.

To turn now to the *b* methods. The principal difference between *a* and *b* methods is that in *b* the arms, from the shoulders, have been allowed to come into the upward movement almost before the initial wrist movement is complete. In other words, the arms in *b* commence their partnership with the wrists sooner than the arms in *a* methods. And this, which has been happening in the *b* upward movement, is reproduced in its downward movement, and hence, after the ball has gone, the arms are still in active partnership with the wrists, though they may be under their control. The club or bat then finishes with the hands further away from the body (see Figs. 9 and 10) than is the case in the *a* movement (see Figs. 7 and 8). The whole of the *b* movement is slower than that of *a*, because in the latter the wrists allow of a quicker stroke being played, so that all the virtue there was in the stroke took place at the moment of impact, and hence there was what is known as more "devil" in the shot; whereas in the *b* movement, though the wrists put in a certain amount of "devil" at impact, they are saddled with the partnership of the arms, and this state of things continues in the follow-through.

It may be only a matter of opinion as to which of the two is the

better method to employ. No one will gainsay the results which have been achieved by Harry Vardon and C. B. Fry respectively, both of whom undoubtedly apply the *b* methods to their respective games. But somehow one cannot lose sight of the fact that when watching both Taylor and Ranjitsinjhi one wonders where their power comes from, and they give the impression that they attain the best results with the least effort.

The follow-through is, of course, more evident to the onlooker in the *b* methods on account of the hands being further away from the head at the finish; but this fact shows that the club or bat has been forced somewhat to do its work.

Notice, please, that in both cases the arms have been used, but in different ways, as previously explained.

A final comparison of the Figs. 7 and 9 shows this peculiar fact, which is also verified from observation, that the finish of the *b* movement as illustrated in Vardon is more graceful than that of J. H. Taylor; but in cricket one would certainly say the reverse was the case, and that Ranjitsinhji's movements were more graceful than C. B. Fry's, though possibly the finish of the drive would be an exception. One is apt to notice the finishes of the golfer more than those of the cricketer; for in the latter case that which takes place at the moment of impact is what catches the eye, and then the *a* movement is clearly the more taking. But it does not always follow that the most graceful style is the most effective.

Last of all, the *c* movement. I do not think there is any chance here of doctors disagreeing. The arms have overpowered what use there was in the wrists, because the arms initiated the movement of the club or bat and controlled the whole stroke from start to finish. Hence we see the arms at full stretch in another kind of follow-through (Figs. 11 and 12). Certainly there has been much more effectiveness in the strokes than if there had been no follow-through; but this is all that can be said in their favour. When the arms are used the body is very likely to come into the stroke before the club, and then mistiming is bound to result in either case.

The one thing to guard against is the natural tendency of the arms to commence the control of the movement of the club or bat. The wrists should be the initial motive power. At least so it appears to me, both from observation and from a study of the photographs of the best players in both games.

The next article will include the balance and distribution of the weight of the body, and certain strokes common to both games. The articles will conclude with the effect which golf has on one's cricket and *vice versâ*—including a criticism of the views of some first-class cricketers.

STRANGE STORIES OF SPORT

XXVI.—THE WINDS

BY GEOFFREY WILLIAMS

"I REALLY shouldn't wonder if there were something in the story," observed Dick Redwood.

"Stuff and nonsense," I snapped, crossly, for I was not in a good temper at the moment.

I had come up a fortnight ago to spend a few hard-earned weeks at my pet fishing-place in Western Ross, and the Fates had been adverse. Day after day had slipped by, and still the rain held off and the clear low water ridiculed my most skilful piscatorial efforts. My long-looked-for holiday was turning out a dismal failure, and I think that sufficient excuse for a good deal of irritation.

"In spite of your highly impressive arguments," went on Dick, imperturbably, "I am of the same opinion still. Let's go and investigate for ourselves."

"Really you're very obstinate," I said; "if you are going to believe every strange yarn you hear up in these parts you'll find your credulity is put to a pretty severe test. Every glen and every tarn has its mystery."

"Yes, I know all that; but the story seems to me to have a basis of the truth in it, and I want to know more about it. I shall certainly go. Will you come?"

I picked up my rod, balanced it thoughtfully for a moment, and then looked up at the sky. Clear and brazen, it cast a glare on

everything, even at this early hour, that betokened ill for fishing prospects. Not a breath of air disturbed the seeding grasses in the little field across the road. Reluctantly I accepted the decision of Fate, and, turning with a sigh, I said, "Very well, I will come," and so it is the weather I have to thank for embarking me upon an expedition which has more than satisfied my exploring instincts.

Should I have gone if I had known what was to come? I wonder?

The story which had fired Dick's curiosity to such an unusual interest was in essentials pretty much the same as many others I had heard in my frequent wanderings in the wilder parts of Ross and Sutherland. In fact I think it was more the convincing manner of the teller than the story itself which had impressed us. The surroundings at the time also doubtless heightened the effect, for the story was told by one of our gillies, an ancient person answering to the name of Dugald, as we were walking back from our unsuccessful fishing the previous evening. We were very late coming home, having stayed on by a promising little tarn in the mountains in the hopes of an evening rise, which desire of our hearts was, I need hardly say, denied us. The sun had gone well down behind the hills before we knew, and the twilight was already peopled with the mysterious shadows that ever shift and wander by night among the Scottish moorlands.

Our homeward way was wild and desolate, passing over rocky heather-clad slopes from the crests of which, from time to time, we looked down on the still grey sea with its craggy barren coast. The place seemed different somehow from when we had crossed it in the morning. Then the rocks gleamed and sparkled in the sun, and the glistening white gulls swooped and wheeled over the shimmering bays, while each little tarn and burn was set in a bright frame of purple heather. But the cheerfulness of the scene had passed with the sunlight, and all was now a gloomy expanse in grey, shapeless and undefined. The path was rough, and we scrambled along in silence, feeling that talk was out of place, while the stillness grew about us till the sudden mournful call of a curlew protesting against unwonted disturbance of its usually peaceful haunts seemed like the cry of a spirit of despair.

Presently we came to the edge of a rugged hill from which the country sloped down to the rock-bound coast, and old Dugald, pointing to a particularly imposing cliff that jutted out into the distant sea below, broke the long silence.

"In that rock," he said, "dwell the little men."

Dick pricked up his ears: he was new to this kind of thing. "Tell me the story," he asked, eagerly.

And Dugald, wishing nothing better, plunged into his yarn in the hushed tone suitable to the time and the subject. He told of strange sights seen around the cliff at night, of weird cries heard in the surrounding glens, and of women whose experiences had bereft them of their reason. Many and horrible were the details he gave, and when finished he stopped suddenly and whispered "Listen!" He had so wrought upon my imagination that I could have sworn I heard something that one does not look to hear in a barren heath—a dry, low chuckle passing simply over the moors; the old man knew how to produce a good effect, and was a born *raconteur*.

He went on to tell how in days gone by various bold persons had set out to solve the mystery of the cave in the cliff whence all these strange happenings sprang, and how their hearts had failed them at the last, and they had fled from the mouth of the cave with their inquiring spirit effectually quenched. All this I had heard often before, but he finished up in an unexpectedly definite manner, declaring that when he was a boy of fifteen or so, which would be some fifty years ago, two men had set out to examine the cave, had been seen by friends accompanying them to enter it, and had never come out. No one dared go in to look for them, and there, according to Dugald, they must be still.

It may seem impossible that two men could disappear in this way without a proper search being made, but in the wild country old superstitions die hard, and to anybody who knows it and its people it will not be hard to believe that no one was found hardy enough to tempt the fate that every soul in the district was convinced had befallen the two unfortunates.

The whole story, especially the end, had profoundly impressed my companion, and the result was that I had bound myself to join him in exploring the cave in question. When once I had agreed to go he was for starting immediately, and I had some trouble to induce him to wait while I made a few preparations. If you decide to set off on a wild-goose chase at all you may as well be ready for the wild goose should you chance to find it, and I accordingly provided myself with a supply of rope and candles, a lantern, and a revolver, the last-mentioned article being a satisfying thing to have by one, though I confess I did not expect to use it.

The cave could only be reached by sea, and we started off from the little pier below the inn with the prospect of a good three hours' pull before us, as there was no breeze and sails were merely a useless encumbrance. We had intended to go alone, and had said nothing of our intentions to anyone; but just as we were starting we found that our second gillie, Ronald, a smart and intelligent young fellow of about twenty, wished to accompany us. I had noticed

that he was a good deal moved when Dugald had told his story the night before, and he now explained that one of the missing men had been his grandfather, so that, guessing our intention and being either less superstitious or more daring than his fellows, he meant to try to solve the mystery of his ancestor's fate. We were only too glad of another pair of arms to help pull the heavy boat, and accepted him and his filial affection with alacrity, at which he expressed himself grateful, though I must confess that his set expression and the obvious way in which he had steeled himself to go through with what he considered an excessively dangerous quest did not strike me as likely to enliven us during the journey or strengthen our nerves if anything startling did happen in the cave.

It was a glorious day, and as I sat lazily in the stern pretending to steer, watching Dick, who was rowing with admirable energy if with a slight lack of skill, I felt that I was enjoying myself considerably. Dick's cheerful grin and obvious delight in his little adventure should have been enough to put anyone in good spirits.

But my beatitude of mind did not last, and as we passed point after point that marked the succession of bays that indent this coast I felt my spirits sinking lower and lower. A glance at Ronald tended little to raise them, and I wondered whether by some form of telepathy he was transferring his own feelings to me through the wide grey eyes that were fixed on mine with that peculiar unseeing stare which is so characteristic of an oarsman.

A sensation of impending evil grew on me as we neared our goal, and at last I found myself admitting in my own mind that I was not the sceptic I gave myself out to be, and that in my heart of hearts I was by no means sure that our investigation would be attended only by the purely scientific interest of ordinary cave exploration. I am practically a pure Celt, and I suppose superstition is in the blood and can never be rooted out through education, though education and environment may cover it with a crust which takes a good deal of breaking. However that may be, I found myself thinking that these weird Highland stories must have some foundation and that I was about to do an exceedingly foolish thing; but caution had come too late, and realising that it was impossible to draw back now, I resolutely put my forebodings behind me, though with something of an effort, I confess. Time had slipped by while I had been struggling with depression, and when I pulled myself together I found that we were already approaching the mouth of our cave.

The opening was a great arch about fifty feet across, the dark grey rock walls sloping sheer down into the sea floor which ran

straight in as far as the eye could see. We halted at the entrance for a rest, and while Dick lit a pipe and Ronald prepared the lantern, I gazed thoughtfully down the deep shadows beyond and wondered how things would be with us in another hour or two. As I looked it suddenly struck me that there was no possible path from the cave to the land except by water, for nothing could have found foothold on the precipitous walls that shut us in as we drifted slowly forward. At the thought my spirits rose considerably, for if this were the case no dwellers in the cave could get ashore, since it was hardly likely they would be provided with boats, and therefore the stories of the deeds perpetrated by them on the moors behind must be totally without foundation.

I pointed this out to the other two, who took it differently, Dick showing only disappointment, while Ronald looked decidedly relieved, and cheered up sufficiently to relapse into a smile. But it soon faded, and his superstitious feelings evidently got the better of him again. In his view the inhabitants of such a place, if any, would not be hampered by mortal disabilities. In fact, it was evident to me that our delay at the entrance was only telling on his nerves and setting his Highland imagination to work; so, seeing that the lights were ready, I gave the word to go ahead.

We rowed slowly for fear of sunken rocks, and it must have been some ten minutes after we left the sun behind us before we saw any possible landing place. The sea floor ran in for an unusual distance, and the precipitous walls showed no break in their smooth steep slopes. At length the arched entrance began to change in character, the width decreased rapidly, and the sides grew rugged and broken, while from every ledge and cranny rock pigeons flew angrily forth, clapping their strong wings in protest. The roof became higher and the walls showed an increasing slope away from the water. After a hundred yards or so of this, a spit of rock loomed up unexpectedly out of the floor ahead, and in another instant our keel was grating on a gravelly beach beside it. Our voyage was at an end.

The passage had so far been very nearly straight, and a faint streak of light was still visible from the way we had come. I think we all felt a disinclination to see the last of it and lose our communion with the outside world, and when I suggested lunch and whisky before going on, the idea met with instant approval.

Although I was glad of the chance to watch the tiny streak of light for a few minutes more, suggestive as it was of life and sun and brightness, I confess that it seemed to me rather uncanny to eat in such a place. Dick, however, had no such qualms, and devoured ham sandwiches and marmalade scones with the untroubled

appetite of two and twenty. I am not exactly a centenarian myself, but a few years makes a difference in these little matters.

I was tempted to waste more time over a pipe, but thought better of it, realising that if it was undesirable to hang about outside the cave, it was still worse to stand upon the order of our going now we were well embarked on our enterprise; so I seized the lantern, and led the way up the beach with the others close behind me carrying candles. The spit of rock by the side of which we had lunched ran straight along on our right, the top of it being some four feet above the water's edge. But the beach sloped steeply, and a few yards brought us to the level of it. It was about two feet broad, and flat, making a good smooth path with shingly gravel on either side, and along it we marched in single file for some distance, when I noticed to my surprise that the beach on either side sloped down again to water, the rock path running through it like a jetty. Soon after reaching the water again, the cave took a sharp turn, so sharp that I, in front, as nearly as possible fell over the edge. Had I done so I might have had an exceedingly unpleasant time, as the path was now a good eight feet above the water, and to climb up the steep sides would have been impossible, while I am not a sufficiently good swimmer to regard a swim of some two hundred yards back to the beach in my clothes as within the region of practical politics.

Another two or three hundred yards round the corner brought us to the end of the path and the water together, and we found ourselves standing once more on shingles and gravel. At this point the place again altered its character, and the light of the lantern showed black murky passages in the walls leading away in every direction. The main passage was, however, still quite definite, and we pursued our way along it, though not before I had fastened the end of the ball of string with which I had come provided to a projecting spur of rock. I had no desire to be lost in the labyrinth around us, and meant to make sure of one retreat. The darkness was now, of course, complete, and the feeble glimmer of the candles seemed merely to accentuate it, swallowed up as it was in the passages on either side that grew more numerous at every step. We walked carefully, fearing pitfalls or a sudden descent of the roof, and I was beginning to feel that we should wander for ever in these dark places of the earth when a sudden cry from Dick, a few paces behind me, brought me to a standstill, in a surprise that nearly made me drop the lantern.

"What on earth is the matter?" I called, my voice echoing weirdly through the vaults of rock; "I wish you wouldn't startle me like that."

"Startle, indeed!" cried Dick, indignantly, "small wonder if I did. What blew my candle out?"

I had not noticed it before, but I now saw the red end of the wick glowing dimly before me.

"There isn't a breath of air in here," he went on, "and yet just now a bitterly cold gust came down one of these passages and blew the candle out and left me shivering."

He certainly was; but before I could answer, Ronald's light went out before my eyes, while an icy blast that cut through me till I felt like an iceberg shook the lantern in my hand, swinging it violently to and fro on its jointed handles.

"Merciful heavens!" I ejaculated, while Ronald groaned dismally, evidently half scared. "What can it mean? Gusts like this don't——"

But Dick had impressed silence on me. "Listen," he whispered. In an instant we stood hardly breathing, waiting I knew not what, and there came a chuckle—a horrible, dry, crackling chuckle—from the passage nearest me. I jumped back with an exclamation, nearly knocking the others down, and stood with my back against the wall, breathing uneasily, while that infernal travesty of laughter went on, coming apparently from just beyond the circle of light thrown by the lantern.

Pulling myself together, I dashed forward up the side passage towards the sound, but another of those awful blasts met me and swept by, while, as I staggered back, shattered with cold, the chuckle came again, this time from behind me.

I would have given anything to have run back at full speed towards the boat; but I knew that to give way to panic in that place would be fatal, and walking as casually as I could up to the others, I said in a voice I strove vainly to render steady, "Come here against the wall away from the passage, and we'll think what to do." They came, and we talked it over, pretending to treat it as a joke, a pretence that deceived no one, but helped to steady our nerves, which were badly jangled. Dick was for returning, feeling he had had enough of it; but the obstinate side of me was now uppermost, and I voted for going on. To my surprise, Ronald voted with me; I believe he felt, and rightly, that to go back would be harder than to go forward, and that if we ever gave in to the impression against which we were now struggling it would make bad worse. So Dick, entreated, came round to our view, and we relit the candles and went on.

We soon found that we must rely solely upon our lantern for light. The blasts of air—were they merely blasts of air? I did not feel very sure about it—continued from time to time to issue from

the narrow ways on either side of the main tunnel, and finally our stock of matches grew so low that we dared not relight the candles, which went out every few seconds. The constant chill resulting from the perpetual shocks of cold air, together with the malevolent and uncanny chuckles which accompanied them, began gradually to tell upon us seriously, and I think we should have all soon turned back in despair had we not, on turning a corner, seen a gleam of red light ahead of us. It wavered and rose and fell like a fire, and the flickering beams cast varied shadows on the rock walls and down the mysterious passage, while to our excited imagination the labyrinth became of a sudden peopled with indefinite forms, and watching, eager eyes seemed to gaze at us as though they were lit up by the reflection of the strange light. How much of this we really saw and how much we fancied I should hardly like to say, writing now in cold blood; but if I shut my eyes I can see those malevolent orbs glittering once more against the background of unfathomable black that rolled away behind the rays of light like the folds of a gigantic curtain.

Intense curiosity rendered us for the moment oblivious of aught else, and we hurried forward with renewed energy towards the light. A few moments brought us to the spot, and the mystery of the fire at least was explained. It was merely a small escape of natural gas which had in some way become ignited. The flame was small and far from steady, but though it rose and fell it never quite went out. We stood awhile in silence, watching the flame rise and fall, and the strange phenomenon so invited attention that the sudden grip of Dick's hand upon my arm made me jump as if I had been shot.

"What's the matter now?" I ejaculated, snappishly; but Dick made no answer and only gripped my arm tighter. I looked up at him in surprise, and saw that he was pointing with arm outstretched down the tunnel beyond the flame, his usually cheery face set in an expression of horrified incredulity.

Following the direction of his gaze, I stared curiously into the darkness beyond, wondering what had created such a powerful impression upon him. At first I could distinguish nothing but twin points of brightness glowing like stars in the gloom; but as my eyes grew accustomed to the faint and flickering light something gradually seemed to shape itself out of the wavering shadows where the red beams merged with and were lost in the deep fall of blackness beyond. The twin stars grew in strength and brightness, till a conviction grew and strengthened upon me that they were eyes—eyes glittering with cruel mischief and malevolent enjoyment. As the light twinkled and danced in their evil depths, I appeared dimly to make out that they were set in a small brown face, below which the

shifting shadows slowly formed themselves into the vague, indefinite semblance of a miniature figure, which began to sway gently to and fro and chuckle to itself as though at some hidden joke which gave it intense satisfaction.

On a sudden my nerves went with a snap, and turning swiftly I started to make my way at a run down the tunnel. The others followed me, but before we had gone a dozen yards we were met by blast after blast of frozen wind which beat us back as we struggled madly and unavailingly, till, shattered with cold and exhausted by new efforts, we found ourselves standing once more beside the flame, while I strained my eyes to see if the shape existed only in my imagination. As I gazed the sound of diabolical mirth was repeated, a wave of blind rage surged within me, and, hardly realising what I was about, I snatched my revolver from my pocket and fired twice.

As the bullet sped, the chuckle changed to a shriek which battled with the report of the pistol, then died slowly away up the countless passages, and as the last echo ceased a new sound became audible. Around us the air filled rapidly with long-drawn wailing murmurs that grew in volume as they approached from out the vistas of black darkness. Swiftly they were borne down upon us by the winds that swept past. At the first onset I was hurled back into a recess in the wall, and the lantern dropped from my hand, extinguishing itself as it reached the rock floor, and the strange flame was put out in an instant as the winds passed furiously by.

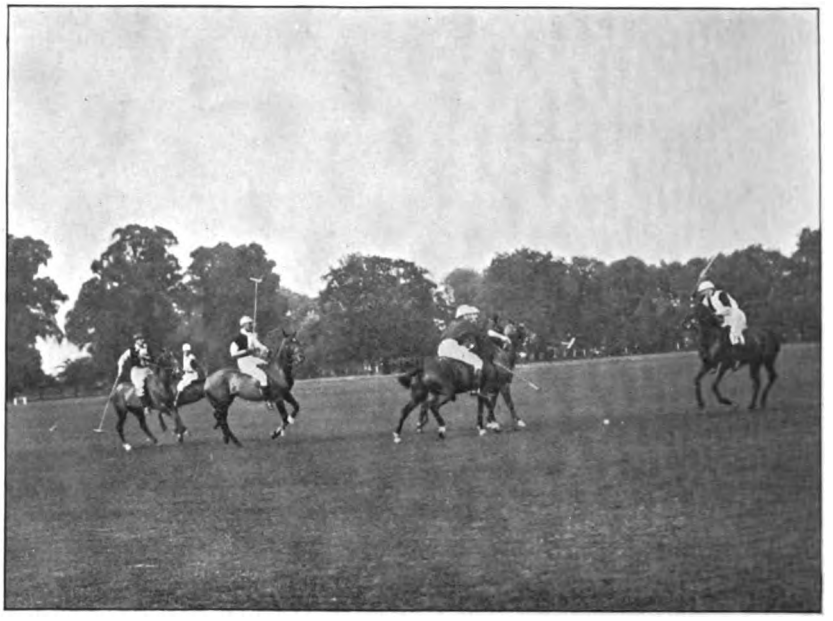
For hours it seemed to me that I stood cowering in my recess, protected by the projecting wall, and listening to the cries wailing and sobbing up the tunnel; but I suppose the whole thing did not last more than a few moments. At length the last wailing sped soughing away through the impenetrable gloom, and I was left alone with the two unconscious figures before me in the darkness, absolutely alone. For I seemed to know, though how the knowledge came to me I cannot tell, that the powers, spirits, influences, whatever they may have been that had followed us in our wanderings, had left us, at any rate for the time.

The relief was intense, and I felt more myself as I picked up the lantern which lay at my feet and relit it. The faint light fell across the narrow passage, and showed up the crack in the rock flooring through which the flame had found its way until extinguished by the rush of winds, and at the sight I remembered that the gas must even now be escaping and vitiating the air. Hurriedly I stepped forward and set a match to it, forgetting in my anxiety that enough gas might already have escaped to produce something in the nature of an explosion. But fortunately the flow was slight, no harm came of my somewhat rash experiment, and I turned to find my com-

panions, silent and awe-stricken, close to me. I had not thought of them. Our one desire now was to be out of the vault that hemmed us in, and I looked for the string which was to lead us back to our boat, and which I had dropped in my battle against the Winds. To my horror it was gone. In vain I searched for it. By some unknown agency it had been removed. The only thing to be done was to try to retrace our steps as best we could without guidance. I supposed that, as the tunnel along which we had come had been quite distinct from the side passages, we should find it equally easy to follow when returning, and it was not till we had gone some two hundred yards that it dawned upon me we were traversing a different tunnel.

The situation was an awful one, and we were for a time too overcome to do aught but look at each other in horror, not daring to put our thoughts into words. We soon saw, however, that there was nothing for it but to try passage after passage in the hope of finding the right one, and wearily we traversed those endless tunnels with steadily diminishing hope of escape.

At length a thought came to me. Possibly the cave had an outlet on the land side, and unless the passages on the other side of the flame led also to a common centre, we might stand a better chance by going straight ahead instead of trying vainly to find our way through that hopeless maze. With doubt and trembling lest we should meet with another disappointment we passed forward beyond the zone of flickering light, and to our inexpressible relief found that the tunnel pursued its way as before, the branching passages still tending onward, and not back as we had feared. At last we discerned a ray of faint grey light, striking through from above, which spoke to us joyfully of the fresh open air. A few more strides brought us to the entrance, a narrow crack in the rocks, and with a squeeze and a struggle we were through and sitting on a clump of flowering heather with the twinkling stars shining a welcome to us from the deep vault of the evening sky. Thankfully we sat there and rested, fanned by the light air that blew softly past us, charged with the scent of bog myrtle and heather, and wondering what were the mysteries we had heard and felt and dimly seen, and what had been the fate of those unfortunates who had last attempted to brave the terrors of the Winds.



THE NOVICES' CUP FINAL—A BIG DRIVE BY THE BACK

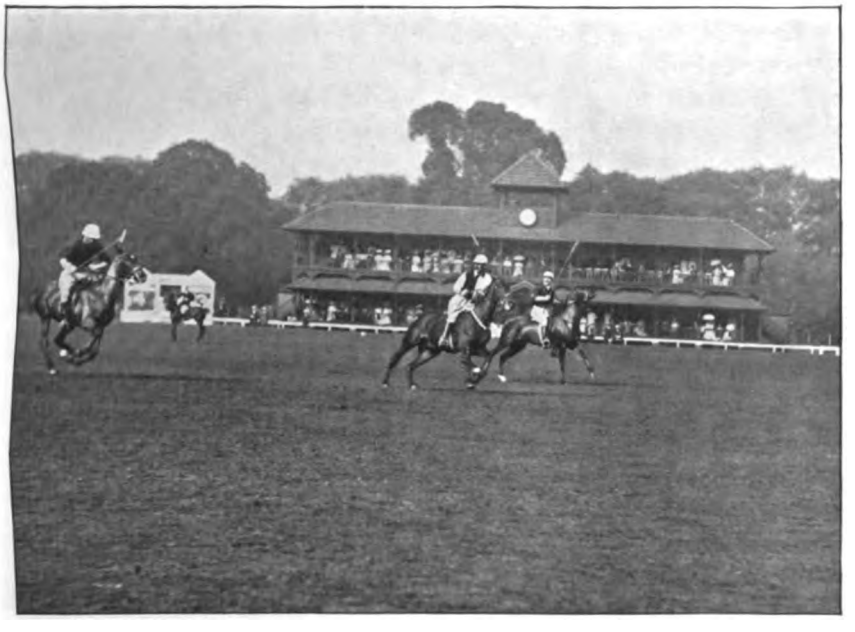
THE PROSPECTS OF POLO

BY ARTHUR W. COATEN

ALMOST without exception all of the best players now in England are hopeful of taking a regular part in the game during the approaching summer. The leading clubs have arranged exceedingly interesting programmes, team play promises to be a stronger feature of polo than ever before, and the prospects of the chief tournaments were never brighter. The one thing needful to complete the cheerful outlook is an assurance of fine weather. "Weather permitting" is unfortunately a proviso which cannot be left out in surveying the prospects of an English open-air pastime, and polo in particular is largely at the mercy of the elements. Certainly it would be ungracious to expect anything better than last year, when no fewer than four hundred and eighteen matches were brought off at Hurlingham, Ranelagh, and Roehampton in that best of open seasons, or about seventy more than had been played in London in any preceding summer.

These figures are significant, because they illustrate very clearly the wonderful progress of the game at the London clubs.

Polo is growing. There can be no question about that. But is it moving quite in the right direction? Is it for the good of the game that players crowd to London from the beginning of May until the end of July, leaving the county clubs with the merest handful of playing members? Rugby, Blackmore Vale, and perhaps three other organisations are going along soundly enough, but elsewhere provincial clubs are languishing for want of support. All things, indeed, go to show that the present state of polo outside of the metropolis is by no means so satisfactory as we should wish to see it. County polo has ceased to be the ideal nursery of the game that it really ought to be.



POLO AT RANELAGH—A ROUSING GALLOP

Perhaps players can scarcely be blamed, for the attractions of Hurlingham, Ranelagh, and Roehampton are simply irresistible. They are catered for magnificently in town, and the pleasures of a season of London polo obviously outweigh the quieter delights of the provincial game. The County Polo Association are fully alive to the situation, and by means of new County Cup Rules they hope in future to keep players more at home. During the coming season every player in a County Cup team must have played at least ten times in games or matches on his club ground during 1907 prior to June 24, and not more than six times off his club ground, excepting in tournaments or matches for his club, or in the case of

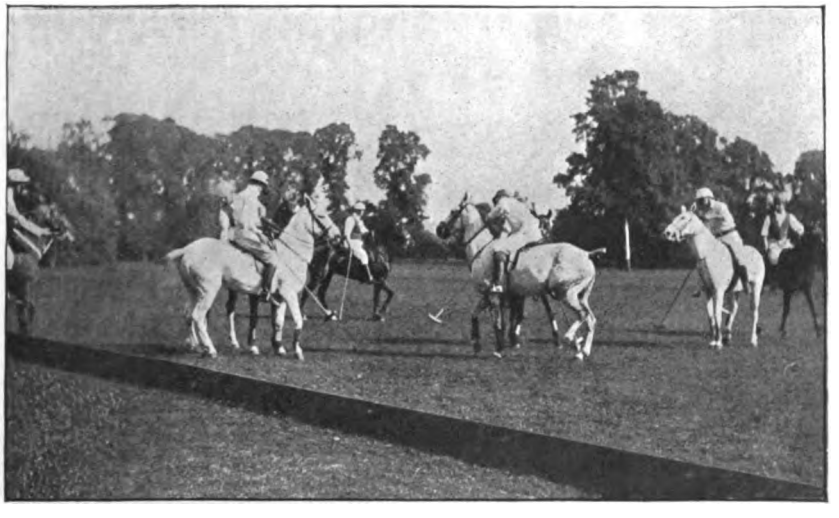
an officer on full pay, for his regiment. All clubs within a radius of eight miles from Charing Cross are to be excluded from the competition, excepting service or garrison clubs, while the universities of Oxford and Cambridge are to be admitted. The new regulations apparently take the place of the restrictions connected with the Recent Form List, and it is earnestly to be hoped that the Association's object of keeping country players in the country will be achieved. But we are not sanguine. The "call of the wild" is as nothing compared with the call of London polo.

Complete programmes of Hurlingham, Ranelagh, and Roehampton were to hand early in the year. What formidable compilations they are; and what an amount of astonishment they would have caused if players could have seen them ten years ago, or even more recently than that! Let us at random pick out a day that seems likely to be particularly busy—always "weather permitting." There is the afternoon of June 8, when three matches are fixed at Hurlingham, four at Roehampton, and no fewer than six at Ranelagh. In addition, we have a polo pony and hack show and jumping competitions at Hurlingham, and a polo gymkhana and ladies' sports at Ranelagh. How much skilful organisation and patience and tact—and good luck—are necessary to bring all this to a successful issue can only be known to those who have been actively associated with the management of the clubs. The programme of the day just mentioned gives an excellent idea of the high pressure of the London polo season.

Owing to the limitations of space Hurlingham still have to be content with two grounds, one of which is only used for members' games and for matches when the other is too wet. Roehampton have three grounds, two of them so equally good that players hardly know which one to use when given their choice by the Messrs. Miller, though the central arena is generally employed for the best matches at the club. Ranelagh now go one better than Roehampton, for since the end of last season they have laid out a new ground near the Putney entrance, which gives them four in all. True, it is not proposed to use the third and the fourth Ranelagh grounds for tournament play, but they will be valuable for members' games and in bad weather. Nobody can complain of a lack of enterprise at Ranelagh, and Mr. F. A. Gill and Captain L. C. D. Jenner work so hard in the interests of the club's polo that I hope they will enjoy better luck with their best tournaments this season than has fallen to them of recent years. A third polo manager at Ranelagh has been appointed in Major A. M. Pirie.

Hurlingham's position as the governing body of the game is unique, and not altogether acceptable to certain people; but it has

stood the test of time, and the records of the sport show that the authority has been wielded impartially and in the best interests of polo. More than once the position of the club has been challenged, and only a few months ago we saw in print a suggestion that the administration of polo affairs should be taken out of the hands of Hurlingham and vested in a representative association. If ever this question come into the range of practical politics it would be of supreme interest, nay, of vital importance, to everyone interested in the game. But at present there does not seem to be any general demand for a change of administration. The majority of the players with whom the matter has been discussed express themselves satisfied with the existing arrangements, and without obtruding a personal opinion one way or the other I must say that the consensus of



A TOURNAMENT FINAL—THROWING IN THE BALL

feeling, so far as it has been possible to gather it, appears to be in favour of the Hurlingham Committee, whose services to polo in the compilation of the laws and other matters within their province have been beyond price. It will be time enough seriously to discuss the question of "reform" when the committee lose that confidence of the players which they at present enjoy.

A visit to the Hurlingham grounds late in the month of February proved that the "close season" does not mean an "off season" for the management of these London clubs. Improvements and alterations always occupy much attention in the winter, and at Hurlingham the great work taken in hand during the past eight months has been the complete reconstruction of the club house. It may safely be said

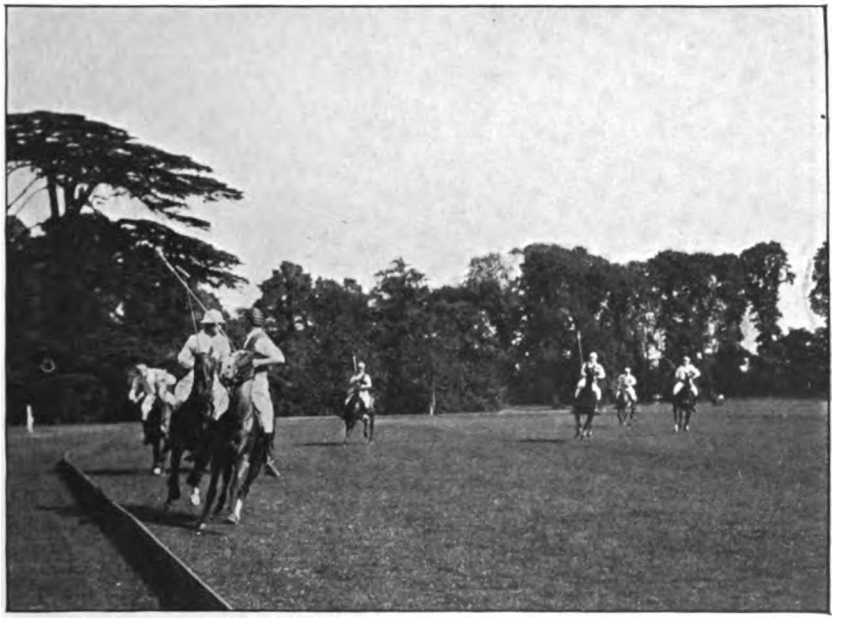
that members will scarcely recognise the old building when they drive through the new gates in May. On the right they will look in vain for the familiar range of boxes where Mr. John Watson used to keep his ponies. As if by some magical process this has been replaced by a handsome gallery, tastefully decorated and resplendent with French windows on either side, constituting an admirable addition to the accommodation of the club house. The whole place has been remodelled, and the improvements are strikingly effective. The disappearance of the pigeon-shooting enclosure has added considerably to the beauty of the Hurlingham grounds, and it is satisfactory to learn that the loss of the shooting has actually benefited the club from a financial standpoint, the threatened secession of members having proved to be comparatively insignificant.

No startling changes are to be observed in the list of polo fixtures at Hurlingham; all the old tournaments are there, and they invariably produce fine games. Last September we were told that Hurlingham had "some scheme afoot" which would probably be known under the title of "The Polo League." We were given rather elaborate details as to how the new "League Tournament" would be carried out. It was all very interesting, especially as we knew that the Ranelagh Club had something of the same sort in view. But there was one drawback—the Hurlingham management knew nothing at all about it. At least, so Major Egerton Green says, and he should know. He adds that the working of a League of this description would be impracticable at Hurlingham.

The first of the tournaments at this ground will be, as usual, the Social Clubs, which starts on May 27. White's Club were strong enough in polo-playing members to put two teams into the field last season, and Mr. Buckmaster will have to bring an exceptionally good lot from the Bath or the Orleans if White's are to be prevented from winning the trophy for the fifth year in succession. It is interesting to recall that Mr. Patteson Nickalls has played on the successful side in every Social Clubs final since 1903, and doubtless we shall again find him between Messrs. George and Charles Miller next month. The Champion Cup begins at Hurlingham on June 17, and in view of the rearrangement of some of the best teams the tournament bids fair to be of extraordinary interest.

At Ranelagh the opening of the fourth ground, to which allusion has already been made, will be found to be the chief innovation since last season. At these lovely grounds the fixture-list is quite the strongest within memory. In addition to old-established tournaments like the Open Cup, the Hunt Challenge Cup, the Novices Cup, the Subalterns Cup, and the Army Cup, the concluding stages of the County Polo Association's new tournament, the Country

Clubs Junior Championship, will be played in the middle of July, while throughout the season a competition that has the merit of originality so far as polo is concerned will likewise be contested at Ranelagh. This is known as the Points Cup, and is the most ambitious tournament that has ever been attempted in English polo. Nine teams have entered, and the primary idea is that each one shall play all the others. Points are to be awarded for wins or drawn games, mainly on the principle adopted in league football, and if it should be a question of a tie at the end of the season, the challenge cup will go to the side with the best goal average. Teams for whom "friendly" matches are arranged at the London grounds are



TIVERTON *v.* MOONLIGHTERS—TAKING THE BALL DOWN BY THE BOARDS

notoriously lax in fulfilling their engagements. But this new Ranelagh tournament ought to bring about a welcome improvement in this respect. Here there will be something really interesting to play for, and if only the teams carry out the full determination of supporting the tournament which at present possesses them, Captain Jenner and his brother-managers will be enabled to bring their excellent scheme to a successful end. In all, thirty-six matches have been arranged in connection with the Points Cup, and bearing in mind the confusion that may be caused by a spell or two of bad weather, and also the difficulty of getting teams on the spot at the

right time, one foresees various complications. But it would be unfair at this early stage to criticise a competition whose general outline is so satisfactory. The difficulties are obvious. All the more credit, therefore, to the Ranelagh managers if they succeed in surmounting them.

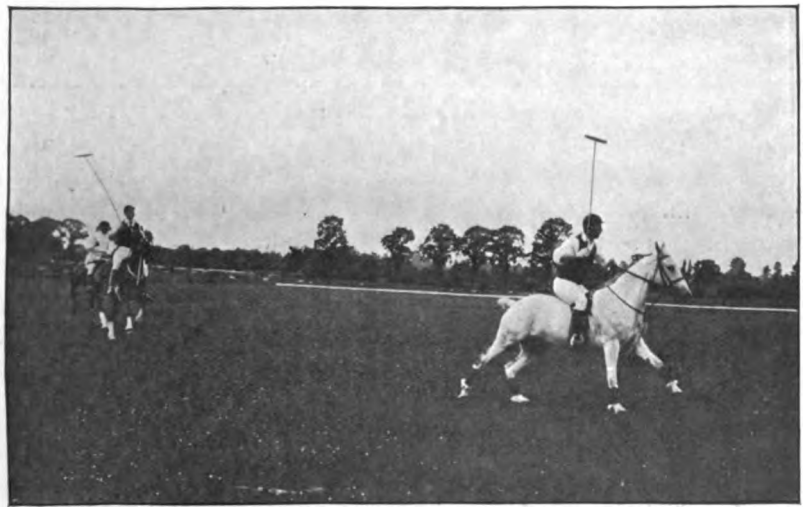
We can always rely upon strenuous polo of the very best kind at Roehampton. Captain Miller is a magnificent organiser, as we have recently seen on the Continent as well as at Roehampton, and he and his brothers are marvellously successful in getting the best teams together. The prospects of the coming season at this club are very bright, and a glance at the programme shows that the interest will be maintained from beginning to end. The turf at Roehampton becomes closer and thicker every year, and the grounds are now in splendid condition. Last year the Roehampton representative team maintained the superb form they had displayed in the preceding season, winning the Champion Cup at Hurlingham for the second time, and the Open Cup at Ranelagh for the third year in succession. Whether they will continue to hold their own is hard to foretell. For one thing the constitution of the team will be changed, and for another they will encounter new, and perhaps stronger, opposition than before in the Champion and Open Cups.

Captain Herbert Wilson and Captain Lloyd are desirous of running their team of Woodpeckers all through the season, and consequently drop out of the Roehampton combination, to whose success they have so largely contributed. It is rather a pity to see this grandly-balanced team broken up, but in its stead we get another combination that promises well. As at present arranged, Mr. C. T. Garland, who is always so beautifully mounted, will be the Roehampton No. 1. Behind him will be Messrs. Cecil, Morres, and Patteson Nickalls. They form a pretty warm lot of strong riders and hard hitters, and if not quite so formidable as before, will assuredly not be easy to beat. There will be very little to choose between them and Rugby, who, it is pleasant to know, will once again take the field in unbroken order. Lord Shrewsbury, Mr. Walter Jones, and the three Messrs. Miller are all still available.

London polo would not seem quite the same if we had no Rugby team. No players have done more to develop the true science of the game; and to see them in a hard-fought match is a rare object-lesson in tactics and team-play. The Millers have shown us possibilities of combination which were undreamt of in the early stages of polo in this country, and those very few teams that can beat them now owe much of their excellence to these masters of the game. Rugby's fight for the Champion Cup last year was superb,

and their narrow defeat by Roehampton was only another example of the truism, "Youth will be served."

One of the brightest features of the season will be the reappearance of the Old Cantabs. Mr. Freake only played in the country last year, having sold his ponies; but he is again mounted this year, and will be cordially welcomed to the London clubs, for on his day he is the best No. 2 in the world—just as Mr. Buckmaster is the best No. 3—and he was much missed last year. The Old Cantab team will be:—No. 1, Mr. Isaac Bell (Master of the Galway Blazers); No. 2, Mr. F. M. Freake; No. 3, Mr. W. S. Buckmaster; back, Lord Wodehouse. Of the original members of this famous combination, Captain Heseltine is still away in India, and Mr. Walter McCreery sold his ponies last year on his departure for America;



CHELTENHAM *v.* CIRENCESTER—TWO WELL-MATCHED COUNTRY TEAMS

should he again mount himself he will probably play in some matches for the Cantabs. Mr. Buckmaster is good enough to give me some particulars of the team's programme:—"We have eighteen matches arranged in London, all at Hurlingham and Roehampton, with the exception of three at Ranelagh; this does not include tournaments. We shall play in all open cups, and send a team to the Rugby, Leamington, and Moreton Morrell tournaments, also probably to Ostend. Personally, I think the team will be stronger than of old. Mr. Bell has a stud of twelve ponies, and I have eight. Mr. Freake will have three young and probably three seasoned ponies. The team will play right through the season in all tournaments from May 1 till August." I may add that Mr. Buckmaster's

stud comprises his four match ponies of the last two seasons (Patricia, Cinders, Good Girl, and Balada), and four young ones coming on. All this adds further to the prospect of brilliant polo this year.

We have seen that Roehampton, Rugby, and the Cantabs will all be powerfully represented in the Open Cups, and I am glad to hear that Ranelagh will join in with another strong team. This will be made up of Mr. F. A. Gill, Mr. "Toby" Rawlinson, Mr. Aubrey Hastings, and either Mr. P. P. O'Reilly or Mr. C. K. O'Hara, who both played so well for the Irish International team last year. Ranelagh will also be represented by a second team under the leadership of Captain Jenner. Then there will be the Woodpecker team, most interestingly composed of four brothers-in-law! Is this not another polo "record"? Mr. William Bass will be No. 1, Mr. Aubrey Hastings No. 2, Captain Herbert Wilson No. 3, and Captain Hardress Lloyd back. This team won the Open Cup in Dublin for the second time last year, and are sure to give a good account of themselves in London polo.

A strong combination of Magpies will be selected from the Duke of Westminster, Major Vaughan, Captain Hobson, Captain Gosling, and the Duke of Roxburghe, and they ought to play a prominent part in the Points Cup at Ranelagh. For the same competition the Moonlighter team will consist of Mr. N. Baring, Sir James Dale, Mr. F. Menzies, and Mr. Ivor Guest, a well-mounted and well-balanced combination. They are already booked for more than thirty matches at the three clubs. Almost as many games have been arranged for the Tiverton team, which comprises the four brothers De Las Casas. The remaining Points Cup teams are the Red Rovers, led by Mr. T. B. Drybrough, still the keenest of the keen; the Parthians, selected from Captain Matthew-Lannowe (now on the Recent Form List), Captain Schreiber, Captain C. Hunter, Mr. W. B. Burdon, and Mr. G. R. Powell; the Tally-Ho! which Mr. Frank Barbour is getting up; the Tigers, led by the zealous Count de Madre; Sharavogue, in which the Hastings family will loom prominently; and the King's Dragoon Guards, making nine in all.

Yet other civilian teams have been arranged, and there is abundant evidence to show that the old promiscuous style of matches between scratch combinations is being rapidly banished by the desire of players to form teams at the beginning of the season and be as much together as possible. This tends unquestionably to the improvement of that combined play which is one of the most telling factors of modern polo. The brothers Grenfell are forming a team, and so are the four brothers Weatherby, to be

known as the Old Wykehamists. Mr. A. M. Tree is getting up a team of Beavers, while we shall also see a Past and Present Rifle Brigade team, composed probably of Mr. A. M. Hargreaves, Mr. G. C. Sladen, Captain Innes, and Captain Phipps Hornby. I think that the polo reader, having noted this remarkable list of sides for the approaching season, will agree with the remark I made in opening this article, that team play will be a stronger feature than ever before.

My allotted space is rapidly filling, and the prospects of Irish, military, continental, and provincial polo are still to be discussed.

FINAL OF THE NOVICES' CUP—ASHBY ST. LEDGERS *v.* MAGPIES

Taking them in this order, one must first of all express the great pleasure which the visit of the Irish International team gave to English players last season. Although not quite good enough for England's best, the Irishmen showed us some wonderfully fine polo, and we shall never forget the sensation they caused in the first twenty minutes of the International Match at Hurlingham, which was utterly ruined as a trial of strength by the tremendous thunderstorm which raged during the game. It is now the turn of Ireland to receive England, and nothing would surprise me less than to see

them win on their own soil, as in 1905. Messrs. S. A. Watt and O'Hara will see most of their polo in Dublin, and Mr. O'Reilly in Westmeath, but I hear that Mr. A. Rotheram, who did wonderfully well at No. 1 in London, will play for the greater part of the season in England. One of the Irishmen, as I have previously said, will probably be found on Ranelagh's first side in the premier London tournaments. Civilian polo in Dublin will suffer this year by the retirement of Mr. T. L. Moore (only a temporary loss to the game, it is to be hoped), while Mr. L. Morrogh Ryan has not yet recovered from the effects of a bad hunting accident.

For the Inter-Regimental Tournament now under the admirable control of the Army Polo Committee, the outlook is satisfactory. The issue seems likely again to rest between the 11th and the 20th Hussars, who put up such a memorable fight last year. The Royal Horse Guards go to Windsor this season, and their place at Roehampton will be taken by that equally keen polo-playing regiment, the 1st Life Guards. The 2nd Life will have a very useful team made up of Sir G. Prescott, Lord Montgomerie, Mr. H. Ashton, and Captain C. C. de Crespigny; but the 21st Lancers will not be quite so strong, owing to the absence of Major Pirie, who has retired from the service. Nor is it certain that Colonel Kenna will play this season, as his right arm was badly damaged in a fall early in November; but Mr. Godfree and Mr. Delmege are available, and there are two useful "recruits" for the team in Mr. Reynolds and Mr. Lister. The Royal Horse Guards will be playing on their ground at Datchet three days a week. They are losing Lord Ingestre, but they have a promising young player in Mr. Bowlby. Lord Innes Ker also shows signs of being a good player if he will really stick to polo, while Major Fitzgerald and Captain Brassey will again form the backbone of a very sound team. The 11th Hussars are almost certain to be at Hurlingham again; they have the same men available as last season.

As for polo on the Continent, where the game is making notable progress, it has to be mentioned that the Ostend season will again be held in July under the management of Captain E. D. Miller. The same gentleman is actively interested in the new polo club at Cannes, where the game will be played on a first-rate, full-sized ground, from the middle of January, 1908, until the beginning of April. This reminds me that there is one team which I neglected to include among those that will be seen at the London clubs this season. I refer to Madrid, who, led by the Marquis de Villavieja, constitute one of the smartest combinations on the Continent.

With its strong list of members the Rugby Club is assured of another successful season, and I am glad to learn that prospects are very good with the Blackmore Vale. Mr. H. E. Lambe, who is now joined by the Hon. L. Lambart, R.N., as Assistant Secretary, tells me that there are nearly a dozen additional players, making the total between thirty and forty. The new County Cup rule will probably disqualify Messrs. L. and M. de Las Casas from playing in the team, but the club has plenty of material from which to select a first-rate side, including Captain A. Courage (late of the 15th Hussars, so successful in India), Colonel Duff (late of the 8th Hussars), Captain Phipps Hornby, and Messrs. H. Grosvenor, L. Lambart, J. C. Holford, A. Tyrwhitt Drake, R. H. H. Eden, and H. S. Harrison. With such an array of talent there should be no difficulty in arranging good teams for the County Cup and the Country Clubs Junior Championship, the latter of which was originated by the B. V. Club, who were defeated last year by the Aldershot Polo Club. But the County Polo Association having now taken over the custody and management of the Junior Cup, have excluded service and garrison clubs from the competition, the whole idea being to promote country polo pure and simple. The B. V. club has this year followed the lead of Ranelagh by instituting a Points Tournament, one of the main objects being to encourage team play, which in most country clubs is sadly lacking. Members' games must of course hold a prominent place in all provincial programmes, but the quality of play cannot improve without opportunities being given to members to play together and thus get to learn what an important part combination really plays in polo.

Among the clubs just outside London, Eden Park has unfortunately ceased to exist. But at the Crystal Palace a good season is anticipated for the London Polo Club, while some excellent games are sure to be seen on the pretty grounds of the Worcester Park Club. This is a very good nursing ground for members beginning to play, but as soon as they have "learnt how to walk" off they go to London.

From the clubs in the North of England the reports are rather varied, and taken altogether they display the weakness of provincial polo. Prospects are fair with the Wirral Club, but "the difficulty we experience," writes Mr. G. G. Lockett, "and I think the same applies to most provincial clubs, is to induce new members to join." Mr. Talbot B. Forwood, the new Hon. Secretary of the Liverpool Club, looks forward to "a very successful season," there being sixteen members who play regularly. The Catterick Bridge Club is fortunate in having twenty-five regular players, and here

the outlook is characterised as "very fair." The Manchester Club starts the season with sixteen playing members, and their new ground at Ashley has turned out as good as any in England. A satisfactory season is looked forward to by the members of the Edinburgh Club, with whom the Royal Scots Greys will again be playing; but I am sorry to learn that in all probability there will be no polo at York, as the 18th Hussars are under orders to go on manœuvres in Scotland from the middle of May until the end of June, and the club has not sufficient civilian members to play without them. The Holderness Club likewise suffers from the want of new blood. "I can offer no explanation why it is so," writes Mr. N. P. Dobree, "or suggest what can be done as an inducement to attract possible beginners. We have tried everything we can think of. 'Foreign' matches are more difficult to arrange year by year."

In concluding this survey of a season which, with the exceptions mentioned in the preceding paragraph, promises to be unusually brilliant, I must express my gratitude to those gentlemen who have been kind enough to furnish me with information for the purposes of this article. Especially am I indebted to Captain Miller for his courtesy in sending me the advance proofs of his *Polo Players' Guide and Almanac*. To Mrs. E. S. Hughes, of Dalchoolin, Craigavad, co. Down, we owe the interesting photographs which so happily illustrate some of the countless phases of the fascinating game.

AN IRRAWADDY STEAMER VIEWED FROM THE GREAT SANDBANK WHERE THE GEESE USED TO SPEND THE NIGHT

WILD-FOWLING IN BURMA

BY A. J. BOGER

IT is some years now since I served my apprenticeship to this all-absorbing form of sport; and, limiting myself to ducks and geese, as constituting the essence of true wild-fowl, and seeking them only in the haunts to which they regularly migrate, I have long ceased to dream that the fifties, sixties, and even more to one gun in a day are likely to be entered in my game book.[1] One reads of such happenings in Kashmir, in Spain, in America, and elsewhere, but it would be interesting to know *how often during the same year* these heavy bags can be made on the same ground. On vast sheets of water, well reeded (when wild-fowl really abound), with the use of decoys, a number of guns may work wonders. But for the wandering gunner, who pays no shooting rent, who does not number amongst his friends either the owner of a Spanish lagoon or a Canadian farm where the "honkers" congregate during autumn in their thousands, how is he to secure the plums which are so few and so far between? Let him at once put aside all thoughts of ever doing so, and *if* one day the fates will that he finds himself on the right spot and on the right day, he will probably have an experience that he will never forget. But let him not for a moment imagine that this is ordinary wild-fowling. As well call a big day at Elvedon ordinary partridge-shooting.

[1] Since writing these lines the dream has actually come to pass in the North-West of India.

For some years past the "art of wild-fowling" in all its forms has claimed my attention almost to the exclusion of all other shooting. It is a well-known axiom that this fever, when once it has eaten into a man's heart, is as ineradicable as is the passion for golf of a man who takes the game up in middle age. Reasons for this might be given *ad infinitum*. At the present moment, however, the only object I have in view is that of describing ordinary and everyday wild-fowling as it may be had in Burma by any man of leisure, with nothing more elaborate than a 12-bore gun.

The subject naturally falls under two heads—(i) Shooting afoot, visiting all the small jheels within reach; (ii) Taking up one's quarters where there is a vast sheet of water tenanted by countless fowl, and using a boat throughout the day. These two branches will be outlined in order; and though it will be observed that the bag is considerably heavier upon the larger stretches of water, it is quite a matter of speculation as to whether one gets as much satisfaction out of the proceedings—when at it day after day—as when every shot bears an important relation to the day's work. It is somewhat like the case of the man who took a swivel gun to Egypt, and after four shots averaging sixty apiece, returned home in disgust, where his hardly earned ten or twelve fowl were, to him, worth a gross of such easily obtained birds.

Having written thus far I happen to have lighted upon a well-known sporting paper containing an account of the slaying of no fewer than two-hundred-odd ducks and about fifty geese in one day by four guns at the mouth of the River Peiho. No mention is made of the different species of fowl that such a bag must have contained, but a duck is dubbed a duck, and a wild goose is just a goose. The date of the shoot is given as October. Now, this very last October, happening to be in Shanghai, I endeavoured to ascertain somewhat concerning the dates at which fowl arrive off the coast of China, and I was told on all sides that nothing was to be done before Christmas! I mention this merely as an example of the extreme difficulty that attends one's efforts in ascertaining shikar matters as pertaining to wild-fowl. This magnificent bag certainly makes one pause in chronicling such very small fry as have fallen my way; but, assuming that variety of species is of interest to others besides myself, quite apart from numbers obtained, and without in any way infringing upon the descriptive preserves of the thrice-blessed individual who *has* had a red-hot gun in his hand and fowl by the dozen at his feet, I will continue the task which I have started.

It is, then, the *variety* which must be held out as a bait for the

general reader who is fond of his gun. [Your true wild-fowler will be quite content so long as he hears of a goose or two in the neighbourhood !]

In ordinary shooting it is fairly generally admitted that a mixed bag gives more food for reflective pleasure than your ten, twenty, thirty or what-not brace of partridges. Take a tramp in a wild country with one other gun, and spread out on the doorstep in the evening a bag containing grouse, black-game, partridge, snipe, 'cock, hare, and a teal. Then throw in a ptarmigan and a great snipe, each of which you are perhaps seeing in the flesh for the first time. Such a day will outlive in the memory a lifetime of pheasants, partridges, and rabbits. Thus it is with fowling here in Burma—only far more so. You will of course examine every bird

MADRASI SERVANT AND BURMESE BOATMAN

you shoot, and satisfy yourself as to what it is, and whether it is a duck or a drake—often no easy matter to decide when the drake is in undress. In order to determine this point for a certainty you may have to examine the fowl's interior economy.

The bank of the Irrawaddy opposite to where I first took up my quarters is flat for many miles, but densely covered with long yellow grass. A network of shallow jheels, or lakes, covers a large portion of this area. Many are supremely difficult to get near, owing to the absence of paths or buffalo tracks, and the depth of water that often surrounds the part on which the ducks rest. However, provided you are prepared to face daily water and mud almost waist-high, to cross the river—here nearly two miles broad—in a hollowed-out tree, and to tramp many miles during the day, I

can promise to show you at least five or six kinds of ducks and almost certainly some greylag geese any day you like.

Having *seen* them, the onus of obtaining shots at them rests with *you*. My almost invariable plan was to hide myself in the rushes, as near the water as possible, it may be on an island in the centre which can be reached by wading, then to send the boy round to show himself on the other side, and thus put the fowl over my head. Often on seeing a jheel for the first time, and not knowing the position of other sheets of water in the neighbourhood, it is impossible to determine which way the duck will fly. They may break back over the boy's head, an incident which can usually be remedied on a subsequent occasion, when one has a better knowledge of their flight. Where the water is deep, and the boy's attempts to move the birds have no result, a good plan is carefully to conceal oneself at one end of the lake and fire off a cartridge. So long as *no one* is visible—the attendant must be hidden too—they will fly up and down the lake several times ere leaving. In this way recently I secured seven birds in almost less time than it takes to write of it.

One of the great delights of wild-fowling on the border-line of the tropics is the genial warmth of the midwinter sun. True that the mornings and evenings during December and early January were a bit chilly—for Burmese huts are built "in the air," on wooden piles, and if you require a fire you must make it out of doors—but the temperature really renders the retrieving of a bird in deep water rather a luxury than a discomfort, if one has a mind to assist the boy in gathering the spoil.

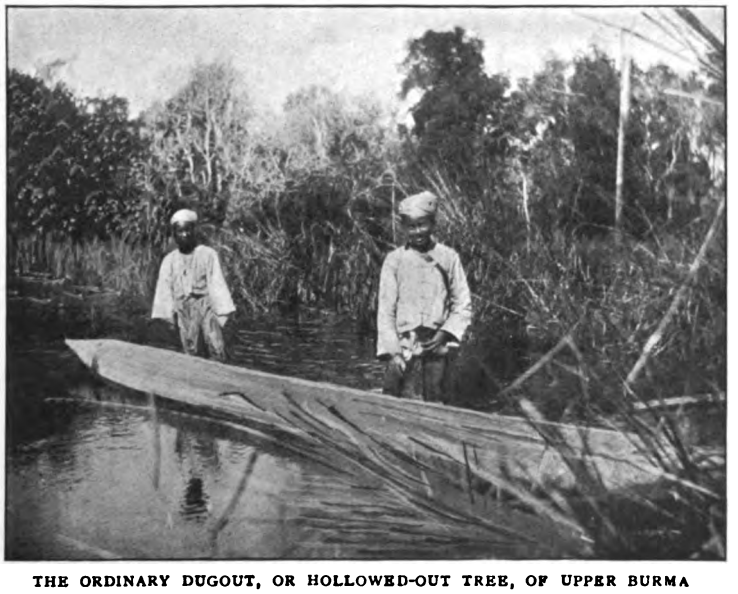
Within five miles of the hut in which I first took up my quarters, though the daily total was most moderate, I killed greylag geese (sometimes by waiting at dusk on the great sandbank in the middle of the river, to which they regularly made their way half an hour after sunset, sometimes by organising a small drive in the daytime), and bar-headed geese, a very handsome bird, quite unknown to the British Isles.

Of the duck tribe the list included teal, wild duck, garganey, tufted duck, goose teal, pintail, Brahminy duck, shoveller, yellow nib, and white-eyed pochard. It will probably be conceded that this is not a bad list—twelve varieties—to obtain in one locality within the limits of a circle with such a small diameter.

* * * * *

I resume my pen in another place, a hundred miles south of the former, and away from the river. Here we have a sheet of reed-covered water, the area of which is anything from twelve to twenty square miles. The centre of it is but 8 ft. deep, whilst in many

places one can stand in knee-deep water a quarter of a mile or more from the shore proper. The fowl in the more or less open water of the centre are in countless multitudes, but naturally enough unapproachable. With artificially constructed shelters for several guns, and a small army of boats to keep the birds moving, a large bag could certainly be obtained. My method during the week that I was there—I had the place to myself—was to land from a boat wherever I could hide, and have the fowl put on the wing. I refer to the odd companies that were to be found near the shores. Thus in a few hours' shooting each day I obtained an average of ten per diem. Longer days would have added to the bag, but having no one with whom to share the sport, no one but the villagers to whom



THE ORDINARY DUGOUT, OR HOLLOWED-OUT TREE, OF UPPER BURMA

to give the fowl, and half the day fully occupied with skinning and preserving, I was more than content with my modest total. A man who can fire twenty shots a day (in a few hours) at high, driven duck, numbering nine or ten species, ought to be well satisfied. I was. Here the bag was again most varied. The following is the list of what I actually obtained on this one jheel—a list which contains several not seen further north: Comb duck, large whistler, small whistler, gadwall, widgeon, garganey, teal, yellow nib, pintail, and cotton teal. Besides these I *saw* a pair of pink-headed duck—the male being quite unique amongst his tribe—and a species of pochard too far off to identify. The comb duck, an ungainly-looking fowl, bigger than a brent goose, was tame enough, and would often sit on

the water until the leaking dugout was within forty yards of him. I don't think the boatman ever understood why this species was left alone under those circumstances, but invariably shot when driven overhead! Obviously another case of "these mad Thakins!" (sahibs).

Snipe enthusiasts may be interested to learn that a walk around the shores of this jheel with a bag containing 200 cartridges would certainly, in the course of the day, result in the aforesaid bag being emptied. Personally, I left snipe severely alone, preferring a couple of duck to ten couple of the former.

Here there was no more shivering after sundown and before dawn. It was 80 deg. in the shade during the day, and mosquitoes swarmed after dark, which fact, together with a nightly pest of green

CORNER OF A VILLAGE IN UPPER BURMA

hopping flies gathering around the light, made dinner anything but the enjoyable meal it should be after the daily shikar. Of all countries that I know, Burma undoubtedly possesses the greatest amount of night insect life. Even in Rangoon it is practically impossible to sit anywhere near a light, except in the breeze of an electric fan. The green fly covers the page of the book you are reading, he chokes up the ink-pot you are using, he gets into your nose and ears, he walks abroad on your eye-ball, he crawls through your hair, he is mashed into pulp by the hundred as you sit on your chair—an adhering pulp that is none too good for the seat of your trousers—and he generally detracts from a man's ability to enjoy life. Here, too, a duck shot one day, and eaten for dinner on the following night, was already in the "gamey" stage.

A roving spirit and a casual remark from a wayside acquaintance now led me back to the Irrawaddy south of Mandalay, and perhaps 200 miles from the scene of my initial efforts. A wild spot, if ever there was one, and an exceedingly dirty P.W.D. (Public Works Department) bungalow, which looked as though years had rolled by since the last inspecting police officer, or irrigation "wallah," or wandering commissioner, had taken shelter within its groaning planks. The two neighbouring villages had nothing to offer in exchange for cash in the way of eggs or other necessities, hence a plentiful supply was taken. A small battalion of girl coolies—as usual in this country—transplanted one's total outfit from the ferry-boat to the evil-smelling abode. The village headman was in

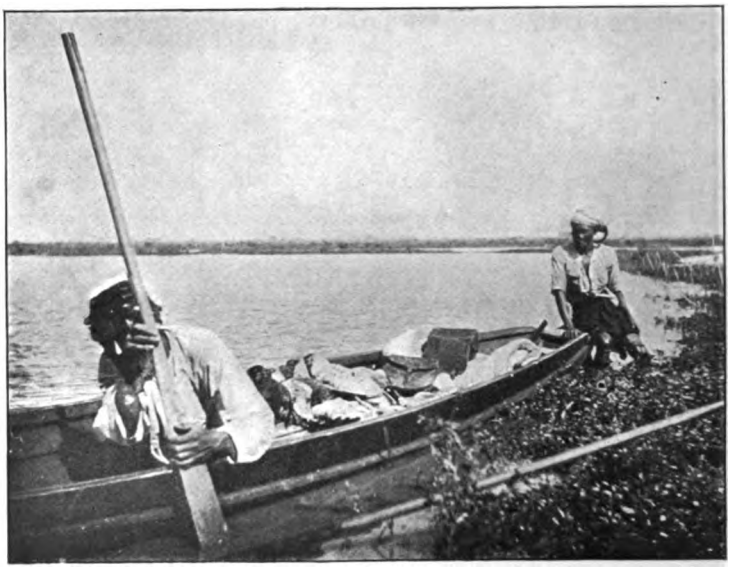
WOMEN SMOKING THE NATIVE CHEROOT

request with his keys to unlock its ancient portals, and on the morrow a start was made. . . . Also on the morrow my escape was effected. The morning's walk proved that where water *had* existed a month previously it was now dry ground, and not a sign of a duck was to be seen. Just catching the local steamer in the afternoon, I was left after dark at Myingyan (the terminus of the ferry-boat), with a three-mile tramp across a desert of sand, in blinding dust raised by a crawling line of bullock-carts.

Reader, have patience, for I am now about to transplant you to the jheel at Paunglin which was reserved for the Prince of Wales to shoot over, and on the shores of which I now write these lines a fortnight after his departure. But before getting there I was destined to experience various vicissitudes of fortune which must be briefly

set down, if only to show you that on these expeditions things do not always run on greased wheels.

First, the bungalow at Myingyan was full, and I had to camp out in the verandah, which, however, is a detail. Secondly, I had five days to wait for the steamer going south, and in the meantime I —most foolishly, but with kind intent—sent my English-Burmese-Hindustani-speaking "boy" to Mandalay to see his wife and children before touring India with me. He had instructions to return the third day, but instead of the boy came a wire reading as follows: "Child unwell, starting Friday" (*i.e.*, the day the steamer was to leave). Being interpreted this dispatch meant, "I am having a drinking bout, and do not expect to recover for some days. Mean-



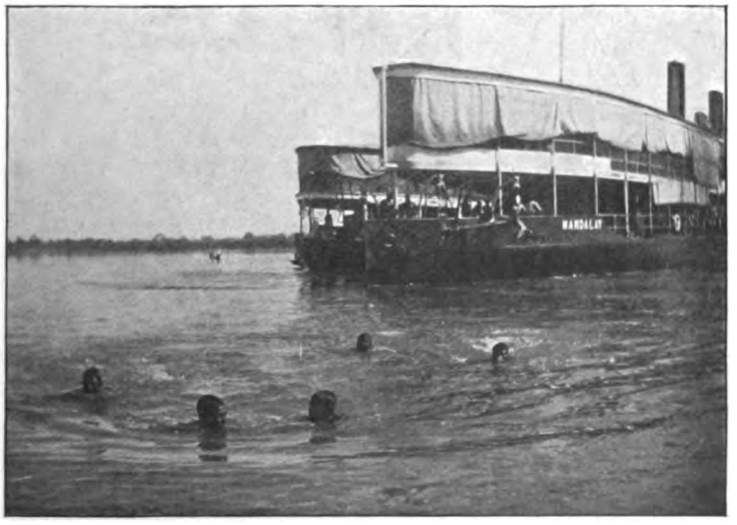
AT PAUNGLIN ON THE JHEEL WHICH WAS RESERVED FOR THE PRINCE OF WALES

while, as my services are absolutely essential to you—for you do not speak Burmese—and as you cannot procure a substitute for me in Myingyan, you are stuck till I come back."

The streets of the village were accordingly scoured for anyone who admitted to the slightest knowlege of cookery, and who would place his services at my disposal. Just before the steamer left I got hold of a Burmese coolie and started off with him, though he spoke no other language than his own, sooner than miss the boat or have anything further to do with the prodigal Madrasi. [N.B.—This coolie proved to be the simplest of Peter Simples, and almost drove me to my wit's end.]

A day and a night on the steamboat, and then I was dumped on

to another sandbank. Here with infinite difficulty I procured a small leaky boat and two men, and at 4 p.m. started for a seventeen-mile trip down stream. Luckily there was a good moon, and, luckier still, when we reached that part of the Irrawaddy bank where one goes inland for Paunglin I found a steam launch moored, and half a dozen Americans from the oil wells down the river anchored for the night. With their help I got a cart, reached the lake two miles off, and hired another boat to transplant self and chattels across the water to the hut on the far bank. At 10 p.m. we—that is, the Burman and self—reached our destination in the shape of a bungalow inches deep in dust, rat-infested, and, of course, full of mosquitoes. Two boiled eggs—the first food I had tasted since breakfast—tea and bed followed each other in rapid succession.



ARRIVAL OF WEEKLY "BAZAAR" BOAT—LASCARS SWIMMING ASHORE WITH CABLE

At 7 a.m. in the morning a brisk fusillade announced the fact that the Americans were at it. I must have heard well over two hundred shots before 10 o'clock, and what they may have got the reader can guess as well as I, for it depends on the quality of the shooting. As the jheel covers some twelve or more square miles, and there are many places where one can shoot from concealment in the rushes, the more guns the better.

My own performance did not begin till they had ceased at 10.30, and during the next five hours I secured nineteen duck, besides seeing some geese. It took me a longish time to get to where the fowl were congregated, as naturally they had retreated to the far end of the jheel; but when one's first four shots, well overhead and travelling

fast, produced a drake pintail, a cock widgeon, a shoveller, and a garganey, I felt that if then and there I went straight home the day had been a good one. My series of small drives later on included, besides the above-named species, small whistler, teal, and Brahminy duck. Eighty-four degrees in the shade may seem a peculiar temperature in which to go duck-shooting, but personally I find it agreeable enough, especially when standing in water. Old hands in Burma will tell you that in former days a party of seven or eight would fire their two hundred cartridges apiece during the day at Paunglin, but that things are now different. Anyway, on the occasion of the Prince of Wales's visit ten guns accounted for over one hundred and twenty fowl in the course of but two or three hours. No doubt an army of boats was employed, and the arrangements were as perfect as possible. (By the way, the country road from the river to the lake had a "royal" bamboo fence on either side; likewise the approach to the bungalow, which, however, the illustrious shooter did *not* sleep in!)

The morrow brought forth a greylag goose and again nineteen ducks, which number might have been largely increased. On this day I refrained from shooting at the many couples of Brahminy duck that sailed majestically overhead, and practically confined myself to yellow nibs and garganey as affording the most sporting shots. Indeed, early in the day, what with a high wind blowing and boggy mud to stand in, which rendered one's feet absolute fixtures in the position in which they were first placed, the garganey's antics in the air found me considerably at fault. Unfortunately this jheel did not seem to contain any specimens which were new to me, and shooting ducks for the villagers to scramble for at the end of the day cannot compare in the matter of pleasure and sport with the interest of obtaining fresh and unknown species, even though a hard day's work only result in three or four birds. The sort of thing that used to brace one up in the first place I stayed at was the usual predicament at starting the day, that if one failed to procure a goose or a brace of duck there would be nothing to eat for dinner! On the other hand, after a *good day*, with half a dozen fowl in the bag, including one to skin, there would be the pleasing knowledge that the larder was full for a couple of days, and that one had a spare goose wherewith to propitiate the "thugyi" (local headman), whose services were often in demand in the matter of procuring boats, etc.

Up in the north, too, there was so much personal manœuvring that if one secured a brace off a small jheel holding, say, a couple of dozen, by making successful use of one's wits, a keener sense of satisfaction was experienced than from obtaining twenty out of the many thousand here.

For all that I must confess to having derived the most intense enjoyment from my very last stand at Paunglin before putting the gun up for the season. With but a dozen cartridges left (seven of them being loaded with No. 8), I got into a real good place, and had eight fowl down as fast as I could shoot. There was one shoveller drake in almost perfect plumage—the first I had seen so far advanced, for they breed late here; the rest were pintail and garganey. Seven of these were gathered, and had cartridges not run out one might have had a pick-up of twenty-five in fifteen minutes.

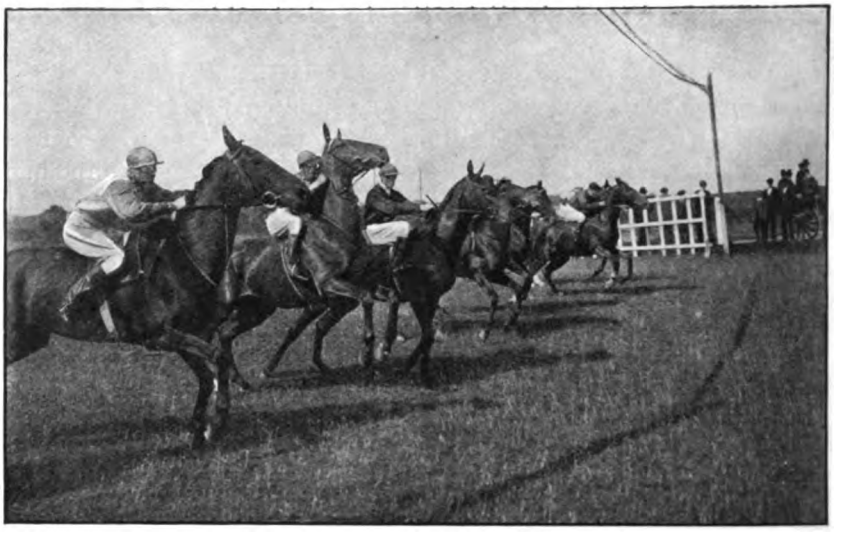
With two additional remarks I shall now bring these notes to a close.

(i) One misses one's dog to an extent which is altogether dispro-

SOME OF THE PICK-UP AFTER A SMALL DRIVE

portionate to the enjoyment of the sport without him. Moreover, one loses most ducks that are not killed clean.

(ii) The barheaded goose, though a delightful bird to look at, and though seen in thousands on the sandbanks of the river, is certainly not a sporting bird for the gun, as far as my own experience goes. He apparently never visits the jheels, cannot often be driven, but will frequently submit to a pot shot on the ground out of a small boat. Now, any duck or goose that calmly invites this fate must be ranked with the ptarmigan and the hazel hen of Scandinavia. The first you throw your hat at before he will fly, and the second perches in a tree and chatters to you! Both are well enough as an addition to the bag, but neither can rank with widgeon, pintail, or grouse as an objective for the gun.



THE AMERICAN JOCKEY INVASION

BY THE EDITOR

ONE of the most extraordinary things in the history of the modern Turf is the manner in which what was called the American Invasion arose, swelled, and subsided. I am speaking, of course, of the later Nineties; but before going into details about that exciting period a little should perhaps be said about the first appearance of American racing men in England. For this we have to go back exactly half a century, for it was in the year 1857 that Mr. Ten Broeck arrived with some of the best horses the American Turf could at that time produce. The very best then known in the States was among them, an animal named Le Compte, who, however, contracted an illness and was never able to run in this country; but the owner's colours, the Stars and Stripes of America, a red and white striped jacket with blue stars and blue cap, were carried to victory in the Cesarewitch of 1857 by Prioress, after a dead heat with El Hakim and Queen Bess, and in the Goodwood Stakes and Cup two years later by Starke. Mr. Ten Broeck also gave an exhibition of American amateur jockeyship at Warwick, which is amusingly described in Custance's "Recollections": "He wore a pair of very large worsted cord breeches, black jack-boots, a racing jacket cut very low in front like a dress waistcoat, and to finish up with had a cigar in his mouth. Tom McGeorge started the two horses, and Mr. Ten Broeck, puffing away at his weed and sitting quite back in his saddle, looked more like riding in the Park or hacking about at Newmarket than racing. When the flag dropped he was at least six or eight lengths behind in a five-

furlong match. Needless to say he was beaten, but not so very far, as he came with a tremendous rush when the race was all over. As Mr. George Payne, who had done Mr. Ten Broeck's commission, said, 'If he had not put him £800 on he should have sworn he had pulled the horse.'"

He had, however, a very kindly disposition. On one occasion Fordham, on a mare called Amy, carrying the stars and stripes, threw away a race which he ought to have won with the utmost ease, and was so much cut up about it that he would not have any dinner, went straight to bed, and cried like a child, for he knew that Mr. Ten Broeck had backed her heavily. That gentleman's first proceeding when he left the course, however, was to write to Ford-

AN EXAMPLE OF THE OLD SEAT—FILHO DA PUTA, JACKSON UP

ham telling him not to take any notice of the mistake, as he was certain he had won a great many races he ought not to have done, and he was quite satisfied to put up with this one little error. It is pleasant to read such an anecdote as this, and one may be very sure that it does not make a jockey less keen to do justice to his mount for the same owner next time. Mr. Ten Broeck appeared at intervals afterwards, and had many friends in England, but it was not until 1880 that American horses created any great stir.

In this year Mr. Lorillard and Mr. Keene appeared, and though it seemed incredible before the event that an American horse should win the Derby, Iroquois did so, following it up, moreover, by taking the Leger. His success at Epsom was probably attributable to the

fact that the present Lord Ebury's Peregrine broke down in the course of the race; but Iroquois must have been a good horse, if perhaps not so good a one as Mr. Keene's representative, Foxhall, who, trained by William Day, won the Grand Prix, the Cesarewitch with 7 st. 12 lb., and the Cambridgeshire with 9 st., beating in the last one of the very best fields that ever went to the post for that race. I chanced to own a share of a horse in the stable at the time and to see a good deal of Foxhall and his stable companions, and well remember the hopes that were entertained of the colt's success, and the fears that so severe a burden on his three-year-old back would be too much for him up the hill at "the top of the town" where the Cambridgeshire used then to finish. I can now see William Day on his pony, his ulster flying behind him in the air, galloping along the rails by the winning-post, eagerly asking what had won, being told "Foxhall, a head," and answering, "A head is enough if it is the right way!" Day always maintained that in the autumn of his three-year-old career a horse was often as good as at any subsequent period, though the weight-for-age table does not support that view.

A prominent American at this time was a Mr. Walton, a man of humble origin who had made money on the American Turf, and came to make more on the English. Two or three jockeys of the day were understood to be intimately connected with his business transactions. It was on their advice that he speculated, and though jockeys' tips are usually said to be extremely bad, for a time Walton had a great run of prosperity. He bought some horses which were sent to William Day's stable, and having learnt luxurious ways, had a room specially fitted up for him in elaborate fashion at Cholderton. In the course of time the jockeys' tips seem to have justified the popular opinion of them, Walton came to grief and returned home, owing the ring, it was reported, just as much as they would let him owe.

It is, however, rather jockeys than owners who are understood when reference is made to the American Invasion. Of these riders Simms was the first to introduce the seat which has revolutionised race-riding. Very odd it looked, too, at the time, familiar as it has since become. It was at the Craven Meeting of 1895 that a horse called Eau Gallie, a son of Iroquois, went to the post for the Crawfurd Plate, carrying 7 st. 10 lb. with Simms perched up on his neck. A mare from Captain Machell's stable, Erin, was favourite, George Chaloner riding her. Prince Soltykoff's speedy horse, Woolsthorpe, was well backed, Morny Cannon in the saddle. Harfleur II and others had supporters, T. Loates, S. Loates, Bradford, Madden, and several well-known jockeys having mounts. We talked about "a monkey on a stick" and made jocose remarks as we watched Simms riding

to the post. As for the other jockeys, they were vastly amused by their quaint companion, and spectators could hardly believe their eyes when they saw Eau Gallie jump off, come along at top speed, and pass the post without ever being caught. It was indeed a revelation. Of course it did not always come off; Simms rode in nineteen races and only won four of them before returning to the States. So far as I recollect he never came back, nor had he any successor the following year.

In the autumn of 1897 I was riding about Newmarket Heath one October morning, watching the work, when I saw coming along a horse with a jockey seated—more or less seated—on his withers after the then forgotten fashion of Simms. The spectacle was remarkable, and soon afterwards in the course of my peregrinations meeting an English jockey whom I happened to know well, I asked him what the apparition meant? He told me it was an American jockey named Sloan; that he had adopted that extraordinary seat, which was, of course, quite preposterous; and he gave me an imitation of the invader, clutching his reins within a few inches of the bit and explaining that it afforded you no sort of power over your horse. "But all the same he can ride!" my perceptive friend observed, and it soon appeared that he could do so, though I never quite understood what at that time this English critic had seen about Sloan to enable him to form a good opinion, as he considered Sloan's method radically wrong.

I am not sure whether a colt called Quibble II, trained by Pincus, who had prepared Iroquois for his three-year-old engagements, was the first animal Sloan rode in this country, but it was the first I saw him ride. Quibble had run four times previously without getting a place, and was a very bad animal. Sloan, however, jumped off on him, none of the others got near, and he won by half a dozen lengths. Ten years since the Houghton Meeting began on Monday; Sloan did not appear again that day, but on the Tuesday was up on an unconsidered filly called Jiffy II in the Old Nursery Stakes. Odds of 100 to 8 were laid against her, but she won comfortably. The Cambridgeshire came on the Wednesday, Galtee More favourite, such well-known horses as Balsamo, Dinna Forget, Eager, General Peace, Bay Ronald, Labrador, Yorker, Funny Boat, in the field; and Sloan on St. Cloud II made one of the not very numerous mistakes which could be laid to his charge as a jockey, whatever animadversions might justifiably be passed on his conduct in other affairs. The width of the Newmarket course confused him; he thought he had won, but Comfrey had in fact beaten him a head, while Sandia was only another head behind him, and Cortegar close up. On Friday he had two rides, the first on Meta II in the Free Handicap, the

outsider of the party, who won a head from Madden on Jeddah, the second on Sandia in the Old Cambridgeshire, who beat Balsamo with the Oaks winner, La Sagesse, behind. At this time liberal odds were generally laid against Sloan's mounts. He won the Great Tom Stakes at Lincoln on Angelina 10 to 1, the Great Lancashire Handicap on Easter Gift at the same price, and wound up the season at Manchester by riding in five races, winning four of them, and being second for the fifth. In all that year he rode in fifty-three races and won twenty.

In 1898 Sloan presumably had engagements in America which kept him there till the autumn, but he was back in time for the First October Meeting and rode in the first race, a Visitors' Plate. Not-

JACK SPIGOT WITH BILL SCOTT UP

withstanding his successes of the previous season his appearance in the saddle at this time by no means created a scare. Odds of 100 to 12 were laid against his mount, Buckbread, but he opened proceedings by beating a dozen competitors. He only had one other ride that afternoon, on Dominie II, and won again. Next day he was up three times and won twice. On the Thursday, the day when Cyllene beat Lord Rosebery's two, Velasquez and Chelàndry, for the Jockey Club Stakes, Sloan on St. Cloud II could have no sort of chance, but he rode in three other races and won them all. On the Friday he had seven rides: failed in the first race by a short head to beat Eau Gallie, on whom Simms, as recorded on a former page, had created so great a surprise; but he won the second race on Draco,

the third on Manatee, the fourth on Landrail, the fifth on Libra, and the sixth, the Newmarket St. Leger, on Galashiels—a pretty good day's work! Altogether at this meeting Sloan rode in sixteen races, and won three-quarters of them—just a dozen. I do not imagine such a performance had ever previously been achieved. For curiosity I turned up Archer's record for 1885, the wonderful season in which he won 246 races in 667 mounts. During the week corresponding

W. LANE ON PRETTY POLLY
(Photograph by W. A. Rouch)

to that discussed Archer rode in twenty-two races and won ten, not including a dead heat on Gay Hermit, the famous Modwena sharing the honours; and that year, by the way, Archer had some easy rides, one of them being Minting, on whom 100 to 1 was laid. Sloan's simple scheme of jumping off and getting home as quickly as possible turned out very successfully: our jockeys had all got into the habit of waiting, it was very seldom that any of them "came through," and often with them stayers could not exhibit their capacity.

At the Second October Meeting Sloan again rode in sixteen races, of which he won eight, in nearly every case it is to be noticed by substantial margins; and at the Houghton he added seven to his score, the total of his back-end successes at Newmarket being twenty-seven races in sixty-three tries. On Caiman he beat Flying Fox a length and a half for the Middle Park Plate, which seems odd by the light of subsequent events, but there can be no sort of doubt that at this time Sloan was riding with extraordinary brilliance. At the Liverpool Meeting he was up six times and won four. Altogether this year he won forty-three out of ninety-eight races: only just short of a half. In different ways he got on people's nerves; they predicted that various sorts of evil would befall him, and their predictions seem to have had so much justification that I am very far indeed from desiring to appear in any way as Sloan's eulogist; but we are not now going into the question of character, likes or dislikes, merely into the hard and fast matter of jockeyship, of the proportion of races ridden and won, and from this point of view Sloan's performances assuredly merit record.

In 1899 he appears to have come to the conclusion that England was a better hunting ground than America, for we find him jumping off at Lincoln and staying the season through. Moreover the "American Jockey Invasion" had now started vigorously; the two Reiffs, Lester and John, Covington, McGuire, Martin, Malerba (though he was South American), all came and began to be busy, the almost childish appearance of little John Reiff in his juvenile knickerbockers causing people to wonder greatly at the skill he displayed and at his power over the horses he rode. In the Lincolnshire Handicap it is not strange that Knight of the Thistle should have failed to give General Peace 13 lb. Sloan on the former finished second. He was second also for the Brocklesby, but going on to Newmarket the success which always seemed to be awaiting him there was again found. He rode in thirteen races and won no fewer than eight, on the last day being up four times without a failure. Naturally his reputation had spread to France; he was secured to ride Holocauste in the Derby, and the story of how the grey horse fell and broke his leg need not be retold. He had won the One Thousand Guineas on Sibola, and that she could lose the Oaks seemed so little possible that odds of 7 to 4 were laid on her, 10 to 1 bar one, betting which seems to suggest that a race is almost a foregone conclusion; and so indeed it should have been here, but to the consternation of the late Lord William Beresford, who had backed the filly to win a small fortune, this was one of the occasions which Sloan selected to play the fool, and Madden on the 20 to 1 Musa, sticking resolutely to his work, beat the certainty a short head.

By this time, of course, Sloan had a big following whatever he rode, it being imagined that he was not likely to repeat the Sibola fiasco, and Ascot was just the place where the ingenuous backer was tolerably certain to make a mess of it. A great many people go to Ascot who visit few other meetings, and, in fact, do not know much about racing, often possessing that little knowledge which is such a dangerous thing. They had gathered that Sloan was an extraordinary jockey who often won on impossible horses, and was safe to follow when on anything that was fancied, so they made him favourite on Chinook in the first race at the Royal meeting, and he was badly beaten. They made him favourite again on Jumboe, and he could get no nearer than fourth; but he did win the Coventry Stakes on Democrat, as this was one of the days when Diamond Jubilee would not have it. Again on Kent in the Prince of Wales's Stakes odds were laid because Sloan rode, and he could not drive Kent into a place. That Knight of the Thistle could beat Eager in receipt of 2 lb. for the Hunt Cup it seemed quite unreasonable to suppose; still Knight of the Thistle was backed at 10 to 1 because Sloan was riding, and did well to finish third. We have seen that Sloan won many races at Newmarket; he had not, however, ridden over the July Course previously to 1899, when he began well by winning the Trial Plate on Korosko, a very dear bargain for his purchaser at 760 guineas, as he ran sixteen times subsequently before he won another race, and then it was only a poor little Seller. Sloan, indeed, occasionally showed signs that he was beginning to train off. In one afternoon at this First July Meeting Mornington Cannon won four races running, and thrice Sloan was second to him. It was of course gall and wormwood to his American followers, who had come to regard their jockey as invincible; and twice on another afternoon S. Loates had the best of him. Sloan's figures for the year, however, were extraordinarily good, for in 345 races he rode 108 winners.

The Invasion was really at its height in 1900, so much so that English jockeys had become exceedingly doleful with the conviction that they were to be swept practically out of existence. Sloan was to the fore, the brothers Reiff rode nearly 1,200 races between them; Rigby, Martin, Macintyre, Maher, and Jenkins were in strong practice; Sloan's brother swelled the throng; indeed, the English riders looked like being crowded out altogether, and precisely what it meant was that just £8,960 in regulation fees found its way to American pockets instead of to English. That Sloan was an extraordinarily good judge of horses and what they could do is beyond doubt, the fact being strikingly emphasised by an incident at the Newmarket First Spring Meeting. He was engaged to ride a mare of Lord Ellesmere's called Inquisitive. She was rather backward

and not at all fancied for the race, indeed she was the absolute outsider of the ten starters notwithstanding that Sloan was up; and to the equal astonishment and gratification of her friends she finished second, beaten little more than half a length. Several animals had been much fancied, including Winifreda (who won), Vain Duchess (who had taken four races out of seven as a two-year-old and been second in the other three), Merry Gal, Dusky Queen, Sainte-Nitouche, and La Roche. If Inquisitive, not within pounds of her form, could make such a bold show, surely when really ready to run she would do big things? As a daughter of Hampton and None the Wiser,

FRED ARCHER ON ORMONDE

for which latter Lord Ellesmere had paid, if I remember rightly, some 9,000 guineas, it was felt that she ought to justify her breeding, and when Sloan rode back to the paddock the younger John Dawson expressed the hope that the jockey would be able to renew acquaintance with her in the Oaks. His reply was that there could be little chance of his being disengaged, but if he were he was not at all anxious for the mount, as she was a very bad mare and not in the least likely to win races. On the face of it this seemed a baseless condemnation of her. She had only had about a 3 lb. beating from an animal that was probably a good 7 lb. her superior in condition,

she had beaten strongly fancied animals who were also fit, well, and fancied, so that it seemed certain she must win races, and good races too; but she left the Turf a maiden after fifteen subsequent failures.

Running second may mean one of three things: that the form has come out correctly, that the jockey has ridden extraordinarily well to get so near, or that he ought to have won but was outridden

G. McCALL ON BLACK ARROW
(Photograph by Clarence Hailey, Newmarket)

at the finish. On the whole, however, riding many seconds detracts from a jockey's reputation, and throughout the year 1900 second was the place Sloan occupied on an extraordinary number of occasions. I have not taken the trouble to go through the book, because of course it would prove nothing for the reasons just enumerated, but at the Newmarket Second October Meeting Sloan fell into this habit. On Haut en Bas he was second to Holmwood,

one of the few winners which C. Cannon rode as a flat-race jockey; second on Stealaway to Sonatura, who was giving 18 lb.; second on Paigle to King's Courier (though that was of course inevitable); second on Coupland to Waterlily; second on Stealaway to Jolly Tar; second on Sheet Anchor to Rose Tree; second on Orchid to Floriform in the Middle Park Plate, and second on Redstone to Belamphion. Five of these seconds were warm favourites, and the natural inference is that Sloan was training off. That he was not too scrupulous in his methods was also apparent. In the Portland Plate, at Doncaster, on Lucknow, he so palpably foul-rode Eager that the head in favour of the light weight, who was in receipt of no less than 34 lb., ought assuredly to have been reversed; indeed, the case was so flagrant that Sloan was summoned before the Stewards, notwithstanding that Mr. Neumann lodged no objection.

Soon came the end of Sloan's career. It was an open secret that he had been betting heavily; an idea prevailed that the Stewards of the Jockey Club were by no means sorry to find a reason for refusing his licence, and in 1901 his name was absent from the list. Altogether during his four years (for how short a period he rode in the first two of them has been stated) Sloan was up in 812 races, and won no fewer than 253—not very far short of one in three.

To say that the departure of Sloan was generally regretted would be incorrect. In 1901, however, the invasion continued, the Reiffs were busy, Maher had attained prominence, being third on the list of winning jockeys with ninety-four successes in four hundred and eighteen tries to his credit. Martin, who had arrived the year before Maher and was now doing duty for the third season, had scored forty-five times in three hundred and twenty-nine rides, but English jockeys were nevertheless beginning to breathe again. The idea that the Invasion was going to drive them out altogether seemed too extreme a view, for many of them had taken up their stirrups, adopted the crouch, and found that it paid. Lester Reiff, moreover, had got into trouble with the authorities after writing his name in Turf history by riding the Derby winner Volodyovski in 1901. Sloan's only classic race, it may be noted, was Sibola's One Thousand, and as to the classics J. Reiff never scored in one of them. Henry, who rode Cap and Bells in the Oaks of 1901, and J. H. Martin, who rode Ard Patrick in the Derby of 1903, are the only other American jockeys who have acquired this special distinction, except Maher. He has made his mark deeply considering the comparatively short time he has been riding. He won the One Thousand of 1901 on Aïda, the Derby of 1903 on Rock Sand, of 1905 on Cicero, of 1906 on Spearmint, and as he had no mount in 1904 this reckons as practically three consecutive Derbys.

The St. Leger of 1903 also fell to him on Rock Sand, and though it is not particularly to his credit that he evidently ought to have won last year on Keystone II and failed to do so, he is scarcely to be blamed for the bad luck which befell him in that race. In time J. Reiff got into trouble, and for the last two or three years only Maher and Martin have represented America, though Lyne appeared for a season, and proved himself a remarkably sound horseman.

The Invasion, however, has left permanent marks on jockeyship. By degrees, as just observed, English riders began to shorten their stirrups and to sit forward, and it often strikes one how very much amazed an old frequenter of Newmarket, who had not been there for a dozen years, would be if he were to return and watch the jockeyship now in vogue. Some of our own riders for a time went almost farther than their models. Herbert Jones used simply to flatten himself on Orchid, his attitude being much that of a toboggan coming down the Cresta Run; Lane imitated his example, and amongst others it was curious to watch Halsey, whom we had long been accustomed to see sitting well back. Mornington Cannon held out for a long time, but at length his stirrups were likewise pulled up, and Newmarket was filled with jockeys and would-be jockeys who practised the seat on their hacks. By degrees all the same leathers are in many cases again lengthening. It was only for a time that the habit of coming through at top speed in every race was adopted, and now we not seldom find Maher waiting just as English jockeys of yore used to wait, which is something of a tribute to their practice. When Maher does wait there must be a sound reason for it, as his average is every year a strikingly good one.

It is strongly suspected that a considerable share of the success which American jockeys obtained was due to the employment of the "dope" by American trainers. Nearly all of them were understood to have their own favourite stimulant which they administered to their horses at a set time before the race on those occasions when they were anxious to win, and it was suspected that there were other occasions when their horses ran without the dope, were backed on previous form by those who were not in the secret, and ran very badly; for the mischievous and deleterious drug, though it ruined horses' constitutions, unquestionably did greatly enhance their powers for the time. Readers are doubtless aware that the practice of doping has been forbidden under severe penalties.

The Invasion is credited with having "waked jockeys up." The Turf generally, however, does not seem to have benefited; interest in the sport was keener, and I am inclined to think on the whole more healthy, before the American jockeys came.

THE JUMPS ARE FREQUENT, HIGH, AND SOLID

STAG-HUNTING ON THE CAMPAGNA DI ROMA

BY E. ALEXANDER POWELL, F.R.G.S.

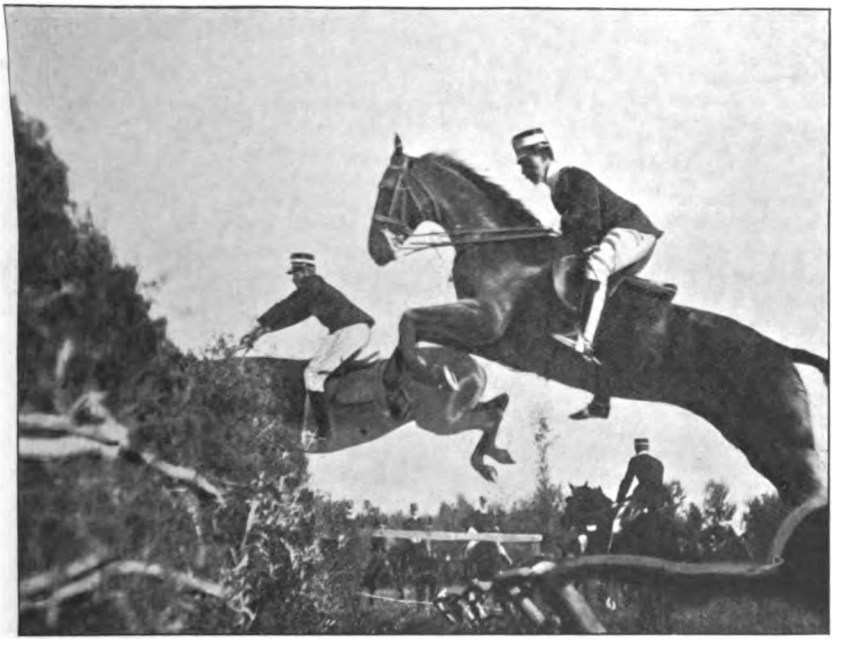
WHEN the commandant of the famous Italian cavalry school of Tor di Quinto[1] invited me some time since to be a guest of the school at a meet of the Bracciano Staghounds, I accepted with considerable satisfaction, for such an invitation from such a source is regarded in Italy as the highest compliment that can be paid a riding man.

The marvellous feats of horsemanship performed by the officers at Tor di Quinto have been made familiar to magazine readers the world over, by the amazing photographs that appear now and again in the illustrated press in which officers are depicted as riding down apparently perpendicular precipices. These pictures, I may mention in passing, are not "faked," as I have frequently heard remarked, nor is the camera held at an undue angle. The declivities are quite as steep as they appear in the pictures, and their safe descent is

[1] The military riding school of Tor di Quinto lies about three miles outside the walls of Rome and one mile from the Ponte Molle.

possible only on a well-trained horse. I was myself somewhat sceptical of the difficulty of the feat until I tried it. The sensation when your horse launches himself over the edge of the cliff can only be compared to that experienced in dropping from a balloon with a parachute. As a young Argentine officer taking the course at Tor di Quinto once remarked to me, "Lean back, hang tight, put your trust in Providence, and the horse will probably do the rest."

The chief cavalry school in Italy is at Pinerolo, near Turin, where nine months must be spent by all cavalry and field artillery officers before joining their regiments. Those officers showing the



OBSTACLES THAT MUST BE JUMPED CLEAN OR NOT AT ALL
(H.R.H. the Count of Turin hunting with the Bracciano)

most promise—one from each regiment—are then sent to Tor di Quinto for a supplementary course of three months, the purpose of this post-graduate instruction being to make the young officer absolutely fearless in all that pertains to horsemanship. When, therefore, he returns to his regiment, he is not only admirably fitted to act as a riding instructor, but it is expected that his proficiency will act as a stimulus to both officers and men, thus improving the regimental efficiency and *esprit de corps*. There are seldom more than thirty officers in attendance at Tor di Quinto, in addition to whom, however, there are representatives of various foreign armies.

The course of instruction at Tor di Quinto is probably more difficult than at any school of cavalry instruction in the world, not even excepting West Point in America, Ypres in Belgium, or Saumur in France, and it speaks volumes for the "stiffness" of the country hunted by the Bracciano Staghounds that attendance at their bi-weekly meets is part of the prescribed routine for officers at Tor di Quinto.

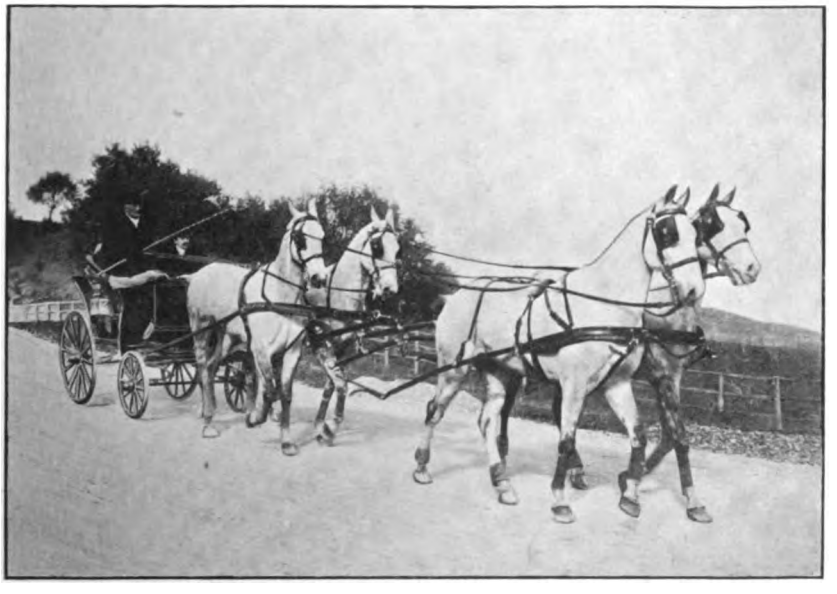
Bracciano is a picturesque town of some 1,700 inhabitants lying twenty-six miles north-west of Rome. Like so many of the ancient towns which dot the Roman Campagna, it is built on the summit of an olive-clad hill, thus being freed to a large extent from

"THE HORSES ARE OF IRISH BLOOD"

the scourge of malaria which makes the surrounding plain uninhabitable during the summer months. The chief feature of the town is its celebrated castle, close on five centuries old, the property of Prince Odescalchi, an enthusiastic patron of the hunt and until quite recently its Master. The grim and massive castle is perched on a rock high above the circular lake of Bracciano, forming a landmark for miles around, and was considered by Sir Walter Scott to be the most characteristic mediæval stronghold in Europe.

The vast Campagna di Roma, bounded on the north by the Monte Cimino, on the west by the sea, on the south by the Alban

mountains, and on the east by the Apennine chain of the Sabina, affords a field for hunting unsurpassed in Continental Europe. The rugged outline of the snow-capped mountains forms a fitting background for the wild and deserted plain covered in every direction with picturesque and imposing ruins. Once a densely peopled land, with numerous and prosperous towns, it is now a vast and dreary waste of which barely one-tenth part is furrowed by the plough-share. The summits of its tors are crowned by groups of huts built of straw and rushes, scarcely better than their prototypes in the wilds of Equatorial Africa, while the semi-civilised shepherds who inhabit them are only one degree removed, either in morals,



DRIVING TO THE MEET
(Four-in-hand of Count Bennicelli)

cleanliness, or intelligence, from the African native. The rolling uplands are dotted with great herds of grazing sheep and long-horned cattle, guarded by half-wild herdsmen whose silver-embroidered jackets, strangely shaped saddles, and shaggy ponies, make them rivals in picturesqueness of the Mexican vaquero; troops of donkeys munch the short wire-grass contentedly, and now and then a herd of wild pigs dashes from one clump of undergrowth to another, squealing shrilly. A strange and lonely land is this Roman Campagna.

The fields—if the term may be applied to enclosures of such vast dimensions—are defined by a species of post-and-rail fences

known as *staccionate*. Constructed with unusual solidity, the bars being in many cases firmly bound to the posts with wire, they make most formidable obstacles of the kind that must be jumped clean or not at all; for although some are as low as four feet, they are much more frequently five or five and a half. Interspersed with the *staccionate* are stone walls of a height and width quite unknown in England, an occasional thorn hedge, always untrimmed of course, and, most dangerous of all to the hunting man, the peculiar sunken roads so common to certain parts of Italy. These stone-paved by-ways, constructed for the most part in very ancient times, but still in common use, are generally sunken from eight to ten feet below the surface of the surrounding country, a fringe of under-

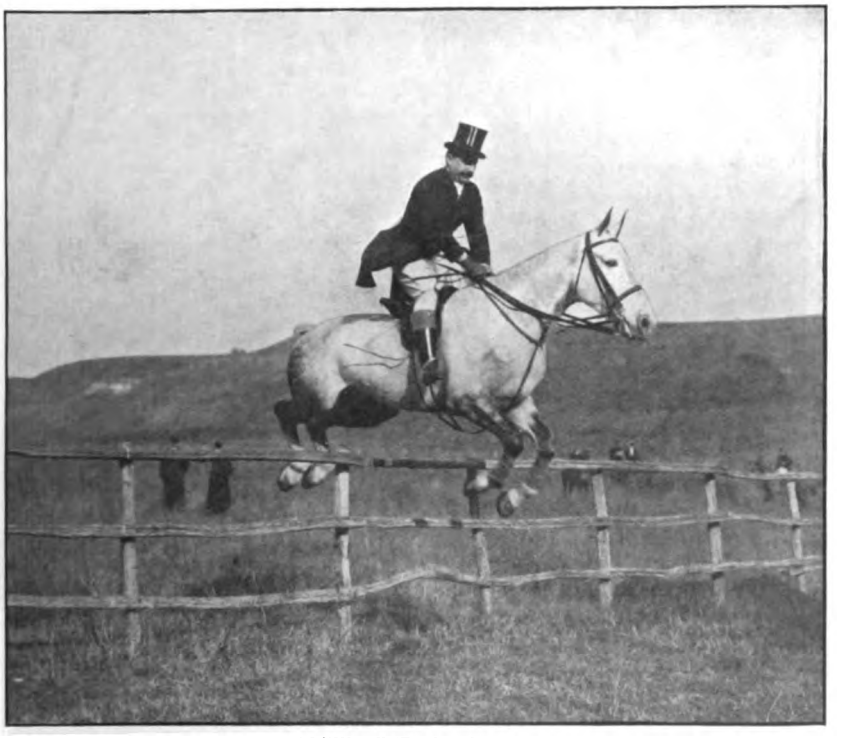
"DÉJEUNER PRECEDES THE RUN"

growth or wire-grass frequently serving to conceal their presence until the rider is fairly on their brink.

If any country in the world calls for the best of horseflesh it is that portion of the campagna hunted by the Bracciano, for the going is excellent, over the stretches of grass frequently attaining the speed of a steeplechase, and the jumps are frequent, high, and solid. Quite nine-tenths of the horses used are of Irish blood and breeding, the balance being Hungarians, which are somewhat too light in the bone, or Italian thoroughbreds, which are of too uncertain temper.

The campagna is hunted throughout the winter by two packs:

the Società Caccia al Cervo, to which I have already referred under the title of the Bracciano Staghounds, and the Società Romana della Caccia alla Volpe, or Roman Foxhounds, each pack meeting twice weekly during the hunting season, which extends from early November until Easter. The fixtures of the foxhounds invariably bring out large fields, it being no infrequent thing, when the meet is within a convenient distance of Rome, to find two hundred or more riders on hand. The foxhounds, which are under the mastership of Prince San Faustino, are followed by a fashionable rather than a



FLYING THE STACCIONATE

purely sporting set, the fields consisting for the most part of diplomatic attachés, army officers from all branches of the service, and foreigners resident in Rome, not to mention a decided sprinkling of ladies. The region hunted by the foxhounds is largely a grass country, gates can generally be found by those who do not care to face the fences, a well-served *déjeuner* either precedes or follows the run, and the *chasse au reynard* is eagerly looked forward to by many members of Roman society. I will take this occasion to remark that Roman hunting is an exceedingly expensive sport, and unless the visitor is prepared to spend the better part of a ten-pound note

on a single day's amusement, he had best leave the sport severely alone. One hundred and fifty *lire* (£6) is the hire generally asked for a hunter of any worth—the owner of course taking all risks—to which must be added the wages of a groom, the charge for luncheon, and the hire of a motor-car or carriage in which to reach the meet, which is generally several miles outside the city gates. I am told that the almost prohibitive charge made for hunters is accounted for by the numerous rabbit-holes with which portions of the campagna are honeycombed, many horses having broken their legs, or been permanently injured by stepping in them.

The Bracciano Hunt is of quite a different order from the fox-hounds. The country hunted is exceedingly difficult, the fences are

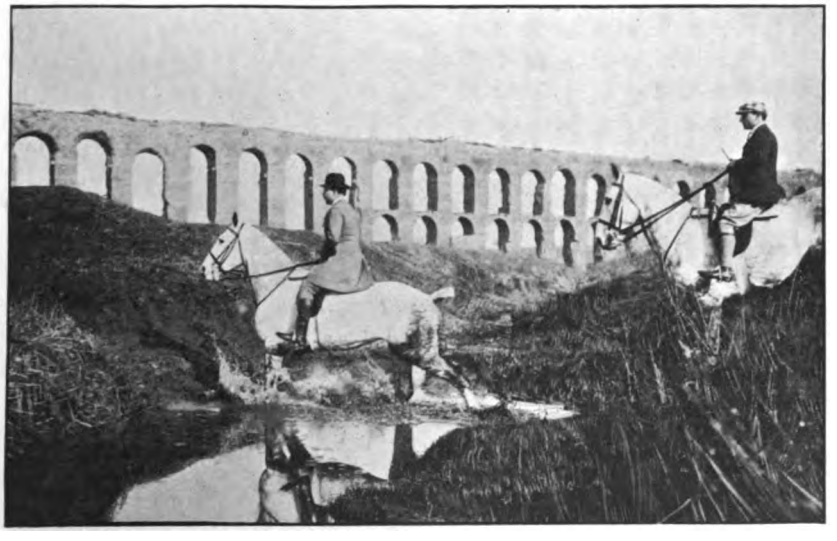
"HORSE AND RIDER TURNING SIMULTANEOUS SOMERSAULTS"

high, new, and built to stay, and unless a man is fortunate in having the very best of mounts he had better confine his attention to the safer sport of fox-hunting. The fields at Bracciano are generally small, seldom numbering more than fifty, half of whom are usually officers at Tor di Quinto, the balance being made up of some of the hardest riders and best-known sportsmen in Italy. The Bracciano is at present under the mastership of the Marchese Casati-Von Willer, a sportsman of more than national celebrity, who is Italian by birth, English by education, who calls Paris his home, and is to be found in various corners of the globe where sport attracts.

The special hunt-train with horse-boxes attached left the Trastevere station at ten o'clock on a sunny morning in mid-January,

dropping half a hundred of us an hour later at the little wayside station of Anguillara, a few miles from Bracciano. Under the experienced handling of the troopers the horses were disentrained in scarcely more time than it takes to tell it, girths were tightened, bridles looked to, plaid ulsters and pale-blue capes gave place to red coats and brilliant uniforms, and after scarcely ten minutes' delay we were riding down an Italian lane on our way to the meet, two mounted *carabinieri* in Napoleonic hats and voluminous capes following in our wake; for now and then a herdsman turns ugly at the disturbance of his flock, it is said, and it is quite as well to have the representatives of the law at hand.

The stag, a fine specimen bred on the preserves of Prince



"RODE IN THE SHADOW OF THE ROMAN AQUEDUCTS"

Odescalchi, had been set at liberty an hour before our arrival, and having been hunted for a short distance with fox-terriers had made off in the direction of the hill country beyond Bracciano. Hounds were thrown off on a grassy hillside, and with a damp soil and a breast-high scent gave tongue almost at once. Two minutes later the whole brilliant field, red coats and black, tunics of blue, of green, and of grey, silk "toppers" and gold-laced *képis*, was pounding up the hillside together, the pack a hundred yards in the lead, and running so closely that a blanket would have covered them. A four-barred *staccionate* rose on the summit of the hill against the sky-line, and though my Irish mare flew it with a foot to spare the officer on my right failed to judge his distance and came crashing down, horse and rider turning simultaneous somersaults. A ploughed field, a

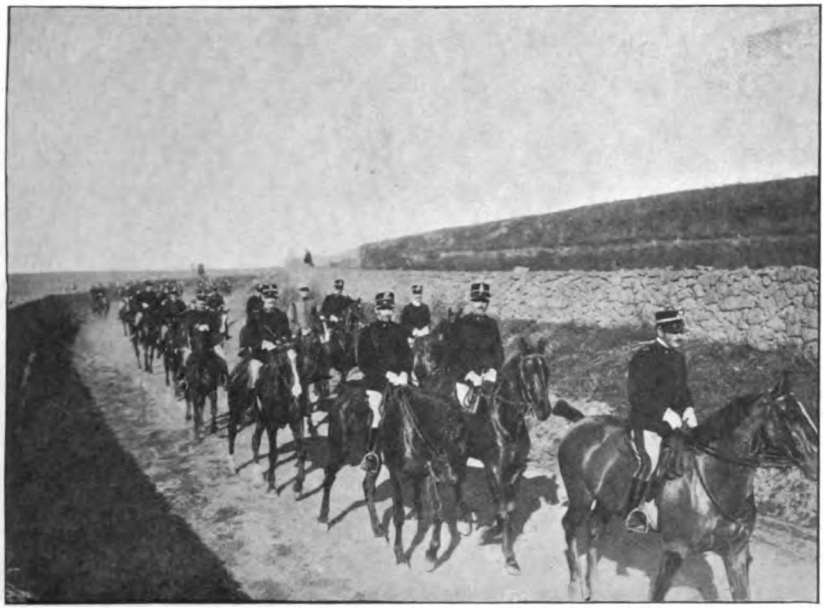
shallow watercourse, a great sweep of grass-grown prairie, and the gleaming ribbon of the railway lay stretched in a wide curve before us. Five-foot iron gates guarded the nearest crossing; and though to jump them meant to land on the metals, the master and his whips popped over without a second's hesitation, and the rest of us followed. As we galloped over the next rise I turned in my saddle for an instant to see the gesticulating keeper undoing the gates for two weary gendarmes on panting horses. A momentary check at the edge of a ploughed field before the pack regained the scent, and then we were off once more. A stone wall, so high and broad that it reminded me, in conjunction with the railway gates, of the old

"WE KILLED IN THE OPEN"

saw, "Stone walls do not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage," three *staccionate* in rapid succession, an exhilarating burst across unbroken downs until, without a second's warning, the pack disappeared from view as though the earth had swallowed them, and only the Master's warning cry, "'Ware road! 'Ware road!" caused me to pull up on the very brink of a sunken roadway, its banks so hidden by grass and shrubs as to be quite invisible a rod away. Here it was that the men and horses schooled at Tor di Quinto showed the value of their training, dropping into and scrambling out of this dangerous obstacle before the others had discovered a way around. We splashed through a little

stream and rode leisurely for a while in the shadow of one of the great Roman aqueducts, the unbroken arches of which still span the campagna after a lapse of close on two thousand years.

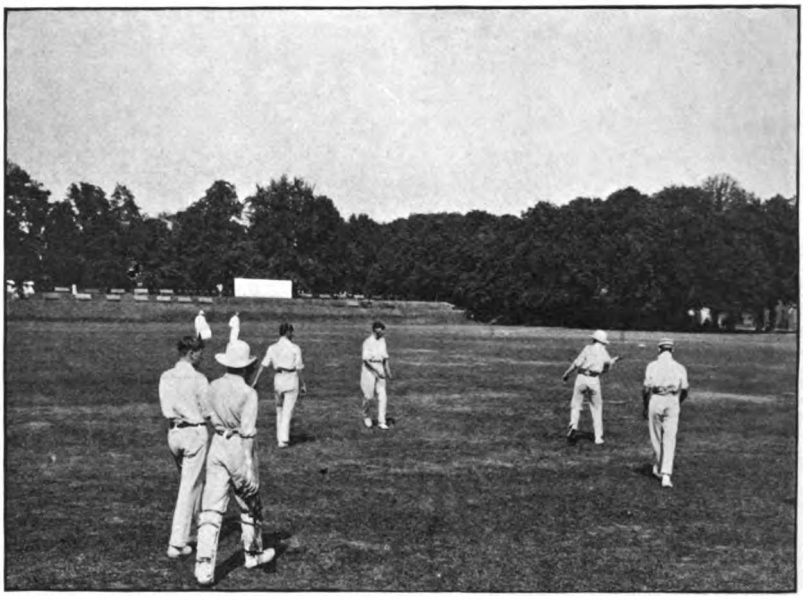
Any detailed description of a hunting run, no matter how exciting it may have been for the narrator, cannot fail to prove monotonous to the reader, unless, indeed, it be written by such a master-hand as that of Whyte-Melville. Suffice to say that after five hours of almost continuous hard riding over thirty-odd miles of country we killed in the open and turned the heads of our horses homeward just as the evening shadows were creeping across



"A LONG LINE OF BRILLIANT JACKETS"

the campagna, changing in quick succession from red to orange, to blue, to violet, and to purple.

We rode in the gathering twilight, a long line of scarlet coats and brilliant jackets, the lighted cigarettes looking like glow-worms in the dusk, until the great black pile of Castel Bracciano loomed high on the hill above us. The hoofs of our weary horses clattered on the ancient draw-bridge, struck fire from the stone-paved court-yard, doors were thrown open wide, servants ran out with blazing torches, and we tramped into a great raftered dining-hall, dim with age and replete with historical memories; but we had little mind for such things just then, and stood with our backs to the roaring logs and feasted our eyes on the well-spread table.



THE COMING CRICKET SEASON

BY SIR HOME GORDON, BART.

THE last cricket season was one of unexpected revival, due to fine weather, spirited play, and a splendid tussle for the championship. In the next cricket season the aim must be to maintain the high standard that characterised the form shown last summer. The event of the year will of course be the visit of the South Africans. I shall deal with their tour at greater length in the next issue of this magazine, but about their prospects something must now be written. It will be remembered that the Colonials in their victorious set of five home test matches against the M.C.C. team played exactly the same side. This has no parallel in cricket history. The whole of that side is to be brought over here, with the exception of Mr. Tancred; therefore the international contests will more or less be of a genuine return nature. It is to be hoped there is no truth in the rumours current at the time of committing this article to the printer that the batting is to be strengthened by including the Australian Mackay. The three test matches are at Lord's on July 1, at Leeds on July 29, and at the Oval on August 19. The first date is practically vacant; on the second twelve first-class counties and on the third eight have engagements.

As to what measure of success will be enjoyed, dispassionate opinion suggests that a good deal depends on the weather. Some of our guests can never have seen a mud wicket, and on a cold day

Mr. Nourse's spin might easily fail, as it entirely depends on his fingers, but Vogler on home wickets may enjoy considerably more success than before. It is indeed quite possible that the bowlers may run through our ranks just as the first Australian sides did, and they are starting from the southern hemisphere with the utmost confidence. Their batting will be a hard nut to crack provided that on our slower pitches the run-getters are not tempted to play too far forward. A hearty welcome and a dour struggle await our visitors, while the downfall of Mr. Warner's side does not leave us downhearted. The programme is an onerous one, for all the counties except Worcestershire are to be met, Essex and Somersetshire having return engagements. So have M.C.C. and Ground, the second match replacing an abandoned fixture at Bournemouth. Weeks in Scotland and Ireland, matches with both Universities, as well as at Durham, Uttoxeter, and Cardiff, in addition to a farewell contest with Mr. Thornton's England Eleven, complete as good a card as ever was arranged for the Australians.

Next autumn ought to see an England team under M.C.C. auspices visiting the Commonwealth. It is to be hoped that the up-country matches will all be dropped, thus saving much exhaustive railway travelling, and that in addition to five test matches, only the three colonies will each be twice met, with a possible holiday engagement with Queensland. This would give our men a better chance, and they would not then return fatigued for our ensuing summer. It is quite possible that the Hon. F. S. Jackson will be captain, and that Mr. L. C. H. Palairet will also make the trip. I should not be surprised to see Mr. C. B. Fry go, and Mr. R. H. Spooner will, if he is asked, which, if he keeps his form, will certainly be the case. It is early to prophesy, but Mr. F. L. Hutchings and Mr. J. N. Crawford ought to be certainties. On 1906 form Mr. N. A. Knox and Fielder would be our fast bowlers, with, of course, our "single-wicket champion" Hirst. The gloves are a very open nomination: Humphries and Strudwick would form the best pair, for Lilley probably would not again make so long a trip. Hayward should be indispensable. Mr. F. L. Fane, Hayes, Hobbs, Tyldesley, or Denton could be sent if Mr. C. B. Fry were not to go in search of colonial experience. Past vicissitudes imperatively make it desirable that fifteen should be chosen. In that case one all-round man such as Relf, Arnold, or Gunn would be invaluable. With Lees and Blythe indispensable, a splendid side should be obtained. It will be noticed I do not anticipate Rhodes will maintain his former prestige with the ball on colonial wickets, and I fear Dennett would be "seen all the way" under the conditions usual in cricket in Australia.

There appear to be several doughty men who have not yet

visited us from the Antipodes. For example, Mr. C. Gregory has made the record Colonial score of 383 for New South Wales *v.* Queensland at Brisbane. In the same match the old Oxonian, Mr. Waddy, obtained three figures. New South Wales against Victoria had another "centurion," Mr. A. Diamond, who contributed 138 towards a total of 573. Mr. J. R. M. Mackay, who scored 559 in five completed innings in the previous winter, is now qualifying for South Africa. Mr. G. L. Garnsey appears to be an excellent bowler likely to work havoc over here when on the next tour. Since the last visit to England, Messrs. Noble, Hopkins, Hill, Armstrong, and Cotter seem to be the most prominent of those then here. Two amateurs, Messrs. Kelly and Gregory, have had testimonial matches, which is the euphemistic description of a benefit when an amateur takes the proceeds. Dr. W. G. Grace and the late Mr. Walter Read were the two Englishmen in the last twenty years thus endowed.

Poor "Wally Wally" has joined the great majority. He was one of the most excellent bats that ever played a ball to leg, worth watching always, but not invariably orthodox. Remembering his prowess, one is tempted to place him among immortally memorable scorers. If possible he was a worse wicket-keeper than Mr. A. J. Webbe; as a lob bowler he was so bad that he sometimes obtained wickets, an anachronism batsmen will quite understand. He was a good point when a ball came to hand, but slow on his feet. It was as batsman, as grand batsman, we all remember him. He was one of those keen, good cricketers quite unsuitable to be captain of a county team.

Greater even with the ball than Mr. Read with the bat was the late Alfred Shaw, whom I believe to have been the finest slow bowler of modern times, a belief stated with full recollection of the skill of the late Edmund Peate. Shaw always troubled "W. G." in his prime, which no one else did, and his delivery was most tricky, though his arm kept low. His craft partially lay in the fact that he never betrayed what he was aiming at by too great a variation of pace. As a slip he was magnificent, and he curbed his genuine propensity for batting in a way Wilfred Rhodes never has. Alfred Shaw was one of nature's gentlemen at a time when the county professional was very different from what he is to-day. I can pay him no higher tribute than to say he was as pleasant a companion as Brockwell or Rhodes. Of some who have the run of the pavilion such a thing could not be truthfully said.

Not much attention has been paid to the tour of M.C.C. in New Zealand. An adequate side has been weakened by the loss of Captain Wynyard, invalided home owing to an injury. The cricket

has been good, and not the least pleasant feature, at the time of writing, is that Mr. N. C. Tufnell, the youngest English bat ever sent to New Zealand, going in last, contributed second highest scores in two successive matches. That once enormously popular Australian "midget," Mr. H. Graham, represented Otago with only moderate success.

In referring to the immediate prospects, I have once more to acknowledge my deep indebtedness to those secretaries and others who annually take infinite pains to respond to my queries at a time when football is paramount. My sincere gratitude, and that of all readers of the *Badminton Magazine*, is, I hope, some reward for efforts of genuine kindness for the fifth year in succession. Mr. Foley, of Worcestershire, is the exception who proves the rule that cricket secretaries are kindly and courteous. My only other failure, possibly due to a change of management, is that I have been unable to obtain any authoritative information from Sussex. On the other hand, the present University officials preserve the agreeable traditions of their predecessors in former springs. For the past nine years there seems to have been a gracious rivalry as to who should provide the most lucid forecasts of the rival blue elevens.

Mr. Meyrick Payne is the Cambridge captain, and I publish with regret the statement emanating from his own pen that he has resigned the gloves. When I wrote that this was his wish last summer, I was solemnly rebuked by a cricketer for "inventing such a preposterous and cock-and-bull story." Mr. Payne observes:—"Robin Bailey to keep wicket; I have done with it." The old blues will be Mr. Payne himself, a brilliantly aggressive bat; Mr. R. A. Young, a sound run-getter difficult to dislodge; Mr. J. N. Buchanan, an all-round cricketer who will attain high rank if he will take pains; Mr. Napier, who keeps a better length than any other amateur bowler in England; and Mr. Morcom, who to pace has added steadiness. This is a grand nucleus, for Mr. Bailey is a pretty bat.

In default of him the Gloucestershire understudy to Board, Mr. A. D. Imlay, is in residence. Other Seniors are a working all-round efficient in Mr. F. H. Mugliston, another of much the same class in Mr. H. J. Goodwin, quite a good bat, Mr. C. S. Rattigan, and some who might train on: Messrs. B. Meakin, R. S. Preston, J. V. Young, and C. Palmer, who has had experience with Middlesex. Of the Freshmen, Mr. R. T. H. Mackenzie looks a likely blue. He hails from Cheltenham, bowls fast right-handed, and is a fine forcing bat who hit magnificently for 132 out of 242 in a couple of hours at Lord's against Haileybury. Like Mr. R. A. Young he plays in glasses. Mr. C. Reunert, who was prevented from playing for

Harrow *v.* Eton, but headed the batting averages, will certainly merit a trial. It is an error in "Wisden" to put Mr. N. C. Tufnell in residence. He does not go up until next October.

The home matches are *v.* Lancashire, Yorkshire, Surrey, Dublin University, South Africans, and Mr. H. D. G. Leveson-Gower's Eleven. The old Oxonian is going to provide a thorough test by taking the same side against both Universities in the same week. The out fixtures are *v.* Surrey, M.C.C. and Ground, and Gentlemen of England at Eastbourne (the match with Sussex having fallen through) so as to give the side some fresh air before meeting Oxford.

The Wykehamist, Mr. E. L. Wright, is the new Dark Blue captain. As a bat he is decidedly training on, and in his new post he should do well. The old colours to assist him are Mr. G. N. Foster, a scion of the West-country family; Mr. J. H. Gordon, whose batting for Surrey *v.* Worcestershire was among the soundest innings I saw last summer; Mr. C. A. L. Payne, and Mr. R. Gorell Barnes, neither of whom has as yet proved first-class. Mr. G. R. Branston, a very capable all-round cricketer, may possibly come into residence on his return from New Zealand. Of the seniors, once again much is anticipated from the Hon. C. N. Bruce, who, moreover, is becoming proficient in other games. Messrs. H. M. Butterworth and C. J. Farmer last year put up 157 for first wicket in the Seniors' match, but subsequently failed. Mr. Gilbert, an old Carthusian, and Mr. D. H. Peel, who came from Bedford, and was hailed last year by one writer as though he were the bowler of a decade, may get trials with the ball; and Mr. O. F. Huyshe of the elders has most claim to be chosen wicket-keeper. Of the Freshmen, Mr. Pearson-Gregory, from Eton, who played so magnificently at Lord's, should have a great career if his health can stand the strain. Mr. C. V. L. Hooman, of Charterhouse, made 96 *v.* Westminster, as well as 81 *v.* Wellington, and may be expected to knock up some doughty scores, as he averaged 85 for an aggregate of 600. Mr. M. G. Salter, of Cheltenham, would make a steady bat to open an innings. The Etonian, Mr. C. E. Hatfield, who four times played against Harrow, and never once on the losing side, should prove a useful bowler and free bat, but in the field he is careless. Mr. D. R. Brandt, for Harrow, is almost certain to be chosen wicket-keeper, in which post last summer he was excellent. Mr. E. Hain, who headed the Winchester batting tables, and Mr. J. C. M. Lowe, who took most wickets for Uppingham, will have their merits considered.

Mr. G. N. Foster writes :—"The batting ought to be extraordinarily strong, while the bowling is likely to be weak, and at present is a very doubtful quantity. There is every prospect of the team

getting well together, as few of this year's side will have examinations, which were the curse of last season's cricket." The home matches are *v.* Lancashire, Worcestershire, South Africans, M.C.C. and Ground, and Free Foresters; the out matches *v.* Surrey, M.C.C. and Ground. Sussex, a two days' game prior to the encounter with Oxford.

At Lord's Mr. Walter Long, M.P., the out-going president, has been remarkably successful and efficient, notably in his firmness in the chair last December, when he did not hesitate repeatedly to keep one county captain to the point under discussion. The compulsory registration of county players with the M.C.C. now to be adopted, I was, as I am told, the first to advocate in these pages. The sub-committee appointed "to consider the question of classification and promotion of counties engaged in the county competition" appear to have merely advised that any county playing out and home engagements with six other first-class counties should be regarded as first-class. The umpires are to be the same as last year, except that Pike, Richardson, Clapp, Willoughby, and Woodcock no longer stand, and in their place come Bagshaw, Baldwin, T. Brown, Flowers, and Harrison; Myers, Whiteside, and B. C. Smith being reserve.

The dates on which the principal matches at Lord's commence are: July 1, England *v.* South Africa; July 4, Oxford *v.* Cambridge; July 8, Gentlemen *v.* Players; July 12, Eton *v.* Harrow. The proceeds of the Whit-Monday match on May 20 go to that hard-working and stimulating Anglo-Australian, A. E. Trott. M.C.C. meet Notts, Yorkshire, Kent, Derbyshire, Leicestershire, Oxford, Cambridge, and South Africans twice at Lord's, the out matches being with Oxford and Yorkshire at Scarborough. From the bowling staff disappear the names of Pike, Cranfield, and Dennett, whilst Hubble, the newest recruit in the Kent eleven, forms the only addition to the strength. The London County, or as it now seems to be called Dr. W. G. Grace's Eleven, apparently have only thus far a game with Surrey; but I state this under correction, as their captain writes that they play about the same number of matches as last year.

Turning to the county championship, Surrey still do not meet Somersetshire, nor again do Kent play Notts. Encounters of very long standing, probably over thirty years, are not renewed between Lancashire and Gloucestershire. If the proposal I have advocated of having a Class A championship for the eight highest counties were tried, out of a possible hundred and twelve matches only eighty-four have been arranged; whilst in Class B, instead of the same possible number, only fifty-six will take place. This makes the championship as now constituted in great measure depend upon what success the tritons have among the minnows, and the minnows

invite the tritons for the sake of the gate-money attracted. In this connection Mr. G. L. Jessop writes to me:—"My proposal is not pooling of gates, but merely that visiting teams should receive ten or fifteen per cent. of the gate—gate meaning merely entrance and not stand money. The geographical advantages of Yorkshire, Lancashire, Surrey, and Kent help the growth of their balances, therefore their travelling expenses do not bother them; but my scheme would see a lot of counties with balances on the right side—instead of the other way about." It is much to be regretted that the fact of the Gloucestershire captain accidentally missing a train prevented his letter on the subject, though lying on the table, from being discussed by the Advisory Committee last December. On the face of it the proposition seems just and temperate, one which the wealthy counties alone could oppose, but on which they may have to yield if their poorer neighbours are to continue to exist.

Kent intends to spare no effort to retain the championship, and it is a fitting augury that just as they are preparing to defend their title to the foremost place, the history of the county cricket will be published. It should prove a worthy memorial of a long and distinguished past, which culminated so finely in 1906. Mr. Marsham not only expects to have the support of the same players, both amateur and professional, but he fully anticipates that Messrs. Burnup and Hutchings will constantly appear. Mr. Mason, of course, will come into the side in August. Mr. Lancaster points out that the match with Gloucestershire is to be played at Dover, where great efforts are being made to render ground and pavilion worthy of the occasion. The energy of the executive is shown not only in first and second eleven fixtures, but in arranging half a dozen club and ground matches. With regard to the famous nursery, Captain McCanlis does not think it likely, barring accidents, that any of the youngsters will displace regular members of the team. Hardinge and Munds are batsmen who should be watched, whilst Preston and Skinner seem destructive bowlers. A commemorative picture of the Kent Eleven in the field at Canterbury is to be painted by Mr. Chevalier Taylor.

The great feature in Yorkshire's prospects is the determined effort to enable David Denton's benefit to equal the record sum of £3,800 obtained by George Hirst. Naturally he has chosen the home match with Lancashire at Leeds. Another notable fact is that the present forms Lord Hawke's twenty-fifth year of captaincy. After last season he went shooting in North America. Early in January he sailed for South America, but will return just in time to lead Yorkshire into the field at Bray, where All Ireland, under the auspices of Mr. Cochrane, is to be encountered. The

whole of the first-class counties are to be met except Northamptonshire, with which executive it has been found thus far impossible to arrange dates. The side is not likely to undergo many changes, nor will the Hon. F. S. Jackson probably appear much, though he may turn out for Denton's benefit. Of the young players at the disposal of the committee, Sedgwick bowls fast to medium, Deyes is fast, and Knight medium; Dolphin is reserve wicket-keeper; Rothery, Rudston, Hardisty, Grimshaw, and Wilkinson are batsmen. They have all had trials. Rothery looked like taking the place of the late J. T. Brown, but his trick of picking balls off the middle stump to place them to the boundary has too often terminated his innings. Practice begins in April at Headingley, and Mr. R. W. Frank will once more captain the Second Eleven. What is most needed is the discovery of a couple of first-class young amateurs to be trained on to replace in due course the veterans of the side.

Surrey have to mourn the death of Mr. C. W. Alcock, whom we all hoped to see restored to health when we foregathered at the Oval. He possessed one of the personalities of cricket, combining a genuine enthusiasm and tactful good humour with a disposition extorting both admiration and friendship. Expectation runs high over the good results to be derived from the qualification of Marshal. So far he has only been seen in scratch sides, and yet he has most favourably impressed the critics. Once launched in county matches he ought to make very long scores. Lord Dalmeny, M.P., will again be in command, but it is not quite certain how much Mr. Neville Knox will be available. If Surrey are to make a bold bid for championship he ought to be reserved for the big matches, instead of being prodigally expended, as was the case last year. The usual mighty card is arranged, and Holland is to receive the proceeds of the home match with Yorkshire. On the advice of the captain it was decided not to accept a fixture at Bray. Gentlemen *v.* Players is fixed for July 15, a date on which Surrey, Lancashire, Somersetshire, Derbyshire, Middlesex, Leicestershire, and Nottinghamshire are disengaged; so interesting sides can certainly be collected. It is eminently desirable that Surrey should play approximately the same side for several successive engagements, and in July, if he maintain his promise, an effort should be made to obtain the aid of Mr. J. H. Gordon.

Lancashire play both Oxford and Cambridge for the first time, and all the counties except Gloucestershire and Hampshire. The executive understand that Mr. A. C. Maclaren will play frequently, and, contrary to announcements last August, Mr. R. H. Spooner will regularly appear after his return from a visit to K. S. Ranjitsinhji. Lord Hawke laboured with untiring perseverance both in India and

at the India Office to obtain the recognition of his friend, who owes more than can be expressed to the Yorkshire captain. Reverting to the County Palatine, nothing is known about Mr. Brearley, but Cuttell has permanently left the side in order to be coach at Rugby. Few professionals have come into county cricket so late in life and done half as well. Huddleston has, however, left the League, and will, therefore, be always available, and as Hallows is in much better health, his cricket will materially strengthen the team. Two promising youngsters on the ground staff at Old Trafford may be given big chances.

Plenty of energy is being shown at Trent Bridge, where in the coming season no fewer than eight trial matches are to be played between the ground-staff and eleven colts selected from different divisions of the county. This is a capital way of seeking to discover recruits. George Gunn hopes to benefit by the voyage to New Zealand, and all last year's team can again take the field.

The Warwickshire executive, having successfully terminated their difference with the county professionals, re-engaged them all except Whittle, who has seceded to Somersetshire, the county of his birth. Mr. Byrne will be captain, and some new amateurs may be tried, while Mr. T. S. Fishwick will again play. A new batsman, Weldrick, becomes qualified by residence, and the fast bowler Barberry arouses anticipation, though his solitary wicket, that of Mr. J. N. Crawford, cost 143 runs when he was tried *v.* Surrey. Smith is to be reserve wicket-keeper when Lilley does not play. The match *v.* Leicestershire is to be at Coventry.

Essex start with enhanced finances and keen anticipations. Mr. F. L. Fane may not play quite as regularly as before, and in his absence Mr. McGahey will be captain. Personally I should not be surprised if Carpenter had difficulty in retaining his place, and Mr. D. Reese, who was a complete failure, has gone back to New Zealand. Mr. J. W. H. T. Douglas ought not be far off Gentlemen *v.* Players form, and for the Rest *v.* Champion County, Buckenham at last showed what an effective bowler he can be when backed up by good fielding. If only to take all the chances offered off his ball that is going away, efforts should be made to induce Mr. C. J. Kortright regularly to resume his old place in the slips.

Hampshire displayed a great advance last year, and Mr. F. H. Bacon wisely attributes the success "chiefly to our improved bowling, and also to the fact that we played more of a *regular* team throughout the season, all the players understanding each other very well. We had six good professionals who played right through the season. They are all young, and apparently improve year by year, so it will pay to stick to them." All those amateurs available last

year can again play—for Captain E. G. Wynyard ought to be quite sound in May—except Mr. F. G. Wyatt, who is abroad. There is just a chance of Mr. H. W. Persse, who showed so much promise in 1905, coming home, in which case the attack will be considerably strengthened. Personally, I anticipate with pleasurable interest the keen form of this southern county in the next few months.

The foregoing would form the A division. With regard to the B my observations are shortened because the secretaries of Worcestershire and Sussex do not apparently think the public will care to know about their sides. So, though some information could be given which the officials might not care to have revealed, I will merely observe that Mr. C. B. Fry believes himself sound. Gloucestershire will have the same men available as in 1906, with two promising recruits, the amateurs from Cheltenham, Messrs. Mackenzie and Salter, already mentioned in this article.

The new captain of Somersetshire, Mr. L. C. H. Palairet, will play in nearly all the county matches, and his constant presence will certainly lend distinction because of his graceful methods. Contrary to expectation Mr. S. M. J. Woods may after all turn out pretty regularly; but of course Mr. H. Martyn has closed his brilliant career. Montgomery is now qualified for Somersetshire, and I feel personal curiosity over his future, because on his first trial for Surrey I said to Mr. Alcock, "That colt is shaping very much on the lines of George Hirst. He ought to have a career." Whittle, who has played with some success for Warwickshire, is to appear for the county of his birth. Cranfield has, however, left Somersetshire, but probably his career as a county bowler is not yet ended. Some likely young amateurs are under observation. Four home matches are to be played at Bath, the rest naturally at Taunton.

About Middlesex there is very little to tell. Vogler has of course broken his qualification. Mr. Warner, though living in Kent, will play in every match, whilst Messrs. MacGregor and Beldam will appear whenever they can. Mr. Bird will be occasionally available to keep wicket. The county colts will play quite a number of matches in order to discover any latent talent.

Northamptonshire has not renewed fixtures with Worcestershire, but meets new opponents in Kent, Lancashire, and Gloucestershire. Mr. T. Horton has resigned the captaincy, and Mr. B. C. Smith, the wicketkeeper, has also given up county cricket. Mr. E. Mitchell Crosse will assume command, and it is hoped that Mr. T. E. Manning may find time to become the regular wicket-keeper with Buswell as reserve. Negotiations are being concluded with S. G. Smith, who will begin to qualify in May. He was by far the best all-round man on the West Indian tour, and a capital

left-handed bowler, whose 116 wickets cost only 19 runs apiece; whilst he headed both tables, for in batting he averaged 33, scoring centuries *v.* South Wales and Hampshire. A scheme has been drawn up for training likely players, an additional pavilion has been erected, and a guarantee fund is to be established. Every possible effort to command success is being made—and most certainly it is deserved. The performances last year were of a promising, if uneven, nature; batting and fielding often needed brightening.

Leicestershire will now be led by Sir Arthur Hazelrigg, who will prove a steady bat. In addition to the loss of Mr. C. E. de Trafford, Captain Challenor has left the county, and Whiteside has joined the ranks of umpires. Mr. R. Joyce will play more frequently. With added experience, Astill may make a notable bowler; of about medium pace, keeping a good length, and making the ball bite a bit, he will do better as soon as he is sure of his place for half a dozen matches. Benskin shows promise as a bat. The ground staff consists of Knight, Whitehead, Coe, Jayes, Palmer, Benskin, Astill, Curtis, Payne, Holland, Skelding, Bott, and Bradshaw. C. E. Richardson has been engaged as coach. The financial loss shown reveals liability to the bankers of £982, which is in contrast to Kent's profit of £1,640, and Yorkshire's of £2,174. A strong pull all together, both by players and supporters in the county, must be the immediate policy if the side is to recover.

With regard to cricket being moribund in Derbyshire, Mr. W. Barclay Delacombe thinks "it is quite the contrary, for more gentlemen of position seem to be taking an interest in the county than some few years ago. Of course last season our gates were bad, but that is easily accounted for by the fact that we were not winning, and the public will not keep up their attendance to see their team lose continually." The captain has not yet been appointed, but Mr. G. M. Buckston will play more frequently. M. C. A. Ollivierre will not, however, appear. The most promising youngsters are Mr. R. Sale, who bats left-handed and was third in the Repton averages, Fletcher and Wyatt, run-getters, and Barber, a medium to fast right-hand bowler. The committee have engaged Barlow as coach during April—a better selection it would be impossible to suggest. The President, Lord Curzon of Kedleston, is taking an active personal interest in the well-being of the club.

The foregoing will serve to suggest a busy and interesting cricket season in which, given fine weather, many a doughty struggle ought to be fought out to a keen issue. The game is the thing, and if that be made paramount and not rendered subordinate to gate-money considerations and personal jealousies, all will be well when stumps are drawn in September.

BOOKS ON SPORT

ANIMAL ARTISANS AND OTHER STUDIES OF BIRDS AND BEASTS. By C. J. Cornish, M.A., F.Z.S. With a Prefatory Memoir by his Widow. Illustrated. Longmans, Green & Co. 1907.

It is a source of pride to us that Mr. Cornish was a contributor to this magazine. We knew his work and, appreciating it, ranked him with Richard Jefferies as a lover and interpreter of Nature. A letter from him suggesting a paper which he wished to write was therefore more than welcome; and every line he penned increased our admiration for him. The one thing we do not entirely approve in this work is the title. "Animal Artisans" does not convey the whole scope and significance of the volume; but many readers know what to expect from Mr. Cornish, and those who do not will scarcely turn many pages without sharing his sympathies and listening to him with kindly feelings.

Space is limited, and there is so much in this excellent book on which we should delight to dwell that this must be a wholly inadequate review. One thing the publication will do is to upset some preconceived theories. Does anyone imagine that the goose is a foolish bird? That is the general idea. "Goose!" is a familiar term of reproach for stupidity, notwithstanding that it is so often employed playfully; but Mr. Cornish knew his geese as he knew most other birds and beasts, and we wish there were room even for some brief quotations—he speaks in the highest terms of the birds' shrewd common sense, and even what may be called powers of organisation.

The goose is an extremely clever bird; the swan is a dolt, a circumstance which rather tends to contradict the common saying about swans and geese, except that this applies to their external characteristics. Mr. Cornish was blessed with a sense of humour, and we commend to readers his account of the cygnet he was constrained to adopt by reason of the invincible and indeed deadly stupidity of its parents.

Insects come into the author's range, and one chapter which should on no account be missed is that on "The Mind of a Gardening Ant." Had not Solomon an inkling of this? "Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways, and be wise," the great king wrote, and the ways which Mr. Cornish has considered for our edification will seem well-nigh incredible to those who have given no attention to the subject. If only we could quote a little we should arouse the reader's keenest attention and curiosity and his desire to study for himself. For this is indeed a very notable book, crammed full of shrewd observations and wisdom. Mrs. Cornish's brief memoir, touchingly sympathetic and devoted as it is, does no more than

bare justice to a great naturalist and to a man who earned the most cordial esteem and admiration from all who were privileged to know him or his work.

HUNTING AND SHOOTING IN CEYLON. By Harry Storey. Illustrated. London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1907.

It is, we fancy, not generally realised how much varied sport is *at present* to be obtained in Ceylon, and this book will therefore prove instructive as well as entertaining. Mr. Storey has himself had wide experience, and he is also fortunately acquainted with others who have hunted and shot—and fished—in the island, no fewer than half a score fellow sportsmen having contributed to the volume sketches and articles on subjects with which they are specially familiar; and the result is of course a particularly authoritative work.

Ceylon is not quite so large a country as Ireland, and yet Mr. Storey has calculated that the immense destruction of various deer, on an average derived from the figures of seven years, amounted to 10,500 spotted buck, 1,650 buck elk, 21,000 spotted does, and 3,300 doe elk, "an appalling total of 36,450 deer slaughtered yearly." The guns in the hands of the low-country jungle villagers are estimated at some 15,000, and this only reckons 2½ deer per man per annum. Mr. Storey is naturally most anxious that restrictions should be placed on the massacre; for though Government is doing something it is not doing nearly enough, and there is danger of Ceylon passing out of the list of game countries.

From elephant to snipe is a wide margin, and Mr. Storey leads off with the little birds, the pursuit of which may lead to exciting incidents. A friend of the author, Mr. H. D. Garrick, accompanied him two or three years since on a snipe-shooting expedition, in the course of which Mr. Garrick's native attendant told him something he did not understand. This proved to be that Mr. Garrick had been quite close to a leopard. The man had pointed out a beast which the unaccustomed sportsman had mistaken for a jackal, not making it out clearly in the undergrowth, one imagines. The beast had been quietly watching the guns. Snipe are very plentiful, Lieutenant Rice, stationed at Trincomalee in 1893, having made the record bag of 103½ couple in a day. That year—1893—must have been a great one for snipe, as three planters, shooting for an hour one day, the whole of a second, and half a third, got 275 couple of snipe, together with 20 couple of pigeons, plover, teal, &c. Tank-shooting is a favourite sport, and in any fair-sized tank in the North-Central Province may be seen pelicans, darters, cormorants, teal, grebes, coots, water-pheasants, redshanks, greenshanks, various sandpipers, cranes, herons, egrets, snipe; overhead hawks, kites, and

eagles, and invariably crocodiles on the banks. Not far off will be found quail, partridges, spur fowl, jungle fowl, pea fowl, &c. Of these, spur fowl are peculiar to Ceylon, as is the jungle cock, which differs from the Indian species. These latter handsome and brilliantly-coloured birds are from 26 to 28 inches long. The method of getting a shot at them is quaint. To shoot them flying is well-nigh impossible, so shy and wary are they; but they are also either pugnacious or else curious, and appear anxious to see a rival, when they hear one, or think they hear. The sportsman takes a folded handkerchief, holding it in the hollow of one hand and striking it smartly at regular intervals with the other. This causes an imitation of the sound made by the bird flapping its wings. One has to watch with the utmost care and shoot the moment the fowl is visible, "or he will be off if you as much as wink an eye."

Elephants have diminished to small proportions—as regards numbers, that is to say. Sir Emerson Tennant states that in the 'forties and 'fifties rewards were paid for the destruction of as many as 5,500; a few years since the number to be found wild in the island was estimated at 5,000 in all, and now Mr. Storey doubts whether 2,000 exist; but there must surely be a good deal of guess-work about this? That it is urgently necessary to do something for their preservation is, however, beyond all doubt, and it is to be hoped that this book will help towards bringing about good results. Mr. Storey relates an exciting stalk and chase of one which had been doing a lot of mischief to the crops. It was seen at length standing near a dead tree in the middle of an open space, which the author nevertheless managed to cross unobserved, and arrived so close to the creature that he could have touched it with his hand. He fired into the back of the right ear; but though it bled profusely, so much so that following the track he got covered with the blood it left on the undergrowth, he went on for miles till traces became indistinguishable and the brute was lost. A desperate encounter with an elephant is narrated by one of Mr. Storey's contributors, Mr. North C. Davidson. Here the hunter became the hunted. While "following," as he supposed, Mr. Davidson suddenly found himself confronted by the beast in thick scrubby thorn, and having hastily fired one barrel he tripped in stepping backwards, his remaining barrel being accidentally discharged. "As the smoke cleared," he says, "I found the elephant standing alongside me, with one foot actually swaying over my body, and I with my empty rifle and one arm under my right side, powerless to move." Few men can have survived a more apparently hopeless position, but the elephant suddenly turned away and went off "grumbling horribly." No wonder the tracker when he crept up to the spot was amazed to

find his master alive. In a few minutes Mr. Davidson came up with and killed his quarry.

The chapter on the buffalo supports the idea that when wounded he is "a very nasty customer," but Mr. Storey believes that buffaloes are not now as savage as they were in Sir Samuel Baker's day. A curious fact is that while crocodiles will often kill domestic cows when they are merely drinking at the edge of a tank, they never seem to attempt to attack a buffalo. No reason why is suggested, and one is hard to find. Mr. Davidson agrees that it is risky work tracking a wounded bull in thick jungle, as he is likely to lie in wait and charge at the most unexpected moment. Good experienced trackers often refuse to go after a wounded buffalo in bad scrub. The Ceylon "elk," so called, is not an elk. In India it is known as the "sambhur," a word spelt in various ways, but called by whatever name it may be it is a fine beast, standing from 13 to 14 hands and weighing as much as 600 lb.

The leopard, quite improperly called a cheetah, is a sporting beast, and anything but the coward he is sometimes termed, presumably by those who have not made his personal acquaintance. Cautious and cunning Mr. Story declares him to be, but "more determined than a tiger in attack." Leopards assail and kill men on occasions, and there is mention of one that actually broke into a house and severely mauled a man and a boy. Another example of Governmental folly is noted in connection with these beasts. There is a reward of five rupees a head for their destruction, but as the skin is worth more than this and can be readily sold, the reward is never claimed. One of the most thrilling stories in the book is of a hand-to-hand, or rather a hand to tooth and claw, fight with a leopard, but unfortunately it is too long to quote. The native bear is the sloth, or Indian bear. When bent on mischief he does not rise up and hug, but rushes in and sweeps a man off his legs with a round-arm blow of his extremely powerful fore-legs, which he uses as we use our arms—only with greatly multiplied power. Sometimes it hurls itself on its pursuer, teeth and claws going at once. Pigs also afford fine sport. As for angling, Mr. Storey says that no country is better provided with fish or less fished. They are caught with the hook, with the net, or speared. An excellent map and many photographs are given. The subject is in all respects ably and comprehensively treated.

THE RETRIEVER: ITS POINTS, MANAGEMENT, TRAINING, AND DISEASES. By Frank Townend Barton, M.R.C.V.S. Illustrated. London: Everett & Co. 1907.

We turned first of all to the chapter on "Breaking," which, however, only fills seven small pages of large type. It strikes us as

sound so far as it goes, albeit Mr. Barton thinks that before the puppy is a few months old "obedience cannot be looked for." We would have the puppy obedient from the very first, made to do what he is told from the time when he is told to do anything at all, but the lesson should never on any account be harshly enforced; the breaker can be firm without being severe, and no man who has not the most absolute command over his own temper should ever break a dog. The flat-coated, curly-coated, and Labrador are discussed in separate chapters. It is rather an amusing circumstance that everybody who has a preference for one variety over another always declares his fancy to be the "most popular." We are personally divided between flat-coated and curly-coated, simply because we have known excellent dogs of both descriptions, and as it chances have less acquaintance with Labradors. There are, of course, equally valuable and serviceable dogs of all three kinds. Rather more than half the book is devoted to diseases and injuries from which retrievers suffer (in common with other dogs), and here Mr. Barton is always a sound guide.

THE TWENTIETH-CENTURY BOOK OF THE HORSE. By Sydney Galvayne. Illustrated. London: Baillière, Tindall & Co. 1907. Second Edition.

Mr. Galvayne in his preface declares that he little thought a second edition would be wanted so soon—within a few months of the original publication. We are not, however, surprised, for his knowledge is exceptional and is clearly and incisively conveyed. We noticed the work so recently that it is unnecessary to speak of it here in detail. Mr. Galvayne's reputation as a practical horse-breaker is of course world-wide, and the volume makes one readily understand why it is and why it should be so.

BADMINTON NOTÂ BENE

WHAT to do with one's dog when one goes away and is unable to take the animal is a frequent problem. Not everybody has a friend who is willing to find the dog a home; and besides this, so many people, with the best intentions in the world, treat dogs so foolishly. To be able to place them where they will be really well tended is an enormous advantage, and for this purpose the "Dogs' Hotel" has been started by Mr. A. F. W. Parke, Idstone, Shrivenham, Berks. The institution is highly recommended.

* * * * *

The Argyll Motor Company, of Alexandria, by Glasgow, have lately issued an illustrated catalogue which is well worth the best attention of anyone who is contemplating the purchase of a motor; for the prospective buyer will see precisely what is obtainable, drawings of the mechanism as well as of the car itself being given. Many testimonials from bearers of well-known names are included, together with valuable "Hints to Users" and other details of interest to all concerned with motors.

* * * * *

Doubts have been sometimes expressed as to whether stammering is a curable defect. The assertion that it is so is proved by the success which Mr. Schnelle, 119, Bedford Court Mansions, has obtained. By way of convincing us, Mr. Schnelle lately brought two of his pupils to this office. Not long since they were unintelligible, and both of them had so far overcome the trouble as to be able to speak, read, and recite with little trace of the old drawback. Mr. Schnelle was a very bad stammerer as a boy, and having cured himself, adopts for others the treatment which he found so efficacious.

* * * * *

From one point of view it is perhaps an advantage to buy from a dealer in second-hand cars, if one of these be wanted, who has no special interest in any particular make. Mr. Corry Hurford, of 171, Great Portland Street, fulfils this requirement. Anyone wishing for the benefit of his advice before purchasing a car would have it given impartially. At present Mr. Corry Hurford has several well-known cars in stock, including a Rochet-Schneider 40-50 h.p., a Mercédès 60 h.p., a Brush which is to be sold for £75, etc.

* * * * *

That men will bet is an indisputable fact, and when they speculate they naturally desire to know that they will assuredly receive their winnings if they are successful. They may make certain of this by dealing with the 60 years established firm of Robert Masters, Crook & Co., Flushing, Holland. The firm, which has just issued a neat little pocket-book containing items useful to men who go racing, publish daily the *Turf Record*, which gives the latest market movements on forthcoming events.

* * * * *

Voigtländer's photographic lenses have scored another success, having been awarded the Grand Prix from the Milan Exhibition.

A PRIZE COMPETITION.

THE Proprietors of the *Badminton Magazine* offer a prize or prizes to the value of Ten Guineas each month for the best original photograph or photographs sent in representing any sporting subject. Competitors may also send any photographs they have by them on two conditions: that they have been taken by the sender, and that they have never been previously published. A few lines explaining when and where the photographs were taken should accompany each subject. Residents in the country who have access to shooting-parties, or who chance to be in the neighbourhood when hounds are running, will doubtless find interesting subjects; these will also be provided at football or cricket matches, and wherever golf, cycling, fishing, skating, polo, or athletics are practised. Racing and steeple-chasing, including Hunt Meetings and Point-to-point contests, should also supply excellent material. Photographs of Public School interest will be specially welcome.

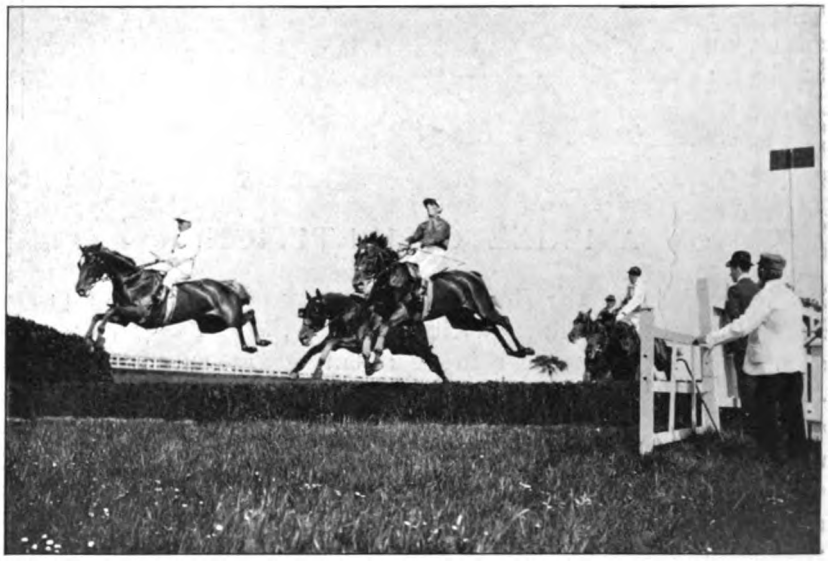
The size of the prints, the number of subjects sent, the date of sending, the method of toning, printing, and mounting, are all matters left entirely to the competitors.

The Proprietors are unable to return any rejected matter except under special circumstances, and they reserve the right of using anything of interest that may be sent in, even if it should not receive a prize. They also reserve to themselves the copyright in all photographs which shall receive a prize, and it is understood that all photographs sent are offered on this condition.

The result of the April competition will be announced in the June issue.

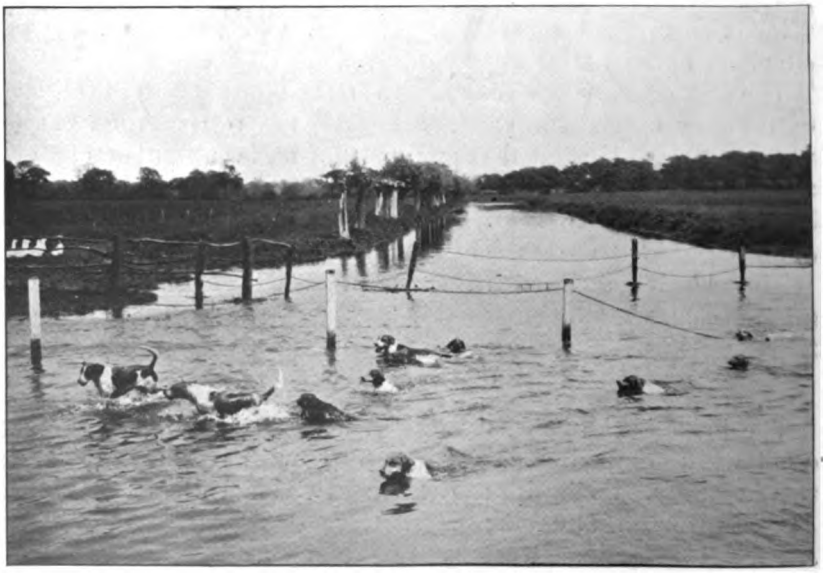
THE FEBRUARY COMPETITION

The Prize in the February competition has been divided among the following competitors:—Mr. R. T. Sewell, Hexham-on-Tyne; Mr. W. Abrey, Tonbridge; Lieutenant-Colonel B. E. Spragge, D.S.O., Brandon, Suffolk; Mrs. Carne-Williams, Bridgwater; Mr. G. Romdenne, Brussels, two guineas; Captain Taylor, 24th Regiment, Karachi; Mr. A. M. Anson, Peckham; Mr. J. Day, Leicester; and Mr. B. N. Wood, Westbourne Crescent, W.



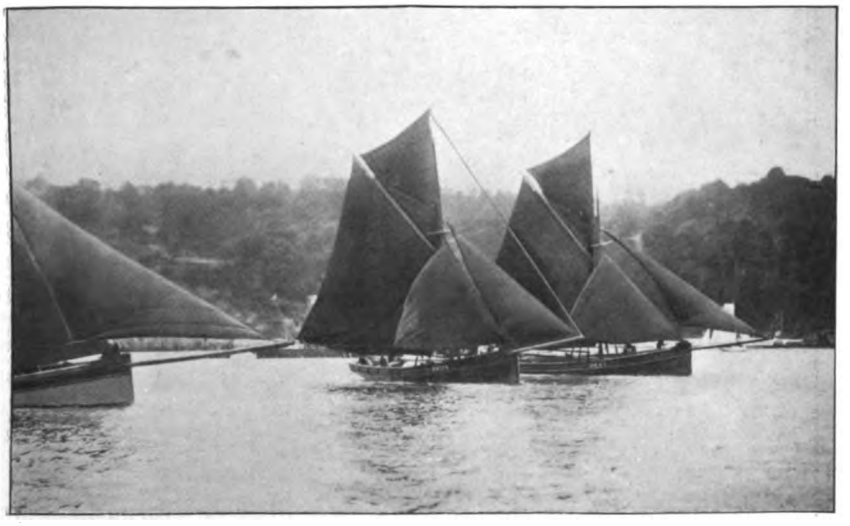
THE WATER JUMP—HEXHAM STEEPLECHASES

Photograph by Mr R. T. Sewell, Hexham-on-Tyne



CROSSING THE RIVER

Photograph by Mr. W. Abrey, Tonbridge



START FOR THE BRIXHAM TRAWLERS' RACE, BABBICOMBE REGATTA

Photograph by Lt.-Col. B. E. Sprague, D.S.O., Brandon, Suffolk

LEMON CUTTING—ARMY SPORTS, ALDERSHOT

Photograph by Mr. B. N. Wood, Westbourne Crescent, W.

SOUTHERN COUNTIES CROSS COUNTRY CHAMPIONSHIP AT THAMES DITTON

Photograph by Mr. Horace Grant, Leytenstone

WESTON-SUPER-MARE HARRIERS AT NORTH PETHERTON, NEAR BRIDGWATER

Photograph by Mrs. Carne-Williams, Bridgwater

COURSING AT PRESTWOLD, LEICESTERSHIRE—THE SLIPPER

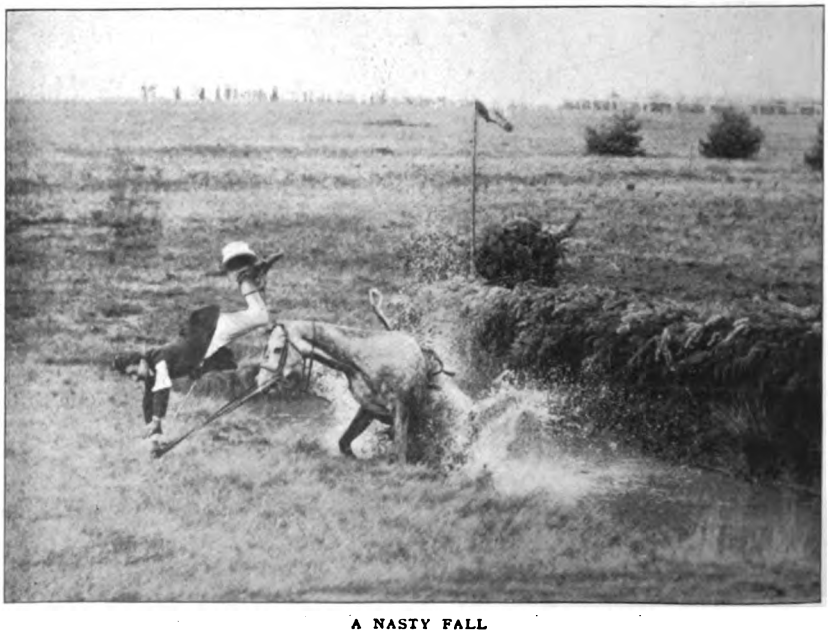
Photograph by Mr. J. Day, Leicester

A CURIOUS CAMEL CART WHICH RUNS BETWEEN SAMBHAL AND MORADABAD
IT HAS ROOM FOR TWELVE PASSENGERS INSIDE AND SIX OR SEVEN UNDER THE ROOF

Photograph by Mr. J. S. O'Neill, Lieutenant I.M.S., Lansdowne, Garhwal, U. P. India

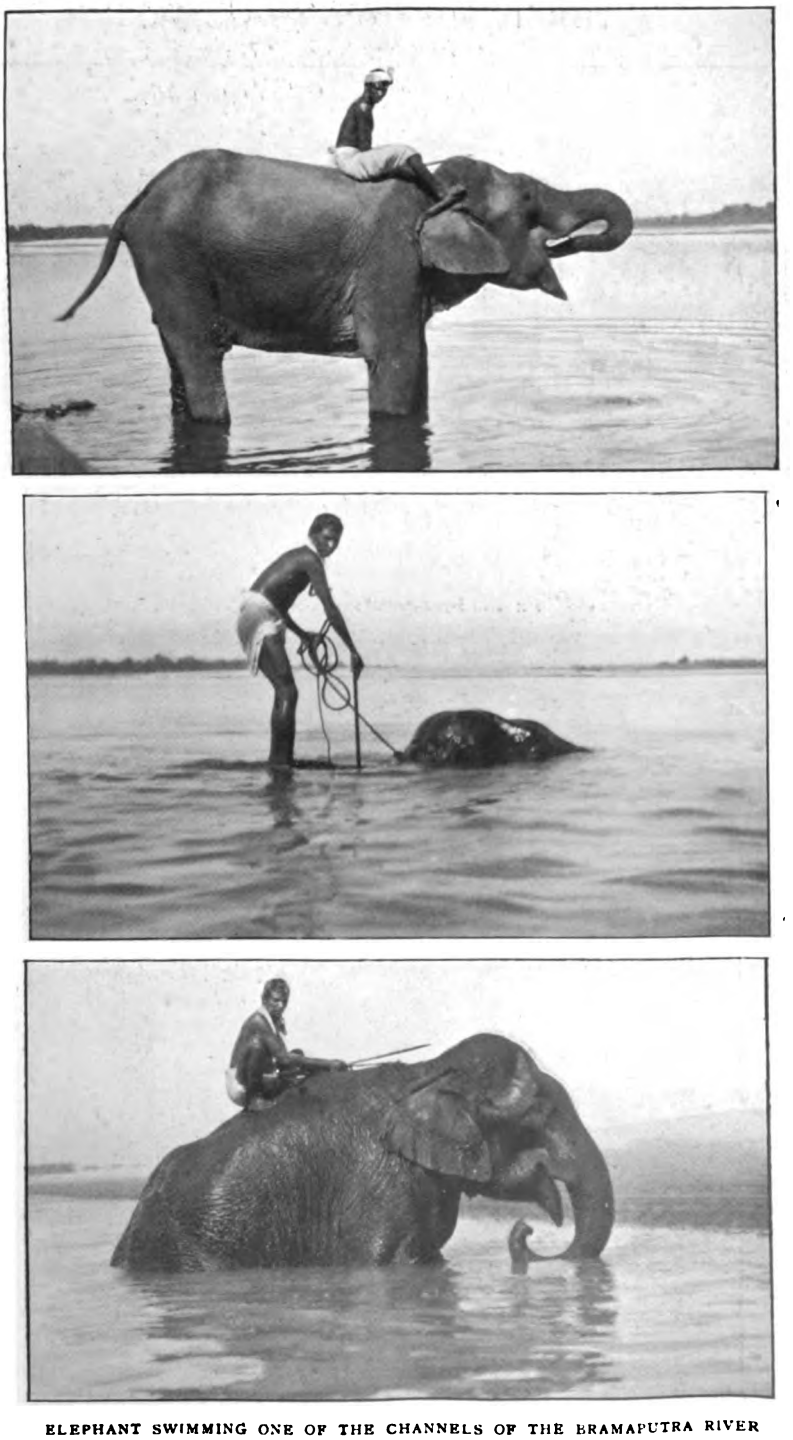
CURLING ON DUNS CASTLE LAKE

Photograph by Miss Amy N. Cameron, Trinity, Duns, Berwickshire



A NASTY FALL

Photograph by Mr. G. Romdenne, Brussels

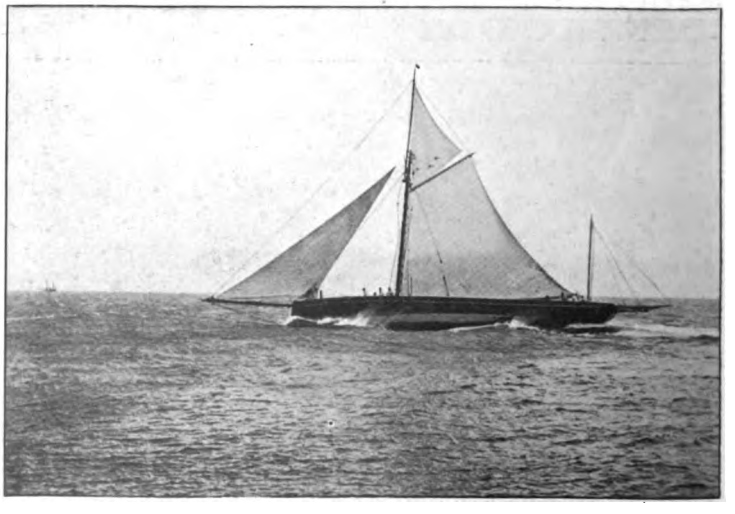


ELEPHANT SWIMMING ONE OF THE CHANNELS OF THE BRAMAPUTRA RIVER

Photographs by Captain Taylor, 21th Regiment, Karachi

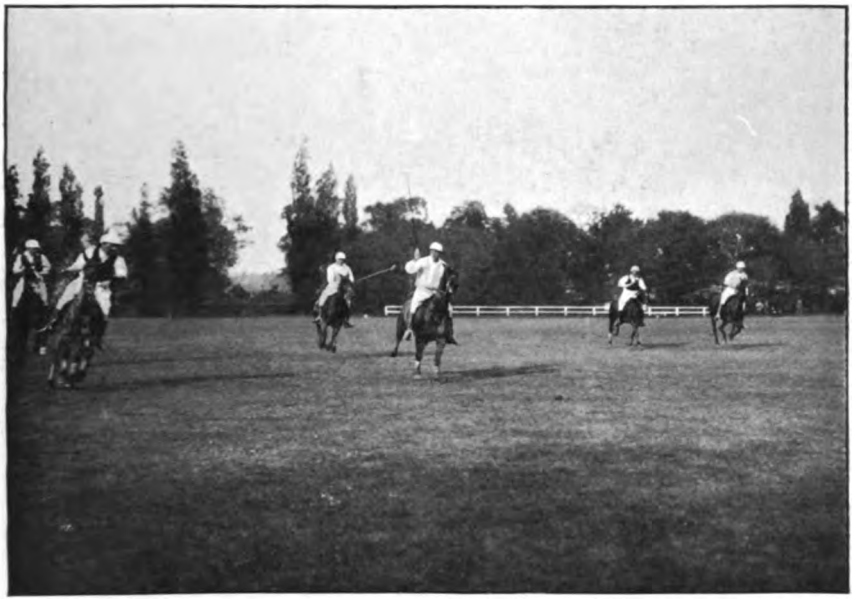
ERIDGE HUNT STEEPLECHASES

Photograph by Mr. A. M. Anson, Peckham



BLOWING FRESH—KINGSTOWN REGATTA, DUBLIN BAY

Photograph by Mr. Geoffrey E. Browne, Porthygan, Wrexham



POLO AT HURLINGHAM

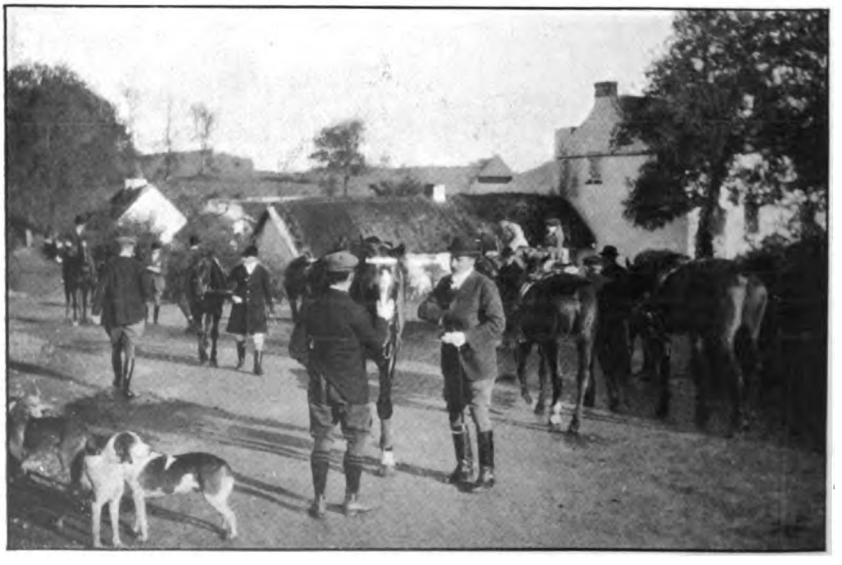
Photograph by Mr. B. N. Wood, Westbourne Crescent, W.

GANNET SITTING ON HER NEST WITH YOUNG ONE BY HER SIDE, ON THE BASS ROCK

Photograph by Mr. Alfred Cairns, Silverton, Trinity, Edinburgh

LEICESTER *v.* SWANSEA—A GOOD TACKLE BY WATSON

Photograph by Mr. J Day, Leicester



MEET OF THE COUNTY MONAGHAN HARRIERS

Photograph by Miss Muriel Pringle, Clones, County Monaghan

WELL OVER—PRACTISING FOR UNIVERSITY SPORTS

Photograph by Mr B N. Wood, Westbourne Crescent, W.

AN INTERNATIONAL RELAY RACE—BELGIUM *v.* KING'S AND THIRD TRINITY, CAMBRIDGE
THE FIRST RELAY

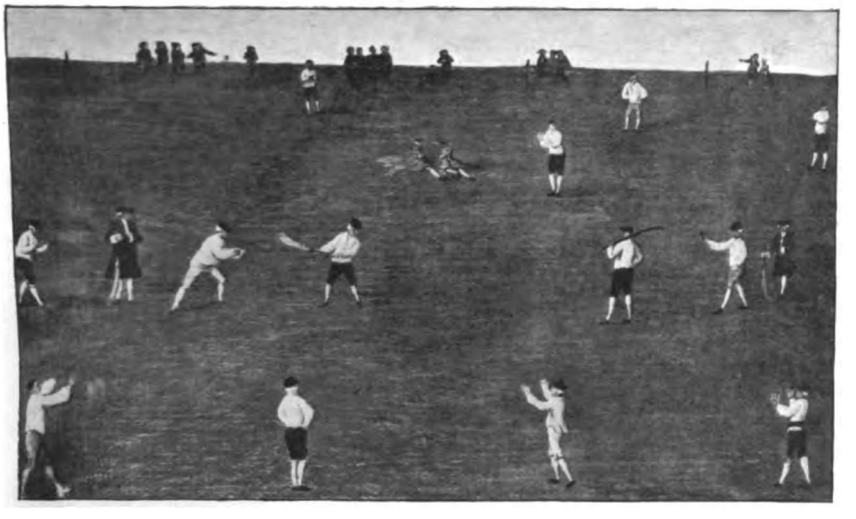
Photograph by Mr. A. Abrahams, St. Bartholomew's Hospital, E.C.

HADLOW HARRIERS—AFTER A KILL

Photograph by Mr. W. Abrey, Tonbridge

THE THIEF OF THE WORLD—CAUGHT IN THE ACT

Photograph by Captain A. T. Schreiber, R.M.A., H.M.S. "Hibernia," Portland



AN EXACT REPRESENTATION OF THE GAME OF CRICKET
By Louis Pierre Boitard; *d.* 1758. From the M.C.C. Collection

The Badminton Magazine

SPORTSMEN OF MARK

XIX.—MR. FRANCIS EDEN LACEY

Secretary of the M.C.C.[1]

BY ALFRED E. T. WATSON

THERE are secretaries *and* secretaries. In some cases the secretary is a mere clerk, in others he may be practically the director of the business with which he is connected, and though no one man could well control such a huge organisation, with so many branches, as the Marylebone Cricket Club, the secretary of that institution, if he be the right man in the right place, as Mr. Lacey unquestionably is, must at least be a personage with an enormous influence on the world of cricket.

Mr. Lacey was born at Wareham in Dorsetshire on October 19, 1859. At what age he began to practise the game in which he was so greatly to distinguish himself is not known. When asked when he began to play he replies that he cannot remember a time when he

[1] Most of the illustrations are photographs of paintings in the possession of the M.C.C., and are here reproduced by kind permission.

did not, and at any rate when in due course he went to Sherborne School he speedily started to make a name for himself. Sherborne, as readers are probably aware, is famous for its cricket, indeed so good a judge as Ranjitsinhji has said that no school has a better cricket ground; and, profiting by the instruction of a good coach, Green, a Lincolnshire professional, young Lacey soon came to the fore, knocking up no fewer than six innings of over a hundred in school matches during his last term, one against the County of Dorset. One of his contemporaries was Mr. W. H. Game, afterwards captain O.U.C.C., a mighty thrower, who compassed

WAREHAM AND THE RIVER FROME

116 yards with the ball when at school. Of course Walter Forbes threw 134, but he was altogether a marvel for a boy, as the record is 140 yards 2 feet.

Nothing could well have seemed more certain than that Mr. Lacey, having gone to Caius College, Cambridge, would help to maintain the reputation of his University in the cricket-field, and it will never be quite understood why his obvious claims were for so long a time neglected. He played for his county, Hampshire, against Sussex in 1880, and made 70 runs on his first appearance; in a college match against Clare he scored 275; in two seasons his averages were 75 and 85; but still Mr. Alfred Lyttelton, who was then captain, apparently did not realise what sort of a man he was

MR. FRANCIS EDEN LACEY

(Photograph by Dickinsons)

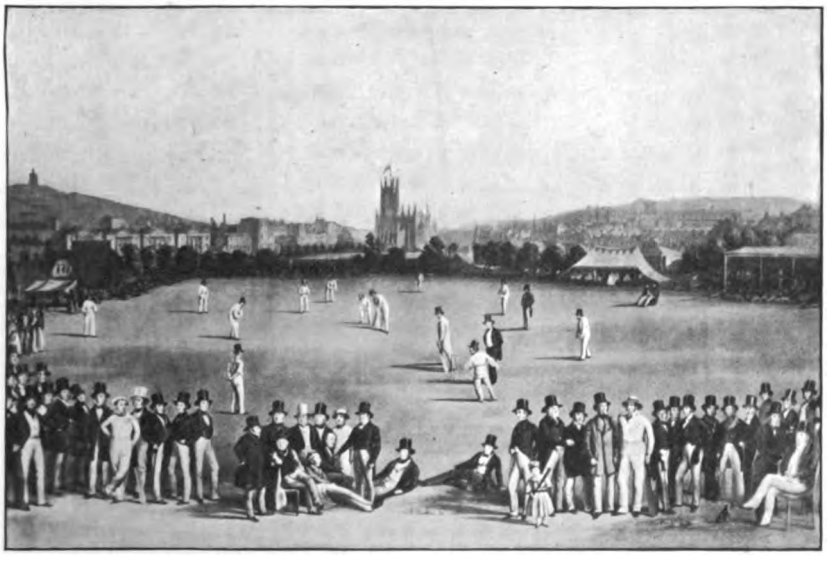
missing. It was not until 1882, Mr. Lacey's fourth year, that he was at length chosen. Meantime he had played for Hampshire against Sussex, making 150 and 50 not out, and taking eleven wickets; he also did excellent service at the Oval one day on an almost impossible wicket, for though his score was only 28 it was the top of his side, and in his next match, against the M.C.C. at Lord's, the Cambridge captain gave him his long-delayed "blue." Here the fates seemed to be against him, as in the first innings he had to go in just before the time for drawing stumps. The light was wretchedly bad, and a one-handed catch in the slips sent him back when he had scored only 5. But what he might have done in the second innings it is impossible to say, as he made the winning hit

MARKET PLACE, WAREHAM

when he had scored 39. What nervous work playing in such a contest is was curiously shown in this match. One of the Oxford bats snicked the first ball he received, his partner called him to run, and he did so at top speed—towards the Pavilion! Mr. Lacey was at any rate appreciated by the cricket press, for we read just before the date of the University match: "Thanks to the presence of Mr. F. E. Lacey and the Hon. M. G. Hawke, the team possesses greater batting strength than in the earlier matches." Again, about a match against Sussex, a critic remarked: "The batting of Mr. F. E. Lacey was certainly one of the features of the day, his style being remarkably good and his hitting effective. He ran up his 70 in fairly quick

time and afterwards did some good service for his county in bowling. If the University have eleven better players than he they must be a very hard nut to crack." This, it should be remarked, was before he got his "blue," and is apparently meant as something like an expression of surprise that it had not already been bestowed upon him.

All cricketers who play much have quaint experiences, and one which Mr. Lacey remembers occurred in the match Kingston Park *v.* The Incogniti. One of the latter went in, hit the first ball hard, and was well caught, when to his intense gratification the umpire gave it "no ball." The next, a perfectly straight one, the batsman missed and it passed between the middle and off stump, without,



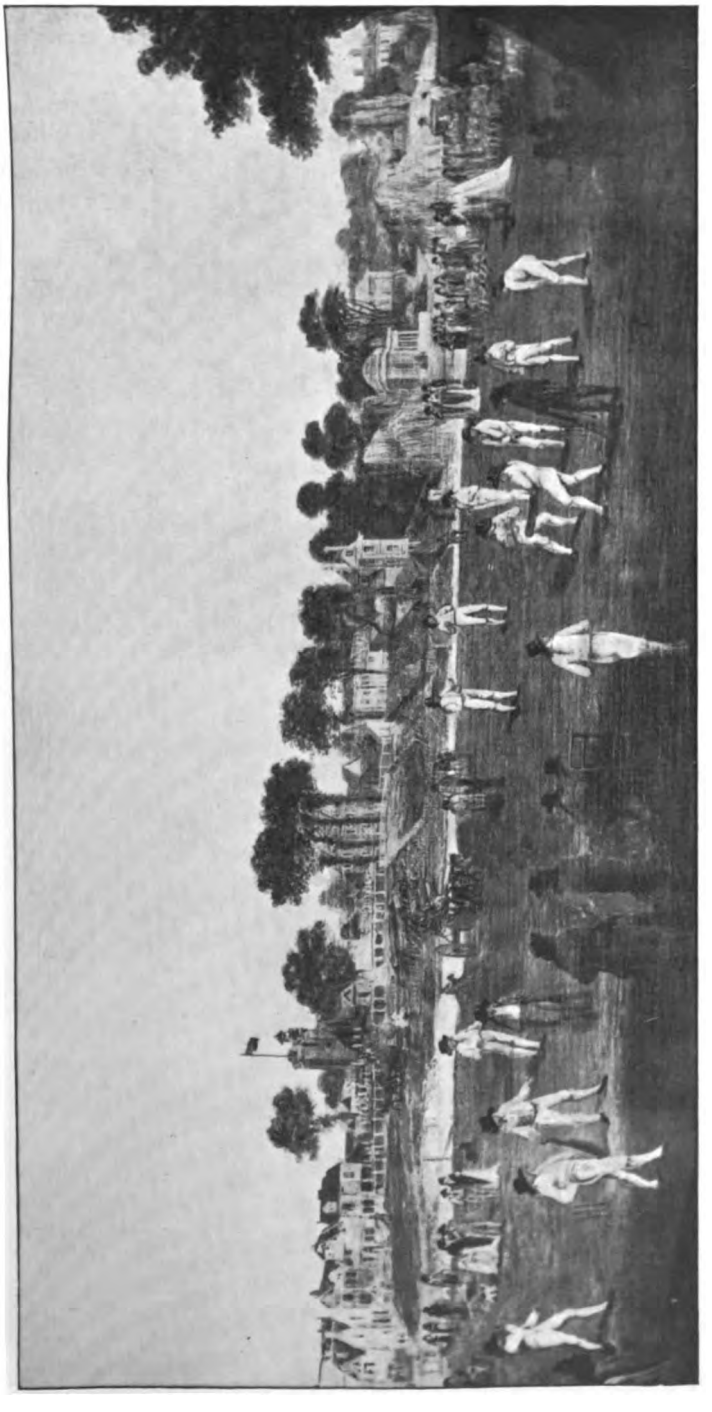
GRAND JUBILEE MATCH, SUSSEX *v.* KENT
Original picture in Secretary's room at Lord's

however, removing the bail; the stumps parted and came together again; whereupon, after these two extraordinary lets-off, the man proceeded to make a hundred. Another match which he recalls with amusement was at Leicester, between that county and Hants. The ground was fiery and most dangerous, and Woodcock, the Leicestershire professional, always a fast bowler, was at his very fastest. One after another nearly every one in the Hampshire eleven was hurt, Mr. Lacey receiving a cruelly hard blow on his hand. No ball would ever go where the bat intended to send it, if he were aiming for a long drive it probably went over long-slip's head; and the Leicestershire crowd were delighted. They considered

it the greatest possible fun, and yelled with delight when the Hants men caught it on the leg or the arm. Hants, however, had also a fast bowler in Mr. Christopher Heseltine, who was, indeed, phenomenal for the first few overs, and naturally his balls got up in much the same way. But this by no means struck the spectators as funny at all, and when any Leicestershire man got a hard knock cries of "Brute!" "Take him off!" resounded from all parts of the ground. It makes all the difference whether your friends or your enemies are catching it.

The Cambridge eleven in Mr. Lacey's day naturally had its reverses as well as its successes, and it is perhaps no wonder that the team, good as it was, did not beat Surrey. Three of the Studds, besides Mr. Lacey, Mr. Martin Hawke, Mr. C. W. Wright, and Mr. P. J. de Paravacini, were in the eleven that opposed an extraordinarily strong Surrey combination, including Messrs. A. P. Lucas, W. W. Read, J. Shuter, E. O. Powell, W. E. Roller, together with Abel, Read, Barratt, and Pooley, who had the best of the light blues by seven wickets; but Cambridge appeared quite likely to have won their match with the M.C.C., having made 201 and 279 for six wickets, against the M.C.C.'s 148; those doing service for the latter being Messrs. A. N. Hornby, H. G. Tylecote, Mr. C. Booth, Barnes, Midwinter, Flowers, Sherwin, and Mycroft. The year 1884 found Mr. Lacey going very strong. For Hants *v.* Kent he made 211 and 92 not out, his county average being 75·4, and his doughty deeds against the Kentish men were celebrated by the presentation to him of a bat, a silver plate on it bearing the inscription, "Presented to Mr. F. E. Lacey by a few lovers of cricket in recognition of his masterly play in the match Kent *v.* Hampshire, 211 and 92 not out, June 1884." This match took place on the 16th, 17th, and 18th, and on the 20th and 21st the Gentlemen of Hampshire were opposed by the Zingari, Mr. Lacey knocking up 159 for his side. "Not a bad week's work: 462 for two completed innings," a commentator in the press remarked. Against Somersetshire soon afterwards Mr. Lacey made exactly 100 out of a total of 645, and bowled the top scorer of the other side when he had made 57.

It would be tedious to recapitulate all the big scores compiled about this time. Mr. Lacey did admirable service for his county and for various other teams, and at Southampton in 1887 achieved a feat which for several years held the field. "Mr. F. E. Lacey," we read, "did a fine performance for Hampshire against Norfolk. Going in first wicket down he carried his bat through the rest of the innings, making 323 out of a total of 559. Curiously enough, while this heavy scoring was going on at Southampton, at Lord's the North *v.* South match was begun and completed, not one of the four



CRICKET AT HAMPTON WICK

Painted for David Garrick by R. Wilson, R.A.; *b.* 1714, *d.* 1782. From the M.C.C. Collection

innings reaching 100, and the highest individual score being 23." There was evident justification for another little paragraph which we read about this time: "Mr. F. E. Lacey, the well-known Hampshire cricketer, is in rare form just now, for besides his huge total for his county *v.* Norfolk, on Saturday playing for Old Caians *v.* Caius College he scored 207." It is not strange that a telegram should have reached him while playing at Southampton, running: "Will you go with New South Wales team to Australia? Will write particulars. James Lillywhite." The recipient, however, was unable to take advantage of the offer.

Mr. Lacey considers that he spoilt his bowling to a great extent by diverging into a variety of styles, but he appears nevertheless to have been decidedly effective in this department. Thus in 1886, playing for Longwood against the Free Foresters, he took five wickets for 15 runs in one innings, besides making 53, and playing against the Gentlemen of his county for the Zingari, six wickets for 24 runs, two of them caught and bowled, besides catching the top scorer of the other side. Not being entirely a man of leisure, Mr. Lacey could not play as often as he probably would have wished. Nevertheless he managed to retain his form year after year. Going to Harrogate once to recuperate after a severe attack of illness he was induced to help in a match, and if the other side supposed that they had a feeble man to deal with they must have been surprised and disappointed, for he made 200 in the first innings and 90 in the second; so at least his old and close friend and Hampshire associate, Captain E. G. Wynyard, who has so often represented the county with him, tells me; Mr. Lacey thinks it was not so much, and the figures are not available. Captain Wynyard declares Mr. Lacey to have been "one of the finest hitters in the world, his off-driving being, in particular, superb." His big score of 323 was made in a little over three hours. How many centuries he has compiled altogether I do not know, but they must be numerous. Glancing through old records I find that for the Lyric Club (which mustered an extraordinarily powerful eleven, including Messrs. C. I. Thornton, F. R. Spofforth, W. L. Murdoch, Mr. H. F. de Paravacini, and Sir Timothy O'Brien) against the Free Foresters Mr. Lacey made 126 not out in July 1891, and the following week, for the Bar *v.* the Army, 163. A few days later, representing the Hampshire Hogs against the Old Cliftonians, 152 not out was his contribution. Next year for the Lyric Club against the Will o' the Wisps he made 140 not out, and for Hampshire failed by three to achieve three figures. Against the Household Brigade in June 1893 he hit up 147, and for the Hampshire Hogs against the Royal Military College three days afterwards 121. Against the Household

Brigade in 1895 he made 96, and for his county against Sussex 94. It should have been said that for several years Mr. Lacey captained the Hampshire team with excellent judgment, pulling it through difficulties at a troublous time in its history.

In 1898—he was well up in the average of 1897—the secretaryship of the Marylebone Cricket Club became vacant by the retire-

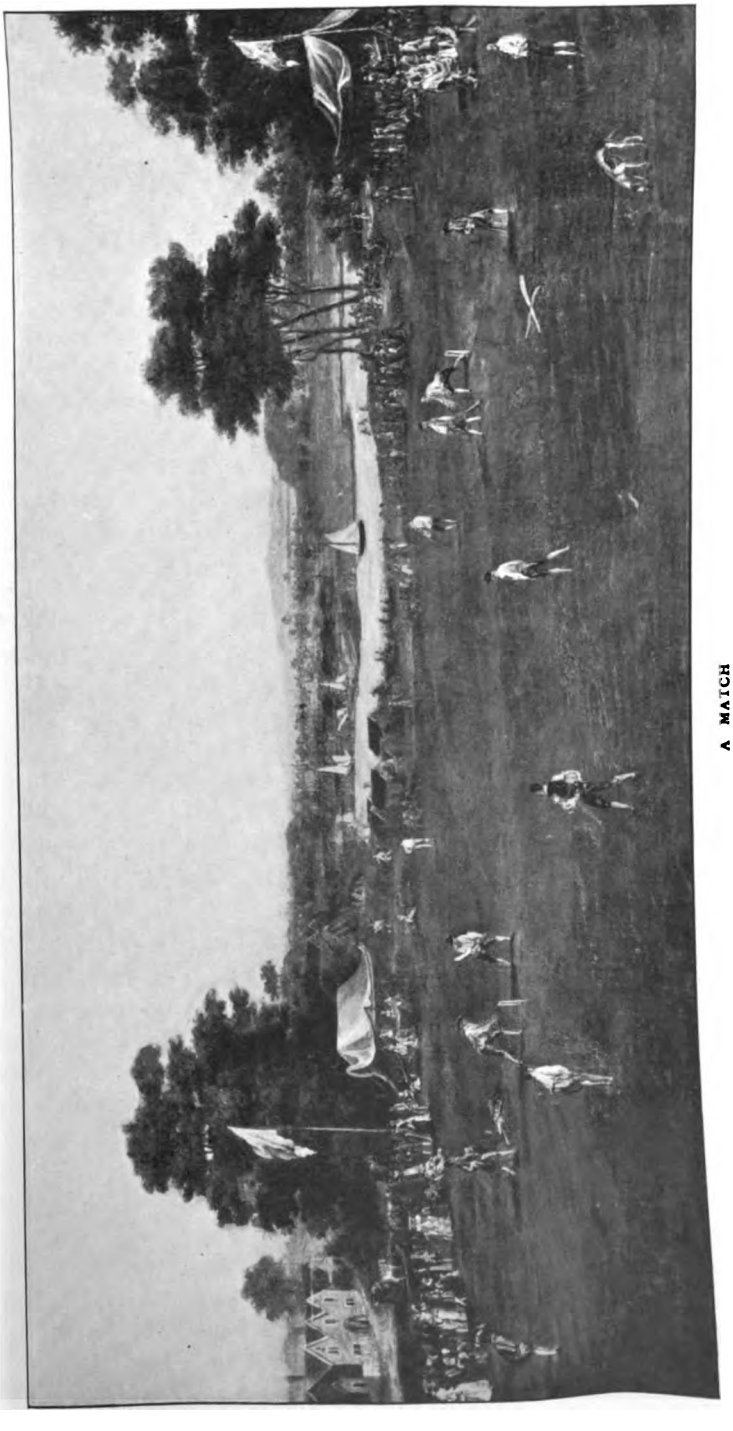
TOSSING FOR INNINGS
By R. James; *fl.* 1841–1851. From the M.C.C. Collection

ment of Mr. C. Perkins, who had filled the position for the previous twenty years. A large number of applications had, it is almost needless to say, been received when the vacancy was announced, but the committee, after carefully considering the qualifications of the various candidates, unanimously recommended the present occupant of the office. Mr. Lacey was a barrister, an admirable

organiser, had amongst other things a special knowledge of estate management; and united to his practical experience of the game he was recognised as in all respects peculiarly fitted for the post. The writer of a history of the M.C.C. declares that "it is a club no longer, it is a national institution, and the strength of the affection and respect in which it is held was shown by the outburst of public feeling that took place when it was feared that the sacrilegious hand of the railway promoter was about to be laid upon its cherished turf."

The duties of the secretary of this "institution" are infinitely harder, more diverse and complicated, than can be generally imagined. Mr. Lacey is in his office at nine o'clock every morning, and a quarter of an hour later receives the foreman of the works to arrange the various things which have to be done in his department—building, repairs, carpentering, painting, &c. Dealing with the correspondence follows. On busy days there may not improbably be as many as five hundred letters, in answering which the secretary has the assistance of four clerks all the year round, with a couple of extra ones in the summer, when there is most to be done. At 11.30 the refreshment clerk arrives for his first visit, a second being paid at six in the evening, for it has to be decided what bars and rooms are to be opened, and what staff is likely to be wanted—points which depend to no slight extent upon the weather; for if it should be very fine, and the matches prove to be attractive, crowds may be expected, whilst if the weather be threatening, or very wet, less provision will be necessary. Other heads of departments come at intervals: Tom Hearne with his little staff of six or seven men and a dozen boys in summer must receive directions from the secretary, and the printing department has also grown to considerable dimensions.

Arranging matches, it will be seen, is only a portion of the work. All first-class fixtures are decided at a meeting of the county secretaries during the Cattle Show week, Mr. Lacey taking the chair. These county secretaries have previously made out the fixture list among themselves, after, of course, an enormous deal of correspondence, much of which is with Lord's. With regard to other fixtures, if any club writes to ask for a match it is requested to name a manager who is to be responsible for the production of eight amateurs, the club finding three professionals; and if a suitable and responsible manager undertakes the duties, the match is entered, members who wish to play writing their names, from the list of which the Committee select. Members can write their names for matches at Lord's, but of course it is not possible that everyone who would like to play can do so. It not seldom happens that the Secretary has to decide important questions which suddenly arise.



A MATCH

Picture presented to M.C.C. by Egerton Clarke, Esq. From the M.C.C. Collection

If at the eleventh hour, for instance, a man goes out in the Gentlemen and Players there is no one to whom Mr. Lacey can refer at the moment as to the choice of a substitute, and he has necessarily to act on his own initiative. The allotting of and balloting for umpires is another business. Some time since Mr. Lacey suggested a rule to the effect that "an umpire who has been qualified to play for a county shall not stand in a match where that county is playing;" but he is now inclined to think that this was not needed, believing that bias amongst umpires is practically unknown, and that an umpire is not fit to do duty for any match if he is likely to be moved by prejudice in any special one. The question of sending elevens abroad and receiving them in England is another matter which leads to an enormous correspondence, for foreigners do not care for teams unless they come out under the ægis of the M.C.C. At the present time elevens are being discussed to visit Australia, Philadelphia, and, if possible, Paris.

Test matches played in England are arranged by the Board of Control, which is selected partly from the Committee of the M.C.C. and partly from the counties. Here, of course, is much work for Mr. Lacey, as also in connection with the Advisory County Cricket Committee, which is made up of one member from each of the first-class counties and three representing the minor counties, with the President of the M.C.C. doing duty as chairman. Various matters pertaining to county cricket constantly come up before the M.C.C., whose advice is always being asked on all sorts of points. The Club has been criticised for not more strenuously taking the lead and originating reforms, but it goes chiefly on the principle of carrying out what seem to be the wishes of representative bodies, and is altogether indisposed to make any radical change in the rules which govern the game without pressure, or at any rate the utterance of a distinct wish, by the counties and the great cricket associations of the world.

Besides the Committees named there are five Sub-Committees, Finance, Tennis, Property and Works—the Marylebone Club estate extends over some twenty acres and includes many houses and buildings—Refreshments, and Cricketing Selection. Members of these are usually members of the M.C.C. Committee. Mr. Lacey, in spite of the multifarious calls upon his time, has lately organised some boys' classes. Young enthusiasts, many of whom bear well-known names in the cricketing world, go at allotted hours to practise with the professionals attached to the club. As for the young bowlers, before any are engaged Mr. Lacey tests their capacity by taking the bat himself; and, by the way, with regard to his big scores of former times, it must never be forgotten that wickets

twenty years back were vastly inferior to the present perfected—some people think over-perfected—pitches. If Dr. W. G. Grace had been in his prime twenty years later than he was Mr. Lacey believes that he would never have been got out, so perfectly did he watch and time the ball; but not seldom the ground beat him.

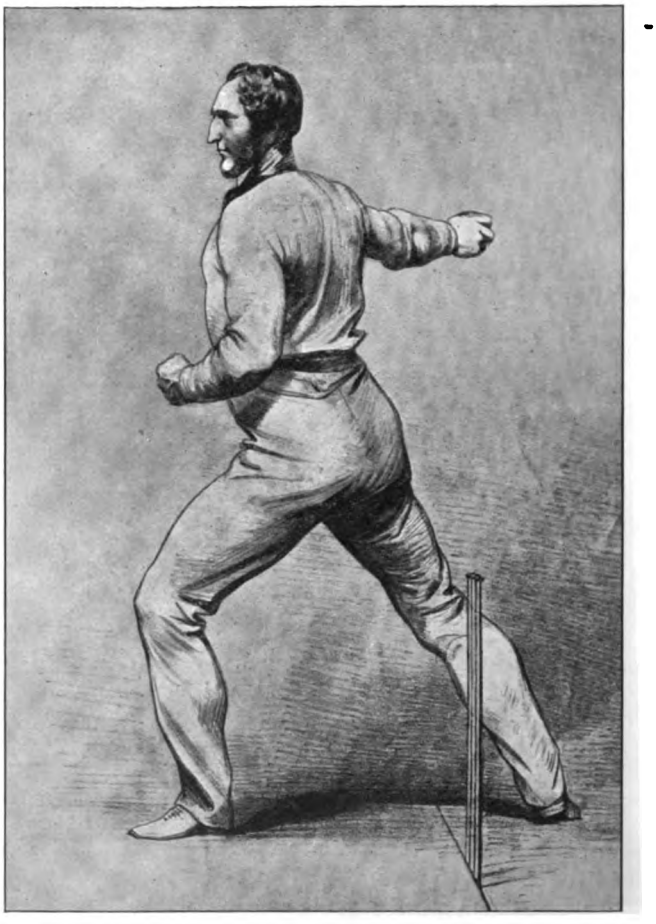
THE BATSMAN

Portrait of Fuller Pilch drawn from life by G. F. Watts, R.A.
From the M.C.C. Collection

What applies to Dr. W. G. Grace applies also to the other cricketers of the '80's.

On the vexed question of the scoring for the County Cricket Championship Mr. Lacey is not an exception to the well-nigh universal opinion that it is far from satisfactory; but if a more reasonable system is to be adopted it is for the counties to show that they desire a change, and to say exactly what they would prefer.

The M.C.C. Secretary would for his own part rather see matches decided on the result of the first innings than not finished in three days. He maintains, indeed, that a game of cricket primarily means one innings a side. Each man has had his chance of making a score, and made it or failed; a second innings was instituted to counteract



THE BOWLER

Portrait of Alfred Mynn drawn from life by G. F. Watts, R.A.
From the M.C.C. Collection

the effect of luck. By some mischance a man might be unable to exhibit his true form at a single visit to the wicket; but he might also have bad luck at a second attempt, and so three innings would lead to a juster proof of the ability of the sides than two, and four than three. In the counting of points he thinks there is

much to be said for the reckoning of one for the result of the first innings in an incompleted match and three for a win outright.

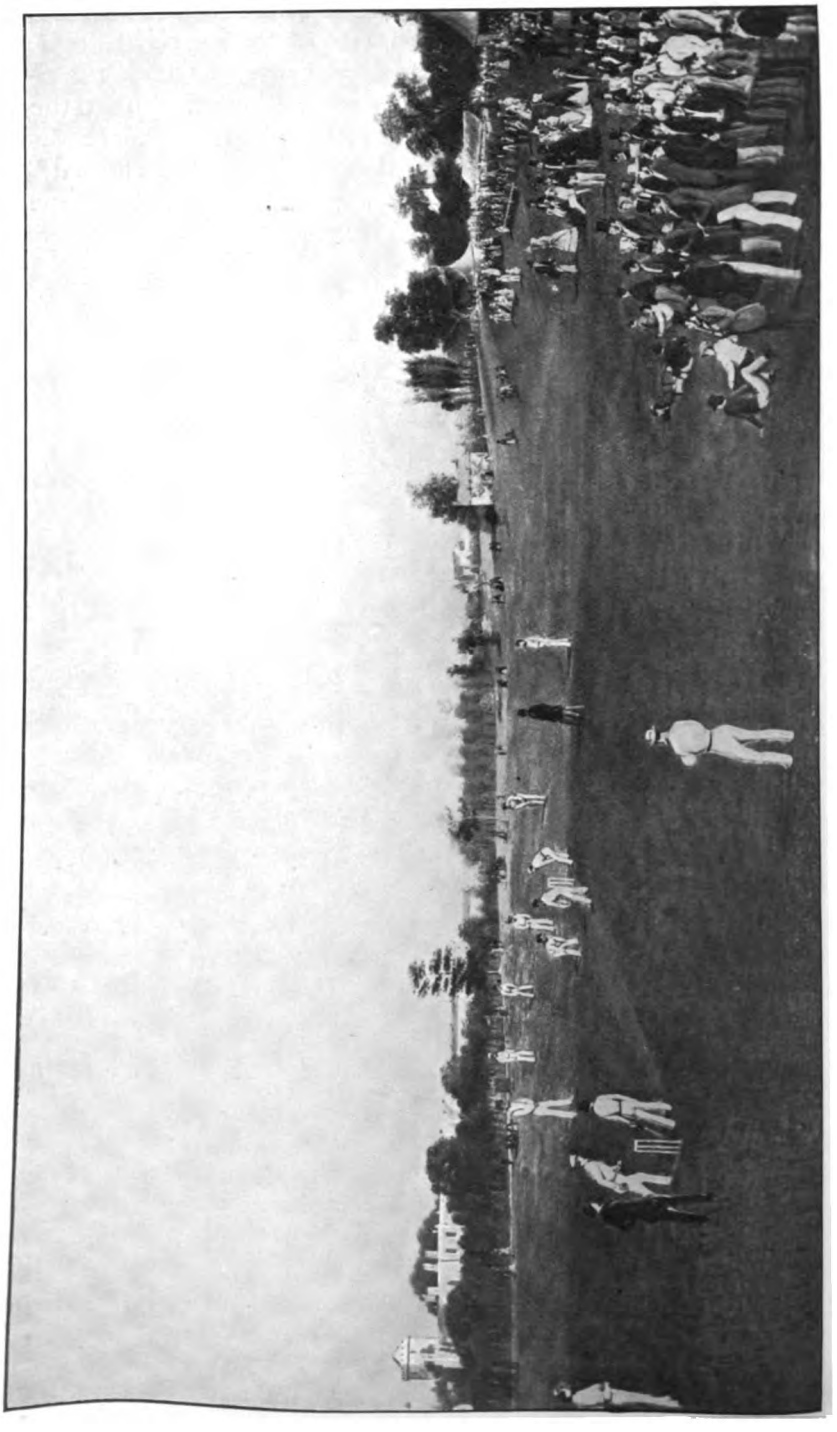
Mr. Lacey made his mark as a football player, and was goal-keeper for Cambridge *v.* Oxford in the Association match at the Oval in 1881, but he likewise played—and preferred—Rugby. He was a good runner and a winner over hurdles as well as "on the flat," and is a more than average good shot and golfer. He is liked and respected by equals and subordinates, few men have more sincerely

THE CUT
By G. F. Watts, R.A. From the M.C.C. Collection

attached friends, and the example of his conscientious work ensures good service for the staff he so ably governs.

Mr. Lacey once had knowledge of a ghostly experience, and it is so seldom one can trace such a story to its source that I am tempted to quote the strange experience.

"In the spring of 1889 I was staying at Etive with my father and my cousin Gilbert ——" (The name of the narrator need not



A CRICKET MATCH

Artist unknown. The date of the picture is 1852. From the M.C.C Collection

be given). "One evening about nine o'clock I was in a dark room with Elliot changing photographic plates, having carefully excluded all light for the purpose. He was sitting a short distance off, and suddenly said, 'Take care, cover your plates; here's a lot of light.' I covered the plates and went to him. Shining up from the flooring near the wall, where the carpet did not reach, were three or four lines of strong light, each about a yard long and upwards of an inch wide, and distant from each other about a foot. The light was like that of a lamp or candles, and shone up about a foot from the floor. I sent Gilbert to fetch my father. When he came it was getting fainter and gradually vanished, having lasted from five to ten minutes from the time we first saw it. We brought lights and examined the whole of that part of the castle carefully. The room itself opened on to a long passage which was unlighted except by a small oil lamp at the far end, from which we found that no light could possibly penetrate into the room. The boards of the floor of the room itself were narrow and closely fitting. The lines of light followed the direction of the boards but did not correspond with the joinings. While the light lasted we all three tried experiments with it. When we put a foot or a hand into it, the light after being broken for a moment joined again above the obstruction.

"Immediately below this room are two old stone vaulted chambers, which at that time were in the hands of workmen, and the door leading into them had been left firmly closed with a bar of wood which it took some time and trouble to remove.

"In the following year, under the floor of the vaulted room directly below the spot where the light had appeared, were found some bones including those of a woman and a child."

Readers must interpret this as they please.

In 1890 Mr. Lacey married Lady Helen Carnegie, daughter of the late Lord Northesk.

A STRANGE EXPERIENCE WITH OVES AMMON

BY LT.-COL. P. R. BAIRNSFATHER

I HAVE often wondered if any one else ever had the colossal patience, or, as it may be accounted, the colossal stupidity, to sit for two mortal hours, as I once did, over a dead animal in the firm belief that he was alive all the time. And not only to sit in a casual or restful way, but absolutely, or as absolutely as one could make it, motionless and silent, and in no comfortable position. Add to this that the anxiety during all the time was of the intensest order, attention continually on the strain—rifle grasped and finger on trigger lest the creature should be up and off before I could get in the fatal shot. Altogether a most absurd performance, a conclusion very clearly brought home to myself *after* the event; yet it is this incident of many which I look back upon as not only the strangest but also the most thrilling of my experience.

But I have never been able to tell the story. Others I have been able to put in acceptable form, but this one has ever baffled me at the very outset. Not that the tale presents any difficulty in the plain telling, or that I have forgotten any of the facts. But it is that the interest, and the vindication of my own conduct in the affair, depend so much on an effective presentment of the point of

view, and what I have so greatly doubted is the possession of the gift to pass on this interest to others, to make others see and feel as I saw and felt myself—a proposition at least as difficult and as unusual of attainment as the well-known converse. With this note of diffidence I shall make the attempt once more.

But, that the final situation may be in some measure appreciated, a rehearsal of some preliminary happenings and aspirations seems to be a clear necessity. For only in this way may the gradual working of my feelings towards the ultimate climax have a chance of being understood, or the sympathy I crave for resulting strange conduct be hoped for.

It had long been my dream to bag a good Ovis Ammon, that lordly ram of Tibet, now, and even then, growing so scarce and hard to obtain. I had already, after many delightful wanderings, secured specimens of almost all other Himalayan game animals, but the opportunity and the long leave for an expedition to far Tibet had been tedious in coming. It came at last, and my preparations were elaborate and ambitious. I was not to follow any well-known path, but to strike out on the tracks of a recent adventurous explorer to Tibet, and my hunting ground was to be in the forbidden land beyond the Kashmir border—forbidden not only by the Chinese Government and the Tibetan people, but also by our own authorities. I bought a caravan of baggage ponies, laid in supplies for two months, and was all ready to start in high hope, when events happened which it is needless to explain. I was peremptorily forbidden to cross the frontier, and the whole arrangement came to nought. There was nothing now for it but to accept my fate and make for one of the hackneyed and much shot-out districts, still in Tibet, but on the Kashmir side of the frontier.

This was a bad beginning, and I knew that success could now in no case be other than very moderate. Still, it was my only chance, and there was hope of a head or two. So I set forth with the usual resolve that it should not be for lack of perseverance or hard toil if I failed. Besides Oves Ammon, the district I was bound for was known still to hold a fair share of Tibetan antelope, some burhel (another wild sheep), and there was just the off chance of a yak. At least so said my old shikari, one of those simple and ultra-hopeful souls whom one often meets with among this class—who cannot bring themselves to believe in the deplorable diminution of the game since their young days, and who are therefore ever on the look-out for the herds in the old places—a trait of character of supreme usefulness, as I was to find. For without this old man and his unflagging hope and dogged perseverance I know that my patience and energy could not have been proof against the trials of

the long dreary days and weary fruitless searchings which were in store. I should have utterly collapsed and fled from the awful monotony of the terrible barren land long before the day of success arrived.

Tibet has often been described, but a word here will not come amiss to the uninitiated, and may, let me hope, serve to help out that justification for my subsequent conduct, in which, as said, lies a great part of the pith of this story. Imagine a vast, lonesome land, treeless, shrubless, of a uniform dusty brown, and to the casual eye absolutely waterless and utterly barren; a waste of sand or soft dry gravel, and to human sight and for all reasonable human purposes limitless in extent. This at an awesome general height of 15,000 ft., the passes and higher elevations rising to 18,000 and 20,000; the slopes not steep, but monotonously rounded, worn by centuries of severe weathering, soft and friable to the summits. No human habitations, and no shelter from the burning sun or the sudden fierce storms of wind and rain or snow, terribly frequent even in summer, but having no seeming effect on the universal aridness, and producing no resultant greenery! How do animals exist at all in such a land? The question may well be asked. But the described aspect must be taken as a general impression only. Nearer acquaintance will disclose a faintly green patch here and there on a hillside where some hidden spring has oozed to the surface; there are real streams of water in the main valleys, and trickling tributaries, albeit few and far between, find their way to these down the smaller depressions, nourishing scant patches of grass in places. But it is the *burtse* plant which saves the situation, a kind of wild sage apparently requiring no moisture for its growth. There is considerable abundance of this, which forms the main support of the animals, a diet wholly inadequate, not to say uneatable, to our way of thinking. Yet the animals here—the Ovis Ammon, the burhel, the antelope, and especially the kyang (wild ass)—are seen to be as beautiful and sleek and swift as anywhere else; and not only so, but, stranger still to say, are the largest of their kind. Surely a marvel in adaptation to hard conditions.

Such ameliorations, it is to be noted, however, come very little in evidence, and scarcely serve at all to mitigate the general impression as described. And though the land is indeed a fascinating one, deeply fascinating in its immensity, its loneliness, in its very barrenness and monotony, yet this is a feeling engendered mainly in the novelty of first acquaintance and contrast. No mere sentimental fascination could be proof against the dull weariness of hope constantly deferred and a quest unattained. And when the days ran on to weeks, and the weeks to months, without even getting sight of the

big ram I had come for, surely it may be imagined how the terrible monotony of the daily round, the daily tale of no success, to say nothing of the daily sameness of the poor camp fare, would at last prevail, and despair and disgust hold sway. Easy also is it to conceive how well such adverse fate would have prepared me for fullest appreciation of a turn of fortune, and how loath I should be to let slip the smallest chance of success. In such mood was it then, when the long two months were drawing to a close, and the time had come to give up, that I began the backward trudge over the same weary waste, hope and energy almost dead within me. But if such were my own unworthy condition, not so the old shikari. Admirable old man, I shall not easily forget the untiring perseverance with which he continued the search! Day after day when, having been at it from early morn, I would towards evening so easily persuade myself that I had satisfied the requirements of duty—for it had come to this now—and earned a rest and a cup of tea, he would ask for my field glasses and trudge off alone to have one more look round.

That he returned each time disappointed and in a state of physical collapse seemed to have no effect, no power to decrease his energy or dull the edge of hope for next day. It was on one of these occasions—I having in the afternoon, as had become my unworthy custom, succumbed to the seduction of a restful pipe—that after quite a short absence I saw him returning at what appeared to be a faster pace than his usual old man's shuffle, an unwonted lurch in his gait which might betoken excitement. And a closer view, sure enough, discovered a broad grin on his wrinkled old face, his small, black eyes sparkling with satisfaction. "Come along, Sahib, I have seen something!" With a spring I am on my legs in a moment, and follow the old fellow in eager anticipation, with excitement now far in advance of his. But he has nothing definite to tell, and, honest soul, will admit to no more than having seen some animals he took to be Oves: too far off to distinguish horns, but one, from the colour, he believed to be an old ram. Not too reassuring, but having got to know the old man, it was enough to put new life into me. We had not far to go, and were soon inspecting the herd through the glasses. There were only three of them, still far off and high up, but I soon made out that all were males, and the general verdict pronounced two to be big and one small. The approach seemed no easy matter, and we were discussing plans, when down came the whole three straight towards us. This made matters more promising, but still there was room for many a slip. For they soon stopped, still high up, and there was no cover, nothing but the smoothly-rounded undulations of the mountain spurs.

Taking advantage of a side depression, we made our way upwards and nearer. Now there was a ridge to be looked over from which the herd might be visible, though hardly near yet—a bare, rounded ridge like the rest, with no stone or bush for concealment. Cautiously and slowly we crawl towards the top; as the herd were above us we might be seen at any moment. Bare-headed, and senses all on the strain, anxiously we scan every bit of hillside as it comes into view. Nothing for a time; then suddenly, as fate would have it, they appear from round a shoulder, now almost on a level with us, and within easy range. But we have instantly realised that we too are in full view. What was to be done? Was ever situation more tantalising? Here was what I had toiled for, and longed for—a fine old ram staring me in the face, yet I durst not move to put the rifle up. I felt as if I must not wink an eyelid. Surely it was not to be only a galloping shot after all; that would in all likelihood mean a miss, and hopes blasted once more! In a fierce whisper I threaten direst penalties if so much as a finger were moved, and hardly breathing we lie prone, trying to burrow into the ground. But all seemed to go right to-day, and we had not long to wait. First one and then another of the herd began quietly to graze, and seemed quite unsuspicious. Here was my chance, and I was not slow in taking it.

Now this is what happened, as recorded in my diary that same evening: Quietly but quickly getting the bead on the biggest ram, I fired. No stampede of the herd, as, according to all precedent, should have followed; hardly a start of surprise even from the one fired at. "Oh, wah! you have missed, Sahib; I saw the bullet strike just under him." I, too, had seen the sand fly up, and I failed to catch the sound of the well-known thud which so satisfactorily proclaims a hit. Yet I could have sworn the aim was true. While I was cautiously reloading the big fellow *walked* leisurely *towards* us, and before I was ready had disappeared in the hollow ground below our ridge. So my next shot was hastily directed at what I judged the next in size, and then, hardly thinking now of precaution as to movement, a cartridge was quickly rammed home to be ready for No. 1, he being by far the most desirable of the lot. It was, from the configuration of the ground, impossible for him to escape without being seen, and, of course, it was to be supposed that the whole herd must be off now. But not a bit of it! Glancing across at the original place I saw that my second shot, which I knew was a hit, had only broken the thigh of No. 2. He was limping about showing very little concern, and No. 3 still kept him company. Still there was not a sign of our first friend. What could it mean? Were they all bewitched, or was it simply that this was their day of

fate, as the shikari afterwards explained it? Even tame sheep would have been off for less provocation, and these Oves Ammon, as I knew, have the reputation of being the most wary and timid of all game animals; not only reckoned the hardest to approach, but when alarmed described as going off at an astonishing pace, nor halting, even to look back, for a day's journey—a point, let me here say, to be noted as an argument in vindication of my subsequent conduct.

This was the rapid train of thought as we lay very still, watching for any change in the situation, rifle ready for the big fellow. Nothing happening, after five minutes the suspense became unbearable. Though at the risk of setting the whole herd off, I simply had to see what had become of him. Slowly we squirmed forward inch by inch, and very soon, by craning my neck, I caught sight of his horns, then made out the whole body. He was lying down, head towards us, and had all the appearance of being quite at his ease. "Asleep," whispered the shikari. It seemed more than absurd, but I was by this time ready to believe anything. Anyhow, a shot now would make a certain end without difficulty, but the great horns seemed entirely to cover the body, or at all events all vital parts. I was loath to run the risk of shattering one of these, and thus after all spoil my only specimen. So it was determined to wait, and we again slipped back out of sight and lay motionless once more.

From our position we could just see the top of the horns, and every now and then these would be gently moved, a quite natural movement we thought, as if the animal were changing to a more comfortable attitude or quietly brushing aside a fly. So here we were fixed in this strange position, in full view of the two smaller ones about a hundred yards on the other side of the ravine, and the big one lying below us—asleep! No thought of any protracted wait at first crossed my mind. I expected the crisis to come at any moment, and lay alert and ready. But the minutes passed and ran on to an hour without any change, except that the horns of the big fellow had ceased to move—only a further confirmation now of deeper sleep. The other two meanwhile would occasionally lie down, occasionally nibble at the *burtse* plants—still apparently quite at their ease, still bewitched. Thus yet another hour went by—I had a watch on my wrist and could see without moving; the shades of evening began to fall, and I was far from camp. The play had to end, and it was to become still more of a farce before all was over. My plan now was first to shoot the wounded small one, then at once get ready for our big friend when he should start from his sleep. I fired, and the bullet sped true. The young Ovis dropped in his tracks. But the big one still slept on. Nor did the other young one make any attempt

to escape. More bewildered than ever, I had now to determine on the next move. I still would not risk spoiling the horns; so there was nothing for it but to stalk cautiously round until I could get a clear shot past the horn at the heart. It was with trembling limbs that the move was made, foot by foot, finger on trigger lest the sleeping beauty should suddenly awake. At last we were broadside on. I took careful aim and fired. Not a move! It will hardly be believed, but even now the truth, though at last suspected, was not driven home. I actually fired once more. Still he slept on as before, and it was only now that the certain conviction flashed on my disordered brain that this for these two long hours had been the sleep of death: that the first shot had been no miss, and the moving of the horns was the last agony. I found all three bullet-holes within an inch of each other, all through the heart!

If ever there was a case of "hypnotism by suggestion," surely this was one. Two ideas, both coming from the wise old shikari, in whom I had all along had greatest faith, had simply burned themselves into my mind from the first, and in spite of obvious absurdity remained fixed to the dramatic end. After he had pronounced the words, I never questioned that I had missed, or that the Ovis had in very truth gone to sleep in the very presence of his enemies. The strange behaviour of the remainder of the herd went far to assist and confirm this last delusion, and my extreme anxiety not to throw away this my one chance of an Ovis Ammon head did the rest. I charged the old man with being responsible for the whole fiasco. But he could not see my point of view. To him fate was sufficient to explain everything.

Strange to say, a few days afterwards I actually bagged two more Oves—at the very last possible place, for the next morning brought us to human habitations once more. The credit was again wholly due to the tireless old shikari, although I did my part also in making no mistake over the two shots, the bullets going straight home at nothing under 200 yards.

So in sport do the strokes of good fortune, like the opposites, often come more than singly when least expected or, as it would seem, when least deserved.

THE PRINCIPLES OF GOLF AND CRICKET

A COMPARATIVE RESEARCH

The Argument Verified by Action-photographs

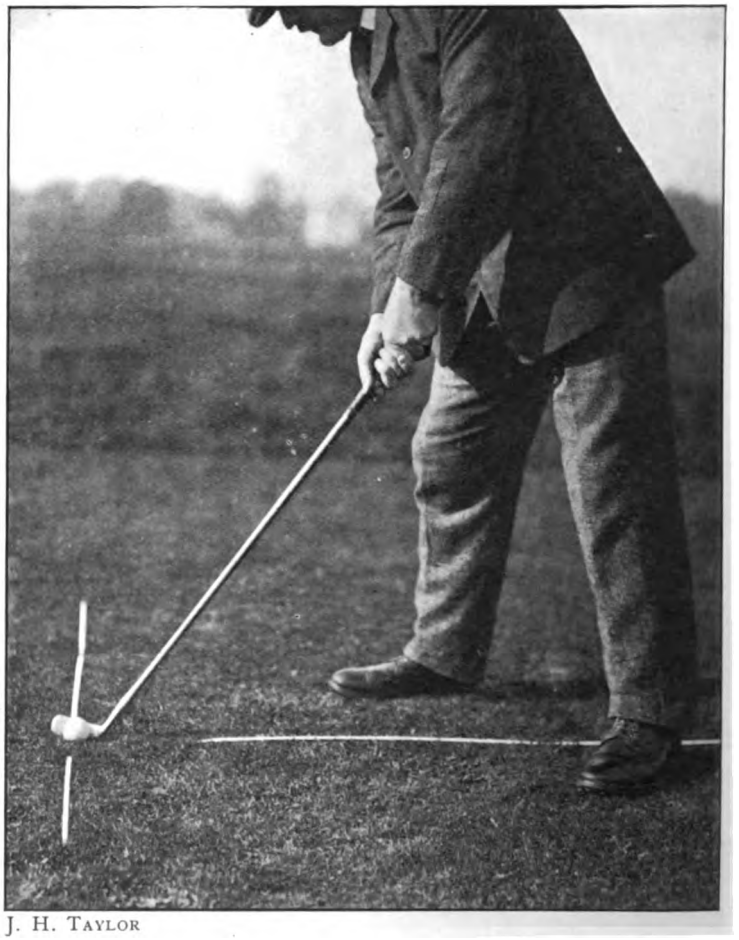
II.—THE POSITION, BALANCE, AND WEIGHT OF THE BODY

BY GEORGE W. BELDAM

In the previous article we saw that finger-grip has a beneficial effect upon the wrist movement, and now we shall realise that initial wrist action has a like influence upon the balance of the body by placing it under more complete control, and thus causing a firmer stance in both games. Mr. F. E. Lacey's views on the Grace-Fry controversy on this subject go to the root of the whole matter when he says: "Both games are, at their best, wrist games, the body being more of a hindrance than a help, if its weight interferes in any way with the free play of the wrists." The truth is, it is wrists *versus* arms.

Wrist initiation, as described in the last article, precludes the interference of the body; arm initiation lures the body into the stroke with dire effect. In the former case the body is kept under control, or perhaps it is better to say it has no inclination to assert itself until the right moment, and can be regulated at will. It is worth noticing that all the best players in both games assume a

preliminary body position, with the centre of gravity well back, and this preliminary position or balance of the body is kept throughout the upward stroke, preventing the tendency to overbalance on the toes, which is so detrimental to good driving in both games. The body is then likely to follow into the stroke as a natural sequence,



J. H. TAYLOR

FIG. 13.—THE STANCE—PRELIMINARY BALANCE OF THE BODY, WEIGHT BACK ON THE HEELS

In golf and cricket the preliminary balance of the body is important. The principle of the weight being back on the heels, and not forward on the toes, applies to both games. When the weight is at the commencement of the stroke forward on the toes, the balance of the body is more

always a fraction of a second behind the club or bat, and not before, as is so often the case when arm work is in evidence.

The photographs of J. H. Taylor and G. H. Hirst both show an open stance, *i.e.* the right leg is in advance of the left. The

balance seems to be much more easily and naturally adjusted than would be the case with the square stance ; whether in golf or cricket the square stance is more liable to cause overbalancing on the toes, and it is more of an effort to keep the weight back on the heels.

James Braid and others strongly advocate the weight in the

G. H. HIRST

FIG. 14.—THE STANCE—PRELIMINARY BALANCE OF THE BODY, WEIGHT BACK ON THE HEELS

easily upset. In the photographs the stance in each case is open, *i.e.* the right foot is in advance of the left. This position gives a much better poise and balance, and makes it more difficult for the body to overbalance on the toes.

stance being kept well back on the heels, and the photographs of most of the best batsmen show them to be following out the same principle.

Of course, one must guard against exaggeration in anything,

but the general principle may be deduced that the weight should not be on the toes, or the body will be unsteady throughout the stroke. Especially is it essential that the body should be well under control at the moment of impact; this is a familiar fact to golfers, and its importance is recognised by a great many cricketers. If the body be lurching forward at the moment of impact, it is clear that it will be in front of the club head, and a good deal of the power in the stroke will be wasted. There are, of course, strokes both in golf and cricket where it is necessary to keep the ball low, and then the body is *allowed* to move slightly forward just before the stroke is

BERNARD SAYERS

FIG. 15.—KEEPING THE BALL LOW AT GOLF

These two photographs show Bernard Sayers playing a running-up shot at golf, and K. S. Ranjitsinhji driving a ball low, or along the ground, at cricket. A casual glance will reveal a marked similarity in their movements. The weight of the body was undoubtedly in each case thrown forward at or about the moment of impact. The wrists also have acted in similar fashion, the right turning over the left. This combined movement of body and wrist tends

made; indeed, in golf the stance is adjusted so that the body is already well in front of the ball (Figs. 15 and 16). But to allow the body to move forward with the specific object of keeping the ball low is a very different timing movement from that which takes

place when the body is rushed forward before the club or bat meets the ball.

Again, there is really much similarity in the methods employed to "lift" a ball at cricket and to "pitch" a ball at golf. The weight at the moment of impact is well back—on the right leg, the object being to let the club or bat come through, so that its extremity leaves the ground quicker than in the ordinary strokes. The reverse of this is likewise true in golf and cricket, viz., when the ball is to be kept along the ground or low, the end of the bat or club head travels as close to the ground as possible after

K. S. RANJITSINHJI

FIG. 16.—KEEPING THE BALL LOW AT CRICKET

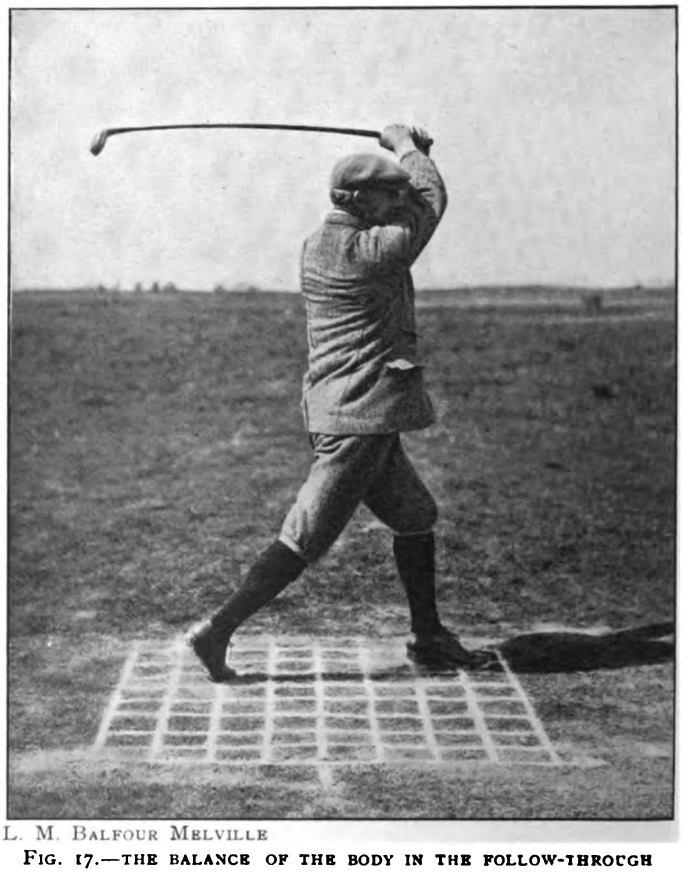
to keep the ball down and make it travel at a great pace on pitching. In golf the stance is taken up with the body more forward, and this causes the club to follow through as much as possible with the club head close to the ground. The same action takes place at cricket, and the bat follows through as close to the ground as possible on account of the weight being thrown forward at or just before the moment of impact.

impact, and the fact of the weight being thrown slightly forward helps this result. Of course it must be borne in mind that what has been said with regard to this point applies only when the ball is timed properly. Let a batsman make the stroke too soon, and

although the weight is forward the ball will in all probability be lifted.

The following principles may be applied to both golf and cricket:—(1) The weight back, and the ball is lifted into the air; (2) The weight forward, and the ball is kept low; (3) The weight equally distributed, and a ball having a trajectory somewhere between (1) and (2) is the result.

I just briefly mentioned footwork in my former article, remark-



L. M. Balfour Melville

FIG. 17.—THE BALANCE OF THE BODY IN THE FOLLOW-THROUGH AT GOLF

There is a marked similarity in the finishes as shown in these two photographs; but it is less evident in the upward movement in both games. The body in each case has turned on the toe of the right foot, and is facing the line of flight of the ball. Had the right foot been kept firmly planted, as in the preliminary position, the body-turn

ing that when the wrists are working properly, both in cricket and golf, it will be found that the feet immediately become more sympathetic, and work in unison. If one's footwork at cricket is

correct, it does not by any means follow that the wrists initiated the movement of the bat; but if the latter be the case, then footwork is more likely to be automatically correct. And this also applies to golf.

One cannot very well compare footwork in the two games, except to notice there is a similarity in the follow-through, and that in both games the weight is transferred from one leg to the other. For as one ball is moving and the other stationary, it will easily be seen that the footwork must differ.

R. E. FOSTER

FIG. 18.—THE BALANCE OF THE BODY IN THE FOLLOW-THROUGH AT CRICKET

would have been checked, and the follow-through clipped. The body in each photograph is well poised and balanced, and this would hardly have been possible had the preliminary position of the body not been a well-balanced one.

I have stated that there is much more similarity in those photographs of golfers and cricketers which show the finishes of the various strokes, than in those where the upward movements are

seen (see Figs. 17 and 18). The reason of this is that in order to get the best results in each case the body movement must come in at the right moment, and hence we see the turn on the ball of the right toe in both games. This turn enables the right side of the body to come through freely, and prevents all danger of the follow-through being clipped. In fact, in some strokes at cricket the right

EDWARD BLACKWELL

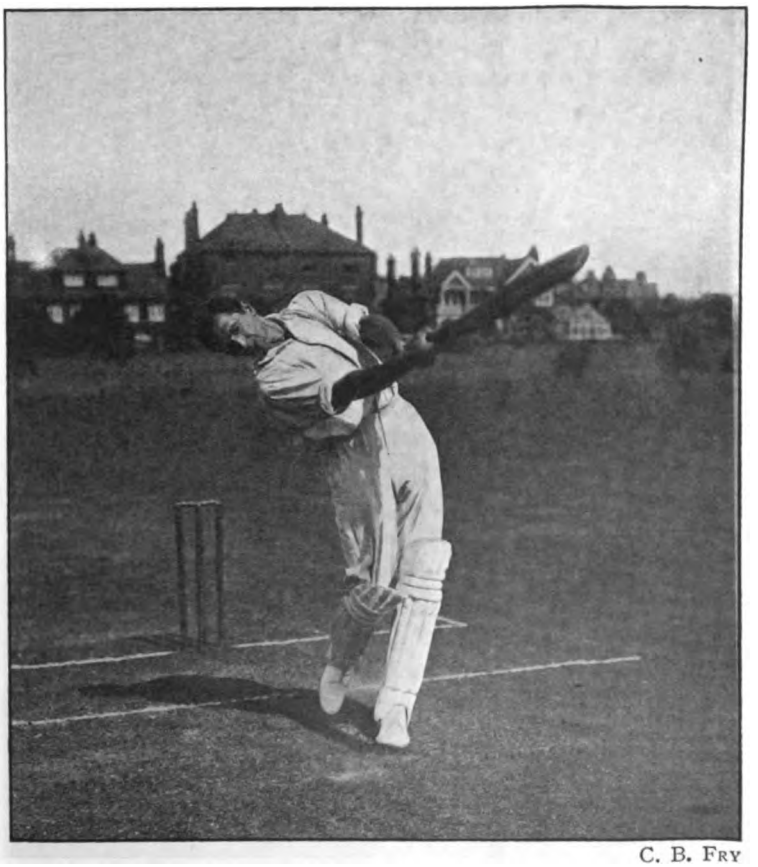
FIG. 19.—A SIMILARITY IN THE DRIVES AT GOLF AND CRICKET

Although the point of view of the camera in each case is slightly different, yet there is an undoubted similarity in the action of these two long drivers at golf and cricket. Place a golf club in C. B. Fry's hands and it might be James Braid as I have often seen him. But E. Blackwell's photograph makes a good substitute—for I cannot find the negative which shows Braid in this characteristic attitude. The dropping of the right shoulder is no doubt made with the object of getting down to the ball, but

leg often leaves the ground and continues the follow-through. I have been told that famous golfer young Tom Morris used to indulge in some such movement, only of course in a very minor degree.

But whether this would have a beneficial effect on the golfing stroke is rather an open question.

In cricket, however, this follow-through of the body—or allowing the body to move in the direction of the stroke—is a most important principle. The stroke may be made quite correctly so far as wrist initiation is concerned, but if the weight of the body be not

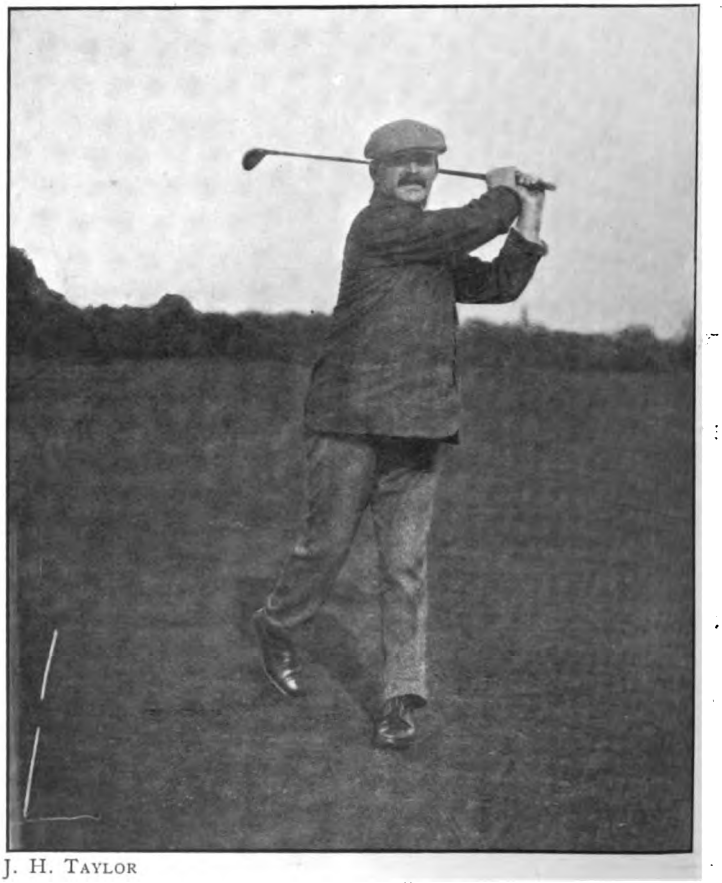


C. B. FRY

FIG. 20.—A SIMILARITY IN THE DRIVES AT GOLF AND CRICKET
it is evident how well the body in each case is following the club or bat and is "allowed in" and not rushed forward. C. B. Fry is slightly pulling a ball from the off to the on side of the wicket, and the face of the bat is consequently turning over through the action of the wrists. Curiously enough, if I remember rightly, E. Blackwell pulled his drive slightly. It must be remembered that these two photographs do not show finishes, both players being midway towards the finish.

following in the direction of the stroke the effectiveness of the shot must suffer. Above all, this following through with the body in harmony with the proper application of the wrists gives direction to

the stroke. Fail in this, and the stroke is clipped, with consequent lack of direction and force. The photographs showing a firm-footed drive at cricket are as near as possible similar to those showing the drive at golf, both as regards the distribution of weight, and also the turn on the ball of the right toe (Figs. 19 and 20). What has been



J. H. TAYLOR

FIG. 21.—"THE PULL" AT GOLF

The principles which govern "the pull" at golf and cricket are almost identical. They include a combined movement of the wrists and body-turn. The right wrist starts turning over the left at the moment of impact, and gradually continues to do so till the finish of the stroke; the body moves towards the intended direction of the ball's flight. J. H. Taylor has allowed the right side to come well through and round, to ensure the pull taking place nearer the end than the beginning of the flight; when this body movement is checked, the pull takes place nearer

said about the weight of the body being back on the right leg if it is required to lift the ball well into the air does not preclude the right side of the body turning on the ball of the right foot. It simply

comes to this: the body turns on the right foot whether the weight is forward or back, but in the former case the follow-through is somewhat freer and more clearly perceived.

Another point of similarity comes out clearly in those photo-

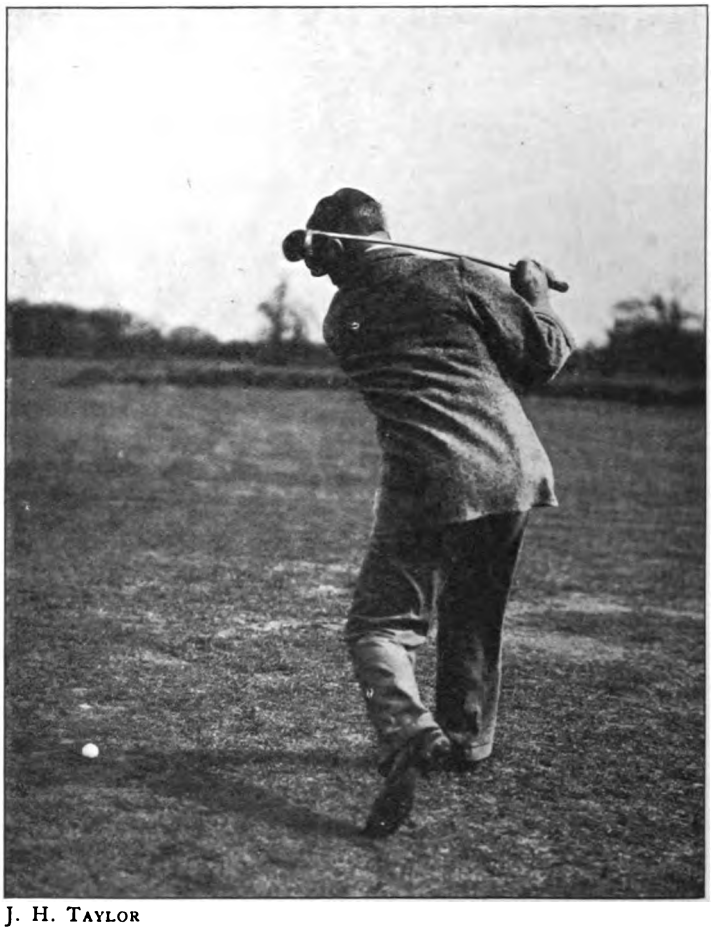
K. S. RANJITSINHJI

FIG. 22.—"THE PULL" AT CRICKET

the beginning. In cricket the pull usually takes place at the beginning of the flight, but the same principle as to body movement applies. K. S. Ranjitsinhji is seen pulling a ball pitched outside the off-stump on to the on-side. The right side of the body is not so far through as Taylor's, and the pull has been executed principally through wrist action—but the ball must have gone well into the "country," as the weight is decidedly back. Compare the action of the wrists in each case.

graphs showing the pull stroke. The photographs reproduced show K. S. Ranjitsinhji and J. H. Taylor making this shot (Figs. 21 and 22). In point of fact there is practically the same principle underlying

the execution of each stroke as shown by these experts. That principle is that the right wrist begins to turn freely over the



J. H. TAYLOR

FIG. 23.—THE POSITION OF THE RIGHT ELBOW AT GOLF—ALSO A NOTE ON FOOTWORK

In golfing literature there has been a good deal written about the position of the right elbow in the upward movement. One open champion was most emphatic that it should be close to the side, whilst an amateur champion was equally certain it should be away from it. The position taken by the right elbow should, in my opinion, be the cause of initial wrist movement of the club or bat, then it will be found to be close to the right side. The two photographs show two exponents who undoubtedly get a great amount of wrist power into their strokes, and in both cases the right elbow is close to the side, and not away from

left at the moment of impact, till at the finish it has turned completely over.

In Ranjitsinhji's photograph the ball was outside the off stump, and hence the left leg has been placed as near the line of flight as

K. S. RANJITSINHJI

FIG. 24.—THE POSITION OF THE RIGHT ELBOW AT CRICKET—ALSO A NOTE ON FOOTWORK

it. The body in each case is also well balanced. K. S. Ranjitsinhji has advanced the left foot so that he is already in a well-balanced position for the stroke intended, but this movement of the left foot is but a fraction of a second in advance of impact. A similar movement will take place in J. H. Taylor's stroke, the left foot coming firmly on to the ground if anything just before impact. The photographs were taken at $\frac{1}{1000}$th part of a second, and the danger of analysing action-photographs lies in forgetting this fact; another fraction of a second and the ball is gone!

possible, and the weight being rather back the ball has been lifted as well as pulled, though the right side has come well round.

In J. H. Taylor's photograph the right side of the body has come freely through and round, in order to get the pull on towards the end of the ball's flight; for had the body not come right through, the pull on the ball would have taken place nearer the beginning of the flight. At cricket the pull usually takes place almost immediately after impact, and hence the body does not come so far round and through.

When I come to review what has been written in these pages, I cannot help thinking it all tends to one great principle—that of using the wrists. Let the wrists initiate the movement of the club or bat, and the player holds the key which will open the doors of both games and greatly simplify all methods.

I have stated the facts as I conceive them, not only by deduction from the photographs, but also from close observation of the methods used in actual play. I have not come to these conclusions in a few minutes; they are the result of some years of consideration, although it is only within the past few months that I have been convinced and felt justified in committing my views to print, after verifying for myself the truth of these principles. I do not deny that cricket and golf can be played well in many different ways, but what I state emphatically is that these are the principles which govern the finest players in each game—those who, it will be conceded, get the best results with the least apparent effort, and who therefore get and give the greatest pleasure. And I think to achieve the highest results the wrists must initiate the movement of the club or bat—the principles of both games are very similar—and I believe the arguments used are fully borne out by the action-photographs, which were not taken with the express purpose of proving any such result.

The articles will conclude next month with "The Effect of Cricket on Golf, and *vice versâ*."

STRANGE STORIES OF SPORT

XXVII.—A MISSFIRE

A Tale of Monte Carlo

BY PEYTON WREY

"Trente-six, trente-deux. Rouge gagne et couleur." So says the croupier, out comes the rake, and Morson's pile of louis is swept away with the rest. He rises from the table, a dark, clean-shaven man of thirty-five or so, at whom you glance twice, wondering, if you are a bit of a physiognomist, whether there is or is not a suggestion of furtive cunning in his eyes.

"Had enough? Shall we go?" inquired Wynne, a younger man, light complexioned, with a small upturned moustache, who had just come up and stood behind the other's chair watching the play as the last cards were dealt. "No luck?" he continued.

"Can't do right!" the other replied. "I was playing for runs, and never saw so many alternations. Then I tried for them, and there came a run of thirteen red. I shouldn't have had the pluck to leave it all down, but it would have been a lovely haul even if I'd watered it."

They passed through the Atrium, down the steps, and turned round to the terrace, where was the usual throng, strolling up and down, leaning on the balustrade gazing on to the bright blue waters of the Mediterranean, or seated and intent on their journals.

There is the shabby little old man who lives at a third-rate hotel on the Condamine and plays maximums. Some well-known English owners of racehorses are deep in conversation, not improbably about the runners for an approaching steeplechase at Nice; smartly and charmingly dressed women of all ages and countries—smartness and charm by no means always go together—are enjoying the sunshine.

A hawk-nosed croupier is talking to a chubby English youth who puffs out the smoke of his cigarette in thoughtful fashion as he listens; a smirking Frenchman marches along, taking careful stock of the pretty faces; a couple of young Englishmen pause in their walk to argue energetically over a coloured diagram of the roulette wheel which one of them has in his hand.

"They've got a system, poor beggars!" Wynne observed, with a nod at the argumentative couple. "I wonder what it will cost them before they have done with it?"

Just then the report of a gun came from the little green plateau towards which they were going.

"Some fellow practising at pigeons. Shall we see who it is?" Wynne suggested. "Are you going to shoot again?"

"I don't know; I expect I shall, but it's not a good game. I suppose I'm pretty useful, but so are many of these fellows, and some of them a bit more. It's difficult to find out what's going on, and quite easy to make mistakes and lose a lot of money. I've had a bad time lately; indeed, if it hadn't been for meeting that little ass Russington, who thought he could play cards, I should have been hard put to it to get on."

Wynne glanced at his companion. He was easy-going, rather weak, but thoroughly straight, and as Morson mentioned Russington's name he recalled a fleeting doubt which had crossed his mind one evening as he was looking on—he looked on at most things instead of taking a hand—as to whether the business was on the square? The two men were not intimate friends. They had met occasionally in England, and staying at the same hotel had got into the habit of going about together; for Wynne found Morson full of shrewdness and knowledge of the world, and perhaps it suited Morson to consort with such a man as Wynne, of good family, a member of clubs membership of which meant social position.

"*He* shoots well—George Heath," Wynne observed, indicating a well-groomed young Englishman with a pleasant face who was at the moment intent on lighting a cigarette. "Particularly well, considering that he says he doesn't care about it. You and he would make a good match. 'Pon my word I shouldn't know which of you to back! You are really a bit more than the 'useful' you call yourself. I should think you are steadier than he is, but I've seen him shoot quite brilliantly, at game as well as pigeons—we have met at two or three places in England."

Morson looked thoughtful and gently bit the end of his thumb, a habit of his when contemplative.

"I should rather fancy myself, I think. I've had more experience of it than he has, but it wouldn't be a good thing, of course.

I should be quite game to try it, though, all the same. I wonder whether he'd take it on? Who's that just joined him?"

"He's a chap called Sydney, a very good fellow. Rides; you must have seen him?" Wynne answered.

"I don't remember him. He doesn't look a genius," Morson said, in a low voice, for the men were now approaching each other, and perhaps there was a somewhat pronounced expression of innocence on Sydney's face.

"He's no fool, I can tell you!" Wynne had time to rejoin before the pairs met and exchanged casual greetings.

"Good morning!" Heath said. "We're all at our usual occupation, doing nothing! I love the place, wouldn't miss it on any account, but I do get rather bored all the same. There's nothing to do."

"Tables? You can generally do good to the shareholders," Sydney suggested.

"It's so beastly stuffy in the rooms, and I don't much care about a game that's all unmitigated chance," Heath replied.

"You haven't got a system?" Morson suggested.

"No, and I don't expect you have! I can't imagine harder and more exasperating work. I've got a cousin here who sits in that pestilential atmosphere all day long, labouring away at figures. He generally wins a little every time he tries, but now and then things go very wrong and he loses much more than he has carefully collected during the last ten days or so. The steady percentage against you must tell in the long run."

"I like the place, but I get bored, too," Sydney put in. "I always drive to Nice the first day, not because I want to go there but for the sake of something to do, and I must say for the sake of the drive and the scenery. That I never get tired of! Next day I go up to La Turbie and walk down; then I walk round Monaco, go to Mentone and walk back, see a little racing at Nice when there is any, a little pigeon-shooting, and the programme's exhausted."

"I was just saying," Wynne remarked to Heath, "that you and Morson would make a good match at pigeons. I should think from what I've seen you were about as nearly equal as two men well could be. My impression is that you're a trifle the better all-round shot, but that Morson has a slight pull to make up for that, because he's done more pigeon-shooting."

"Yes, the idea struck Wynne, and if you would care about it I'm willing. It would be something to do at any rate," Morson rejoined, "and I certainly do think that chances would be pretty equal."

"Well, I'm not keen about pigeons," Heath answered, "but

it would be something to do, as you say, and I've run through Sydney's programme twice. Some day when the ground's free I'm game if you like."

"Very well, then, that's settled! There's a ground at Eze, but we may as well have it here. What shall we say? 500 a side?" Morson said, "and five-and-twenty birds?"

"I don't mind a bit! Just as you like," Heath affably answered; 500 francs was only £20, and gaining or losing made practically no difference to him.

* * * * *

"I feel like winning this match," Morson observed to Wynne as three days later they strolled down the terrace to the shooting ground. "I suppose some of the men there will want to bet, and you might do worse than back me."

"I hope you'll score, my dear fellow; but I really don't know, and to be quite frank I shouldn't be inclined to risk much money about it. I saw Heath practising yesterday, as I told you, and he was wonderfully dead on them. Good birds they were, real rippers, and scarcely one got away. It will be a good fight, at any rate!"

"All the same I fancy myself; but don't bet if you don't like it," Morson rejoined, with something of a sneer: and they descended the steps, finding Heath, Sydney, and some dozen or more men who had come to look on.

"M. Morson for two hundred franc?" a little Frenchman exclaimed. "I bet M. Morson. Who will have?"

"I'll take you, sir," Sydney replied.

"You are all right, sir. You shall have. M. Sydney, I think? It is the Comte de Ronville, me," and with a bow he presented his card and entered the bet.

"Don't be too rash, my dear fellow. I think it is odds on Morson," Heath said.

"You underrate yourself," Morson put in, as he looked down the barrels of his gun and inserted the cartridges. "I fancy it is a shade of odds on you, and quite expect to have to pay my monkey."

"Monkey?" Heath exclaimed, with surprise. "I thought you suggested 500 francs?"

"Oh, my dear fellow," Morson replied, "I really shouldn't have bothered to shoot for that! When one says '500' one does not mean shillings or less. I've always understood that Englishmen betted in pounds."

Heath was a rich man and a generous one, but far from being a gambler. The money was of small consequence, only he did not care to lose or to win considerable sums. However, if Morson had

meant a monkey he felt that perhaps he ought to let it stand so, since he had accepted the challenge.

"Oh, very well," he answered. "I thought you meant francs, simply because, so far as I know, the prizes here are always calculated in them; but just as you like!"

Wynne's face changed, and he looked at Morson with something between doubt and dissatisfaction, for the match had been mentioned between them, and he retained a strong idea that Morson had regretted the smallness of the stake. It certainly seemed as though the notion of expanding the francs into pounds had been an afterthought.

"Wait a minute!" Sydney suddenly observed to Morson. "You think it is a shade of odds on Heath? I think so, too, and I'll lay you 100 to 80—pounds."

"Oh, I can't resist odds! Yes. Twice?" Morson said.

"Three times if you like?" Sydney suggested.

"Very well, that's 300 to 240 you lay on Heath," and Morson wrote it down, while various other little bets, in francs, were taken and offered by adherents of either man.

Heath had lost the toss for choice of start and was to take the first bird. He walked to the mark, the trap fell, a grand rock darted out like an arrow, and a second afterwards was a little heap of motionless feathers.

"A good start, old boy!" Sydney exclaimed, as the dog brought back the bird.

Morson in turn took his place, raised his gun, the bird flew swiftly forward, to collapse immediately.

"And a good follow!" the little Count who had backed the shooter jubilantly cried.

Again Heath went out. This time the bird after darting forward low down rose and swung like lightning to the right just as the shooter pulled trigger; but a second barrel stopped him, after the pigeon had given one kick he lay motionless, and the dog cantered off to retrieve him. Morson's face was absolutely expressionless as he again prepared himself, and an easy bird gave him no trouble. Heath was less lucky. He hit his third very hard, but had not been quite quick enough in getting on it, and though it fell dead, it dropped just out of bounds. If Morson scored he would have the lead, which is always such a source of confidence to the player at any game; and he made no mistake. Three to two in Morson's favour the score stood, and a grim smile curled his lips.

Heath downed his No. 4, but so did the other; both dealt effectively with No. 5, and Heath's No. 6 looked as if, hard hit, it would repeat the proceeding of No. 3 and fall out of bounds, but it struck

the netting and counted. Morson led by one as he once more stood ready, the trap fell, he fired with his accustomed rapidity and easy action at a fair bird, which flew away apparently untouched, to the shooter's evident astonishment.

"I felt certain I was dead on that one!" he muttered as he went to the balcony, while Heath knocked over his No. 7 before it had got three yards from the trap. As he returned Morson seemed to look at him with an expression of perplexity. They were level, six out of seven each, as Morson went out again and killed. Heath's No. 8 was a repetition of No. 7: the bird dropped almost before it had started on its last journey, and then the trap falling for Morson's shot a regular owl flopped out and seemed to hesitate which way he should go. Morson had snapped off his first barrel and missed; he had calculated that the bird would fly, and it simply fluttered; but he aimed carefully with the second, and the pigeon, apparently not at all disturbed by its novel situation, flew a little way out to sea, turned round, and quietly winged his course to the top of the casino. Heath was now one to the good, for though Morson looked wonderingly at the bird, that did not stop its flight, nor could anyone satisfactorily reply to M. de Ronville's query, "But 'ow come that to be?"

Heath missed his ninth, allowing Morson to catch him, but killed the next five, of which Morson let two escape, to the dismay of his supporters and the anguish of the Count. At twenty Heath led by four, and killing his next two, his opponent again missing, placed the issue beyond doubt.

Morson vainly strove to appear impassive. His lips trembled in spite of his best endeavours to be calm, and he had not been able to repress the looks, half wonderment, half malignity, which he had cast from time to time at the unconscious Heath. There was silence for a moment after he had ineffectually fired his last shot. Then Sydney spoke.

"That was not such a good thing for you as you imagined it to be, Mr. Morson, was it?" he asked, in a curiously significant tone, looking the other very straight in the face. He was either gratuitously offensive or there was a hidden shaft behind his words.

"What do you mean?" Morson angrily replied. "I never thought it a good thing."

"Oh," Sydney observed, as the other men stood round, puzzled at his tone and manner, "I rather thought you imagined that you had a bit up your sleeve—quite a big bit, in fact?"

Morson seemed about to make a furious rejoinder, but there was something in Sydney's steady look which stopped him. He paused, muttered that he would send cheques to the hotel, and turned away.

"Will you dine with us at the Paris this evening, Wynne?" Sydney asked, as Wynne was turning to go with the beaten man. "All right, eight o'clock! I'm very glad that you can come."

"You've been puzzling me a good deal, do you know?" Heath said to his friend as they walked away together down the Condamine, having decided that a quiet stroll round Monaco would be a good way of getting an appetite for dinner. "Why did you speak to Morson in that peculiar way, and why did you so pointedly ask Wynne to dine? I'm glad he's coming, for I like him, but he and Morson seem to go about together, and inviting one in that way is really snubbing the other. I don't think I do like Morson——"

"I'm sure I don't," Sydney replied. "He's a regular wrong 'un, plays a quaintly effective game at cards amongst other things, and had got a beautiful little plant on this afternoon that would have come off, my dear boy, at your expense if I hadn't tumbled to it. That's why I asked Wynne. I wanted him to know that I didn't suspect him of being in it. He's a trifle feeble, but quite straight."

Heath was listening eagerly.

"What do you mean by 'a plant'?" he inquired. "I couldn't help thinking that there was something odd when Morson told me that he had meant a monkey instead of five hundred francs. I thought the match was just to be an hour's amusement, and had no idea of winning or losing anything like money. The way you spoke to him——"

"My dear fellow, I'll tell you all about it," Sydney said. "What the brute meant was five hundred francs unless he imagined he had made it a safe thing, and a monkey if his little dodge came off. I tumbled to it in Nice on Wednesday, quite by a lucky accident. This is how it was: The evening before—Tuesday, that is—I chanced to be going to the station, and on the way through the grounds saw Morson in very earnest conversation with a man whose face I knew, though I couldn't recollect where I had seen him. Morson seemed to be persuading the man to do something—that's how it struck me, perhaps because he was offering the fellow a banknote and the other hesitated about taking it. Next day I went to Nice, as you remember, and at the door of the gunsmith's shop I saw the man—that's how I had known him, for I'd been in the shop once or twice. Something induced me to stop the car at the door and go in; and on the counter I saw two lots of cartridges, one addressed to you and the other to Morson. Then an idea struck me: What could Morson have been wanting our friend to do? Could it have been any dodging about cartridges, I thought! I glanced at the two packages, read the names, and said, 'Ah, I see you have been getting ready for the match. Which will win?' He had no

idea, he replied; both were very good; it was impossible to choose. I wanted to get hold of those cartridges, so I said that I was a friend of yours, it was your car at the door, and if he liked I would take them, also I added while I was about it I might leave Mr. Morson's, he also being a friend—I didn't say 'of sorts.' It saved somebody a journey here, I suppose; at any rate he thanked me and said if I didn't mind the trouble M. Chose, his master, would be very grateful; so I took both lots and brought them to the hotel. I opened the boxes carefully; they were both the same to all appearance, and for the matter of that I had some more of the same, which was lucky, as I wanted to examine a few of those intended for you, and so could fill up from my own supply. Well, I opened a couple and found them all right,opened a third, all right too, a fourth that had seemed to be all right till I investigated, and discovered—no shot! Sawdust or something or other! I had suspected something of the sort. A proportion of stumers had been mixed with the good cartridges, how many of course I couldn't guess. It would not have done to have had too many wrong, you see, for then you would not have killed a bird, and that would have given the show away; but you and Morson were really a good match, all being square, and if he could arrange that a quarter or so of your cartridges were harmless, he had quite enough in hand to make it a certainty for him. I need hardly tell you what I did. A card with your name on it was nailed on your box, one with Morson's on his, and I just changed the cards before I very carefully left his—that is yours—at his hotel. I saw from the brute's face when he missed that easy bird that he began to suspect something, but was at his wits' end to find out what was wrong—he didn't know that I had left the cartridges for him, thought they had been brought straight from the shop by his pal, no doubt. It amused me to watch him picking and choosing afterwards, but of course there was nothing to tell him which was which, and I laid odds on you! I won't touch his beastly money, of course; at least, I'll take it, but I shall send it on to an old aunt of mine who's a whale at charities—if I ever get it, that's to say, for it won't surprise me if those cheques he talked of never come along."

After dinner Wynne heard the gist of the story, and was quite ready to believe it, for having gone to Morson's room before leaving the hotel, he had found him in the midst of a heap of cartridges, the contents of which he had evidently been investigating. His temper was diabolical, Wynne said, and his manner had been so offensive that they had parted on terms which gave Wynne a perfect excuse, had he needed one, for terminating the acquaintance; but next day Morson had disappeared.

A VILLAGE PIER—THE ARRIVAL OF THE MAIL BOAT IS A GREAT EVENT

A REPUBLICAN KINGDOM

BY MRS. AUBREY LE BLOND

(With Illustrations from her Photographs)

NORWAY presents the unique and interesting spectacle of a kingdom which nearly always has been a kingdom and yet is so like a republic that one cannot help looking upon it as such. A kingdom where there is no titled aristocracy, no distinction of class beyond what comes from money, learning, or the renown earned by the traveller or author, and yet a kingdom with a young English Queen as the first lady in the land, seems so upside down to our ideas that its future under the new *régime* will be an extremely interesting one to watch.

The British tourist loyally follows wherever his Sovereign leads the way, and the projected tour this summer of our King and Queen will doubtless introduce many to the northern playground who have never yet braved the uncertainties of the North Sea.

The first time I crossed the North Sea it was calm. A man on board—an old fisherman—told me he had crossed nineteen times, and had never had it calm before. Slightly put off, I continued to cross

about seven times more, and never had it rough, which goes to prove the uncertainty of the North Sea, and suggests that bad sailors had better lay in a stock of Yanitas—a remedy that keeps me perfectly well even in the Mediterranean, where I have never had it calm.

To the traveller there is more than one Norway. There is the Norway of the tourist steamer, where he sees all the best bits of coast scenery from the deck of his yacht, in the intervals of hasty meals in the palatial saloon. Indeed, the whole of the twenty-four hours is given up to sight-seeing and eating, for neither time nor the continued daylight allows him to sleep.

Then there is the Norway of the fisherman, another Norway

A TYPICAL BIT OF NORWEGIAN COAST—THE POST BOAT COMES OUT WITH THE MAILS TO THE STEAMER

altogether. The fisherman reaches his river by the quickest mail and express steamers he can catch. He has his paper sent to him every day, and at the end of a month twenty-six unopened copies of the journal confront him when he begins to pack. He lays in huge stores of coffee and tinned meats and whisky and cigars at the most important town near his quarters, and he invariably returns home by a steamer which may be spelt the *Lyre* and is certainly pronounced so, though its real name is *Eldorado*.

Lastly, there is a third traveller's Norway, and this is my Norway, the Norway of the climber, a Norway known to so comparatively few that the majority very naturally do not want to hear anything about it. The Norway that interests them is the

coast Norway, and this I feel sure they will see in vast numbers during the present year.

And it is well worth their while thus to break fresh ground without further delay. Every season the big towns of Norway add to themselves more and more stone-built houses, and take on more and more the characteristics of other large towns. But the villages, the little northern hamlets, still preserve their national features, and the further the traveller advances Arcticwards, the more does he realise that he is no longer at home.

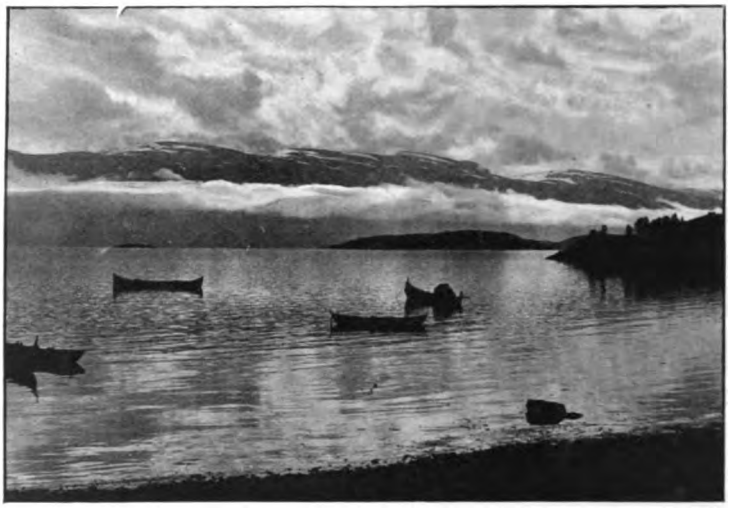
The first time Norway is visited by the sightseer without any

PICKING UP THE PILOT

special object he might do worse than make his trip in a tourist steamer. He will thus get an excellent bird's-eye view of the country, and be saved all trouble. On a future visit he will know exactly where to go, and few who travel to Norway once do not go again.

It must not be forgotten, however, that those who absolutely refuse to face the North Sea can avoid it altogether and travel practically the whole way to Norway overland. The London mail is sent this way, so it will be seen that it is not longer than by sea,

and though of course more expensive and to most people more tiring, the really bad sailor will prefer to travel by train. The route



IN A NORWEGIAN FJORD—CLEARING AFTER RAIN

is *viâ* Dover, Calais, Brussels, Cologne, Hamburg, and Kiel, whence the Great Belt, a nearly land-locked sheet of water, is crossed to

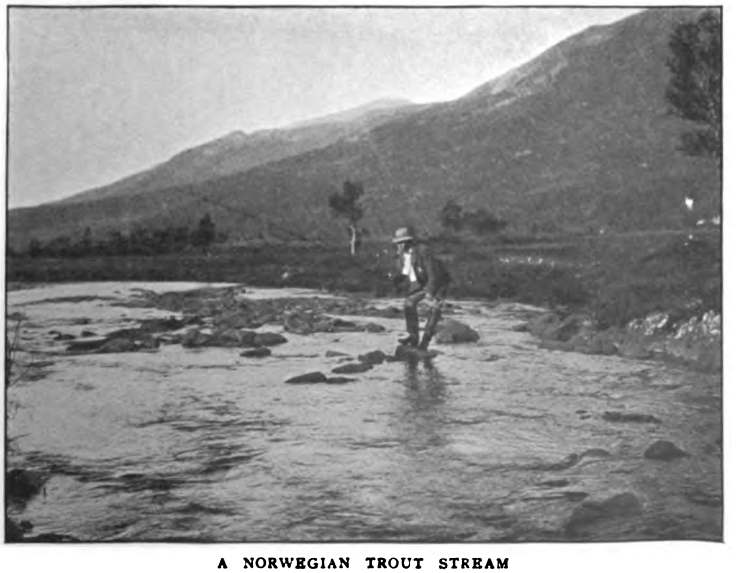
THE ROMSDALSHORN, ONE OF THE MOST FAMOUS OF NORWEGIAN MOUNTAINS

Korsär. Thence by train to Copenhagen and Christiania. Copenhagen is reached on the evening of the day after quitting London,

and Christiania is nineteen hours further. From Christiania to Trondhjem there is a narrow-gauge railway in seventeen hours.

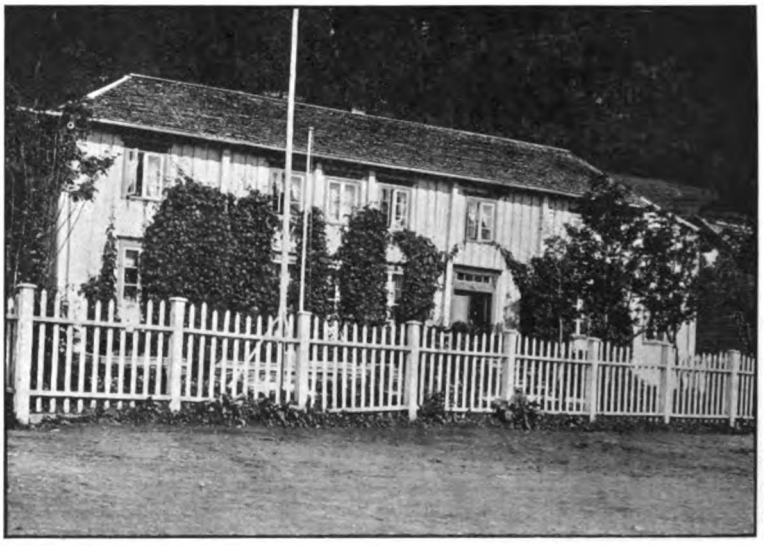
ONE OF THE ABORIGINES—A LAPP

The Norwegian railway and steamboat officials usually speak some English, and English is understood in the shops, so travellers

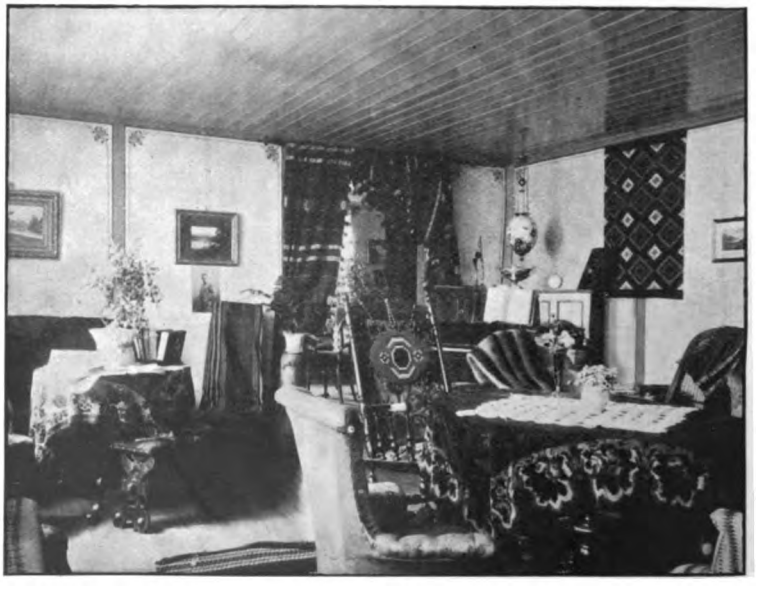


A NORWEGIAN TROUT STREAM

will have no difficulty with the language. Nor is the coinage hard to understand, for a krone is worth rather more than a shilling



A TYPICAL NORWEGIAN HOUSE, BELONGING TO A WELL-TO-DO FAMILY.
THIS HOUSE IS 200 MILES WITHIN THE ARCTIC CIRCLE



A TYPICAL NORWEGIAN INTERIOR.

The large quantity of needlework on walls, chairs, etc., shows how the long winter is turned to account. The house is entirely of wood.

(18 kroner = £1) and 100 öre go to a krone. The prices in hotels are about the same as in Switzerland or Italy in large towns, and far less in the smaller places, where the great friendliness of the people and their supreme honesty make a stay amongst them very delightful. The farmers and their wives, even in some of the quite small places, are often extremely well educated and cultivated, and it is difficult to adjust one's mental focus at first when brought into contact with them. These people often take boarders, whom they make very comfortable, and if there is a little fishing in the neighbourhood a pleasant and remarkably inexpensive holiday can be had by putting up at one of these remote homesteads. Absolute cleanliness, the greatest civility, and an unimaginably small demand on the purse-strings will in nearly all cases be found in the less-frequented parts of this neighbourly kingdom.

"OUGHT TO HAVE WON"

BY "RAPIER."

FEW phrases are more preposterously misused than that which heads this page. Scarcely any race is fought out, indeed, that does not give rise to the assertion. In the opinion of a large number of those who had pecuniary interest in the success of the second horse, this animal "ought to have won" beyond all question, not improbably, they will maintain, by several lengths; and the critics usually have some caustic remarks to make about the most suitable avocation for the jockey who from their point of view has exhibited such grotesque incapacity. But the history of racing most undoubtedly does afford innumerable instances of the victories of animals who were beyond all shadow of doubt inferior to those whom they beat. This, one supposes, is the "glorious uncertainty of the Turf," a phrase the general acceptance of which it is difficult to understand, for there is nothing glorious about a result which is manifestly wrong, about the defeat of the better horse and the consequent triumph of the worse? Men will bet, however; they always have done so, and human nature changes little. Sometimes they back horses and win, fortunes *have* been made on the racecourse; infinitely more often they lose; for every fortune acquired by backing horses it is probable that ninety-nine have been squandered, and it may at least have the salutary effect of steadying the enthusiast, and preventing him from risking more than he can afford to lose, if a few notable examples are set forth of horses who undoubtedly "ought to have won."

The horse that carries off the Two Thousand Guineas as a rule establishes a great reputation. He is a "classic winner," and as such

stands out. The difference between success and failure may be a few inches, but no lustre of victory is reflected on the animal that is just beaten by that paltry margin; and yet on several occasions during the last few years it is exceedingly doubtful whether the best horse has won this important race—is, indeed, in certain cases practically certain that it has not done so: something else "ought to have won." Last season, for instance, Gorgos carried off the prize for Mr. Arthur James, one of the best and most popular of sportsmen, the success of whose lilac jacket is invariably welcome to all classes of racegoers. Gorgos won by a head from Sancy, Ramrod was a neck behind, and Beppo close up fourth. Now Gorgos, who started at 20 to 1, had all the luck of the race; for nearing home Ramrod suddenly swerved, lost a very great deal more than the trifle by which he was beaten, and left the finish to the other two. Of these Sancy was short of a few gallops; had he been only just a very little fitter he would surely have gained at least a length or two, it must have meant *that*, and there were many careful observers who maintain that with a little luck—that is to say, the avoidance of a little bad luck—Beppo would have been first instead of fourth. A highly significant fact is, indeed, recorded in the *Calendar*: *thrice* subsequently Gorgos and Beppo met, and on all three occasions Beppo beat Gorgos—in the Derby, in the Eclipse, and in the Leger.

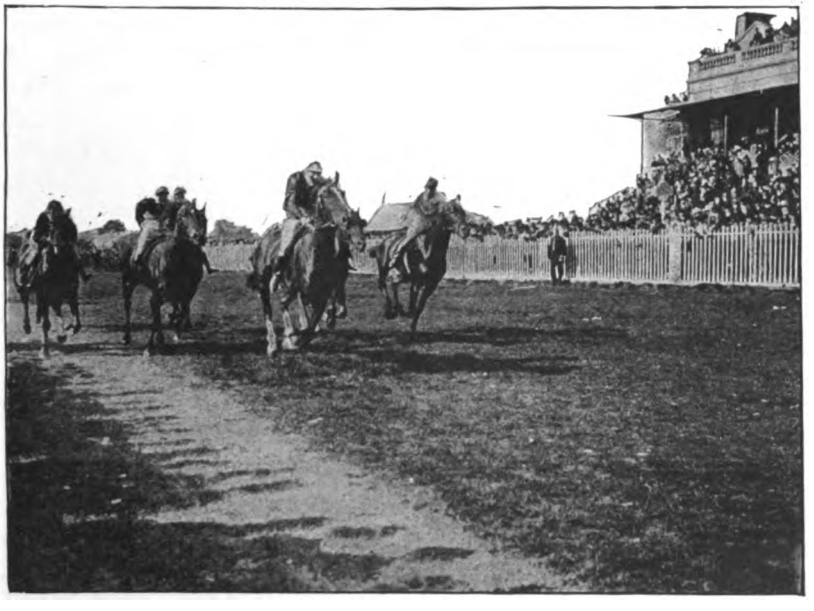
Going back a couple of years we find St. Amant's name as victor, John o' Gaunt second. Mr. Leopold de Rothschild's colt was favourite, and it may be urged in his favour that he won the Derby with John o' Gaunt again behind him. There are, nevertheless, those who hold the unshakable conviction that of all unlucky horses the son of Isinglass and La Flèche was the unluckiest. His trials showed him to be nothing less than a great horse, certainly something better than merely a good one, and the story of his public performances has been so frequently and recently related that it would be tedious to dwell upon it. "Badly off" is the remark attached to his name in *Ruff's Guide*—the *Calendar* gives results without comment—and he was so hopelessly left at Newmarket on that 27th of April that the wonder is, not that he failed, but that he was second in front of a dozen others. During his three seasons on the Turf St. Amant won £23,038 in stakes; he was probably a better horse than he was credited with being, but Sir John Thursby's colt was out of the Two Thousand from the start, and Mr. George Thursby has told me that at Epsom, terrified by the thunderstorm, his mount never really did anything approaching to his best—and yet was second, beaten no more than three lengths.

To return to the Two Thousand, however, we find Handicapper landing a 33 to 1 chance, and whatever "ought to have won," surely

he ought not? The odds against him seemed perfectly reasonable in view of the manner in which he had performed in a minor handicap at the Craven Meeting. Going on to Epsom for the Derby he was not in the first ten, he did not win again during the year, failed every time as a four-year-old, was once successful as a five. "False-run race" is doubtless the explanation of the first classic of that season, as it was in the case of Enthusiast, who created even greater amazement by beating Donovan. I have previously, though not in these pages, quoted the explanation of Tom Cannon, Enthusiast's jockey. Pioneer had seemed the only possible danger to the Duke of Portland's famous horse, and the jockeys of the two, John Watts and George Barrett, watched each other, thinking of nothing else. Meanwhile Cannon waited to swoop down upon them if there were half a fraction of a chance. "They had two little races all to themselves some distance from the post," he observed, "and when they were starting on a third I thought I would join in!" There was—and is—something in waiting; the now almost universally eulogised business of "coming through" serves its purposes on occasions, but had Enthusiast endeavoured to do this here what chance could he possibly have had? The result of that Two Thousand is considered to have been about 21 lb. wrong.

We have talked of four races for this classic stake; a fifth was the disaster of 1888. Ayrshire was a good colt, Seabreeze was a good filly; he won in stakes £35,900, she accumulated a total of £24,266; but their inferiority to Friar's Balsam was really hard to calculate in pounds. I remember travelling to Ascot on the morning of the race for the New Stakes of 1887 with a now distinguished soldier who in less busy days used to devote himself to racing, and who chanced to know all that went on at Kingsclere. I had also heard the trial, and we both agreed that it was altogether too good to be true. We watched the race from the top of the Iron Stand, however, and saw Friar's Balsam literally canter home. Tom Cannon was not much given to looking about him, but he had nothing else to do except watch the futile efforts of S. Loates and Wood to get near him. Seabreeze was a bad second, Ayrshire a very bad third; and twice afterwards that year Seabreeze toiled home behind her Ascot conqueror. What, then, ought to have won the Two Thousand next year with Friar's Balsam and Ayrshire in the field? The betting was 3 to 1 on the former, 8 to 1 against the latter, and the ring seemed to be dealing liberally, but—the tale is trite—on the way to the post Friar's Balsam's jockey found that there was something wrong with his horse's mouth: a big abscess had indeed formed, and it broke before the flag fell; but though temporarily incapacitated Friar's Balsam recovered enough to canter home from

no less a horse than Minting in the following October. Had all gone well with Friar's Balsam I have always believed that there is doubt as to whether Ormonde would have been supposed to share with St. Simon the claim to highest rank. The sixth case is that of Paradox and the Chopette colt, afterwards called Crafton. On the book, if one searches it, I am quite aware that Paradox seems a very long way in front of the other; but that afternoon at Newmarket nothing is more certain than that if Archer on Paradox had not bumped and diverted Crafton from his course the short head would have been the other way, if Crafton had not won a length or so. There were reasons why Captain Machell, who managed for the then Mr. Gerard, owner of Crafton, would not object to Archer;



WINNING COMFORTABLY

that explains why the flagrant case was allowed to pass, but little doubt was entertained that had an objection been lodged it must have proved fatal, and that Crafton ought to have won, notwithstanding the 3 to 1 on Paradox. Here, then, are just half a dozen recent instances from the records of one race during a short period.

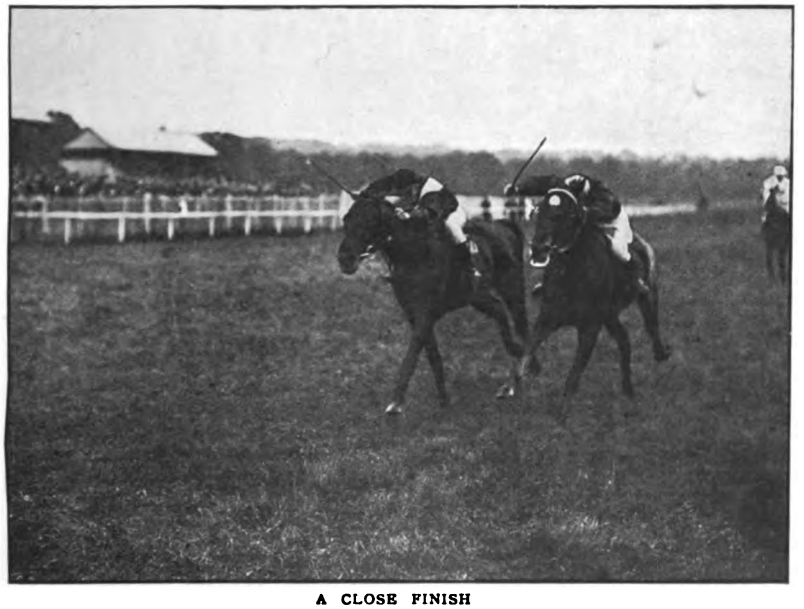
The Derby! Nothing can be more certain than that Lord Rosebery's third victory would never have been achieved with Cicero had Jardy been within measurable distance of his best. The son of Flying Fox arrived from France all to pieces from a severe attack of fever, and M. Blanc kept putting off the decision as to whether or not to run. At the eleventh hour he made up his mind that the

colt should take his chance, and, wreck as he was, he finished within three-quarters of a length of Cicero. As to his having been a wreck as just alleged, there can be no shadow of doubt. Many of us saw him when he returned to the weighing enclosure with a discharge from his nostrils that was not nice to see and would not be nice to describe. Fit and well, Jardy must have won. Of St. Amant the previous year I have just written. In my racing experience I have known three samples of "impossible" weather: the afternoon when the Cambridgeshire was postponed, and Hackness left to win next day; the day of Grudon's National, run in a blizzard with three or four inches of snow on the ground; and the crashing thunderstorm at Epsom three years since. The hooded St. Amant was protected in a great measure; the fury of the elements—I hope this is not inflated language, but the storm was really furious and terrific—seemed to frighten him home and to frighten the others from trying to get there. The Jeddah result in 1898 may have been right. I had private reasons for very special interest in Disraeli, and why he, a really good horse on the 27th of April—he won the Two Thousand with ease—should have degenerated into a worthless plater or worse—for a plater is understood to be an animal that wins plates, and Disraeli never looked like winning anything after Newmarket—on the 25th of May (having gone on perfectly well and in every way satisfied his trainer in the interim) has remained for me one of the great puzzles of a puzzling game. We will pass Jeddah, 100 to 1; but La Flèche!

The betting on the Derby of 1892 seemed to estimate the situation as correctly as it well could be foreshadowed: 11 to 10 La Flèche, 100 to 9 Rueil, a French colt who might be a good animal, 100 to 8 Bonavista—the Two Thousand winner nearly always has a following—40 to 1 Sir Hugo. To call Sir Hugo moderate would be to pay him the fullest compliment he can be held to deserve; La Flèche won £34,585 in stakes and was better than good: yet Sir Hugo beat her. Surely she ought to have won? What ought to have done so in Sainfoin's year is a subject about which opinions will always differ. Surefoot upset everything by savaging one after another of the horses he got near, but in each of the five years from 1880 to 1884 a very little thing would have altered results, and some of these results appear altogether wrong. The story of Bend Or's Derby is too well worn to be repeated. Archer frightened Rossiter out of it. With anything like equal jockeyship Robert the Devil would have won comfortably, but when Rossiter saw Archer coming he seemed to be quite paralysed. Next year Peregrine, winner of the Two Thousand, broke down, and so danger to Iroquois was removed. In 1882 Bruce's jockey destroyed his chance by sweeping round Tattenham

Corner as if he proposed a visit to some part of Surrey remote from the Grand Stand. I suppose the horse that "ought to win" is the one who arrives first unless some accident or malicious design has marred the prospects of another, and as the combination of skill and opportunity which enabled Wood to get the rails and just screw home on St. Blaise came off, there is little to be said (that could be said with advantage) about Highland Chief and St. Galliard in 1883. The race gave rise to a great deal of talk, irresponsible talk, and discussion of it is best left alone.

Then came a "real good thing," the fourth filly that was to have carried off the Derby, Queen Adelaide; and what about "ought to have won" here? This was the year of the dead heat—and the



A CLOSE FINISH

dead heat is understood to have been entirely due to the fact that St. Gatien was shin-sore. How this may have been I do not know, not having the privilege of his owner's confidence; but I do know that Captain Machell supposed Queen Adelaide could scarcely be beaten, and he was a fine judge in the eighties, strangely as he lost his discrimination in later days. The filly had always been reckoned a long way better than Harvester; she started at 5 to 2, he at 100 to 7. Of course there was little in it again between Melton and Paradox in the fifth consecutive year—a short head, with Archer riding the most desperate of races on Lord Hastings's son of Master Kildare; but as to this, let us be strictly just and admit that Webb likewise rode his hardest finish

and he was a wonderfully powerful jockey, on Paradox. I am not trying to make things fit into my theories and bear out my arguments. Webb made mistakes, one of them at Ascot, when he was beaten a head and ought to have won several lengths—4 to 1 on the horse that should have cantered home was an unforgettable blow—but in this Derby of 1885 it was not a question of jockeyship. Webb showed himself, I think, as good as Archer, but Melton was a head better than Paradox.

There do not seem to have been any notable instances of a wrong result in the Oaks of late years, with the exception of the Sibola catastrophe when Musa won. Victories here have as a rule been decisive, though of course The Smew in 1892 ought not to have got to La Flèche's head. In the other fillies' classic, however, the One Thousand, there is ground for query in some cases, and for the assertion in others, that animals that were beaten ought to have won.

Briar-root beat Seabreeze in 1888, but no one now supposes that the winner was the better of the two, or doubts that she was many pounds the worse. In the Oaks the beautiful chestnut had it all her own way, Briar-root unplaced, and subsequently Briar-root won one unimportant race in six attempts, while Seabreeze won the Leger and three other stakes in half a dozen starts as a three-year-old, and certainly ought to have taken one of the remaining two—that is when Phil beat her at Ascot. Briar-root won three races during her entire career; Seabreeze accumulated £24,266 in stakes. Memoir was at any rate much better than Semolina who beat her in 1890, but on this occasion the Duke of Portland declared to win with his home-bred one. As for the One Thousand of 1893 Dame President started a hot favourite at 3 to 1, her stable companion Siffleuse was on offer at 33's, and beat the good thing a short head!

The Leger is the last of the classics. When Throstle won in 1894 she was considered by owner and trainer to be anything from 14 lb. to 21 lb. behind her stable companion Matchbox, and surely this result was wrong? Doricles beat Volodyovski at Doncaster in 1901, 6 to 5 on the second, 40 to 1 against the winner. In the Derby Doricles had been beaten out of a place, finished seventh; at Kempton after the Leger the two met and Volodyovski beat his Doncaster conqueror. I cannot believe that Challacombe would have had much chance with Llangibby but that the winner of the next year's Eclipse hurt himself while being saddled, and we shall probably see this year whether Troutbeck should have beaten Keystone II.

I am not going back to remote periods. I do not fancy it can interest readers to discuss archaic events, but the story of a

race at Stockbridge many years ago is too pertinent to be omitted, notwithstanding that I have told it previously, and that reference is made to it in Custance's book. What ought to have won on the occasion is uncertain, but assuredly not the winner. Fisherman, a famous stayer, who went about the country picking up Queen's Plates, was entered, as was one of the other two or three animals that threatened more or less danger when he was present. William Day had engaged a horse of his own named Nimrod. Three runners were required by the conditions of the race, and Fisherman's owner was anxious to know whether Nimrod was going to start. William Day replied in the negative. What was the use? His could not

ROUND THE BEND

have the remotest chance, and there was no good in sending him on a hopeless errand. Fisherman's owner offered to pay the entry if Nimrod was started; but that was no temptation, Day replied. Presently the Fisherman representative gave Nimrod's owner a pony to run. Soon after this had been settled the owner of the other approached Day with a question similar to that first put, and received the same reply. There was no good in sending out Nimrod against two horses that could not fail to lose him, and finally the second owner also paid the entry and another pony. The three went to the post. Nimrod's jockey had been simply told to come along, as there seemed no object in giving him any definite orders.

When the flag fell the riders of the other two followed side by side till some half-mile from home, when they began to watch each other, both careful to note what his opponent was about, and to prevent him from getting first run. To the inferior Nimrod neither paid any attention. William Day, however, perceived what was going on, saw that his horse had a long lead, and running to the rails he shouted to his boy to ride his hardest. Then the other two began to understand that they were a long way behind, set off in pursuit, but were just too late to catch the leader, who won a neck; William Day thus securing the stake, having his entrance fee paid twice over, and £50 besides.

Nor can I omit that other tale of the Cambridgeshire of 1871. There was a certainty that year, the story goes: Allbrook, ridden by Jarvis, the present trainer; and Tom Cannon—it was from him that I heard the anecdote—had backed it to win a good stake: in those days the rule forbidding jockeys to bet had not been made. George Fordham, who always shared lodgings with Tom Cannon, had a strong fancy for his mount, Sabinus; and there had been much chaff between the two friends on the subject, Fordham declaring his inability to see why Allbrook was regarded as so extraordinarily good, and Cannon deriding the claims of Sabinus. Cannon was not riding in the race. He watched it on his hack from a spot near the winning-post, saw Allbrook out by himself with a lead of many lengths, and, convinced that he could never be caught, turned his horse's head and cantered off home, for it was very cold. When Fordham came in after racing he found his friend sitting over the fire, and the chaff was resumed. What about Allbrook not being a good thing now? He had done just what was expected of him in winning in a canter, and how ridiculous it had been to suppose that Sabinus had a chance! Tom Cannon "rubbed it in" all dinner time, Fordham deprecatingly remarking that everyone made mistakes sometimes, and he was wrong on occasions like the rest of the world. After dinner, however, some visitors came to call, and one of them sorely perplexed Tom Cannon by congratulating Fordham on the wonderful race he had ridden. Wonderful, Cannon at first supposed it must be, because he had got so near—at least apparently he had not been beaten by *very* many lengths. But the visitor's observations grew more and more cryptic from Cannon's point of view. They seemed, indeed, to have an incredible significance, and at length he was driven bluntly to ask what had happened. "Oh, I just got up and won a head," was Fordham's quiet reply; and though there was a lot of humour in the situation, it was not quite the sort of humour that Tom Cannon had imagined.

Allbrook ought to have won, but a confident boy was outridden

by a great jockey; and coming to more recent times, what ought to have won the Cambridgeshires of 1897 and 1898? In the former year Sloan on St. Cloud II was convinced he had the race in hand, and if he did not actually ease his horse he supposed that he had done all that was necessary and made no final effort. The wide course deceived him, and though he could not believe that he had been beaten a head by the 25 to 1 chance Comfrey, that was the judge's verdict—to most of us looking on no surprise would have been occasioned if the judge had hoisted the number not only of either, but of Sandia or Cortegar, for it was a question of heads between four, and where Sloan's comfortable conviction came from I could never understand.

GOODWOOD

Next year something went wrong with the start. The fancied horses were, several of them, hopelessly left; Georgic, 40 to 1, got away in front and stayed there. How wrong this race must have been received speedy proof. On the Wednesday Georgic gave Nunsuch 8lb. and the King's mare was not in the first dozen. On the Friday in the Old Cambridgeshire they met again, this time Georgic was giving only 4lb. more, the weights being Georgic 7 st. 12lb., Nunsuch 7 st., and the latter won in a canter by ten lengths. She would have beaten the other at even weights, and, as pointed out, in the Cambridgeshire proper Georgic was giving 8lb. Obviously Georgic ought not to have won the great Houghton Meeting handicap.

I have been wondering which was the most obvious and glaring instance of a wrong result that I can call to mind, and I fancy it was in the Stewards' Cup of 1888. Bismarck was a colt of amazing speed, and with 7 st. 12 lb. was regarded as handicapped to win this race easily. How right his friends were in their belief seemed to be proved when at the distance he was out by himself in front of a more than useful field. Warne, who rode, knew how good the horse was, and was (prematurely) delighted to feel what a shocking example he was making of the opposition. Instead of attending to business and letting Bismarck carry him home he turned round to grin derisively at his followers; and as he did so the colt suddenly swerved, shooting right across the course as if he were bent on going into the stands. Warne lost his head, clumsily endeavoured to repair the mischief, but, before he could straighten his mount, Tib vigorously driven in pursuit, having been backed for a place, reached the post first by a short head. Had Warne ridden his horse reasonably he must have won by several lengths. Going on to Lewes Bismarck with 8 st. 11 lb. on his three-year-old back, Watts up this time, comfortably won the De Warrenne Handicap, giving 2 st. 3 lb. to the second, a four-year-old who was fancied, and giving 1 st. 10 lb. to that useful mare The Shrew, who was fourth; he then finished third for the Cambridgeshire, and second for the Liverpool Autumn Cup, giving Lady Rosebery no less a weight than 30 lb.

Two years before this another disaster had happened in the Goodwood Stakes, when the Duke of Beaufort's Winter Cherry, started only to make running for the then Lord Hartington's Sir Kenneth, stuck to it and won, Sir Kenneth's jockey not going after the leader till too late: but this story I have already told in detail.

Among those who admit that *Zinfandel* ought to have won the Ascot Cup of 1904 is Mornington Cannon, who rode the horse. His record is so brilliant that he could well afford in any case to admit a mistake, but apart from this he has always been the most conscientious of professional horsemen. People forget quickly, and many racegoers may not improbably be oblivious of Mornington Cannon's achievements, recent as they are. In 1891 he headed the list of winning jockeys with 137 successes, in 1892 with 182, in 1893 T. Loates came first with 222, but he followed with 168; next year he was again at the head with 167, three better than T. Loates; in 1895 with 184, eighteen in front of the same rider, and in 1896 the figures were Cannon 164, Loates 156. In 1897 he came first with 145, and next year was an excellent second, beaten by three. But in the Ascot Cup, thinking that he had only to account for Sceptre, he took no notice of Throwaway, a 20 to 1 chance in a field of four, and

Mr. Frank Alexander's moderate horse, brilliantly ridden by Lane, accomplished the incredible. They met subsequently in the Jockey Club Cup, when Throwaway was fifth of five and *Z*infandel beat Bachelor's Button easily by four lengths. Throwaway was supposed to have been left, but Maher was on his back, and there is time to retrieve a little mistake over the Cesarewitch distance; and how moderate Throwaway was he further demonstrated in the King's Plate at Derby, two miles, where Hammerkop and Rondeau both readily disposed of him. I believe also that, let us say with a little luck, *Z*infandel as a three-year-old would have won the Cesarewitch of 1903. The course was extraordinarily heavy. *Z*infandel had the misfortune to get into some boggy ground, which lost him several lengths, and he was only beaten three parts of a length, giving Grey Tick 1 st. 9 lb. and weight for age, which makes 2 st. 9 lb. The jockey, I think, delayed his effort. He frankly admitted that when he asked for it the horse had much more in him than he had supposed.

A horribly wrong result which I can never forget came to pass in the National Breeders' Foal Stakes of £5,000 at Sandown in 1895. Santa Maura was believed to be a really high-class filly, and had been tried so well that the race seemed a gift for her. I remember the details, for I tried to get out on her after a cruelly bad week, and had backed her for one of the largest stakes I ever ventured. In the race was a colt that it would have been a compliment to call moderate; he was bad at the best, and had been unsound. Emsworth was his name, Captain (as he then was) Harry McCalmont owned him and seemed surprised that Captain Machell and Jewitt had thought it worth while to produce him for such a race, as he told me when, trying to find out the precise strength of all the runners, we discussed the prospect. I was surprised to get 3 to 1 against Santa Maura, should not have been astonished if odds had been asked for, and so far as I could make out from the stand she won about a neck. Captain McCalmont was in a mild way pleased that his had run so well, though Emsworth was a sort of beast he took no particular interest in, and he could not believe his eyes when he saw the creature's number hoisted. But so it was: Emsworth had won a short head! He ran five times afterwards and was badly beaten; Santa Maura won the rich Prince of Wales's Stakes at Goodwood, and started favourite for the Champagne at Doncaster. Next year Emsworth ran wretchedly half a dozen times, was put into a selling plate and beaten there; no one claimed him, and put into another seller he won, to be sold for 260 guineas; Santa Maura was beaten a short head by the King's filly Thais for the One Thousand, and a short head again by Regret, who had been backed to beat Persimmon and

St. Frusquin. I think we may safely say that Emsworth ought never to have won at Sandown.

So high an opinion is entertained of Flying Fox's merits that at first sight one might suppose he should not have been beaten by Caiman in the Middle Park Plate; but examination of the form renders this uncertain. I expect that Flying Fox was better as a three-year-old than as a two. He and Caiman were equal favourites for the Middle Park, where the Kingsclere colt was giving 3 lb. Next year it is true that Flying Fox beat Caiman comfortably in the Two Thousand and in the Leger, but these were the only races Caiman lost during the season, and he won just half a dozen in between. For the idea that Flying Fox ought to have won there seems no definite ground. In another Middle Park, too, when Flotsam beat Rock Sand, the result is often put down as wrong. Rock Sand, however, seems to have been a curious horse to ride. Maher had previously always been up on him, but in the Middle Park of 1902 he was claimed for Flotsam, and Lane did not get on well with the son of Sainfoin. What was the current opinion the betting showed—evens Rock Sand, 6 to 1 Flotsam; but in the Middle Park Greatorex beat Rock Sand two lengths at even weights, in the Dewhurst a fortnight later Rock Sand gave Greatorex 3 lb. and beat him more than three lengths, so that it certainly looks as if the former ought to have won the Middle Park.

It will be seen that I have taken only famous horses and big races. In minor events with boys and indifferent jockeys up results are often wrong in consequence of bad riding, and I have omitted all consideration of races to which suspicion may possibly attach—in which, to put it mildly, one or more of the competitors was "not busy." In the events discussed, so far as I am aware, there is only one—I will not indicate it—that provoked any approach to a scandal, and I have never believed the story that was told about a certain famous jockey not wanting to win. Had he not wanted to do so he would surely have been much further away at the finish. From what appears in the preceding pages, however, the student of racing will see how often the unexpected happens, and that what there has been the best of reasons to expect confidently does not come off. A horse may have completed an uninterrupted preparation to the perfect satisfaction of owner and trainer, may have done all that was asked him when tried, have gone to the post carrying the conviction of his friends that this time they have a real good thing; their belief may appear sound by all the rules that govern the game, and yet disaster may ensue. Certainties on paper not seldom prove anything but certainties on the racecourse, and many horses are beaten when they "ought to have won."

THE MOST PERFECT COMBINATION ROD TO DATE

BY NICHOLAS EVERITT

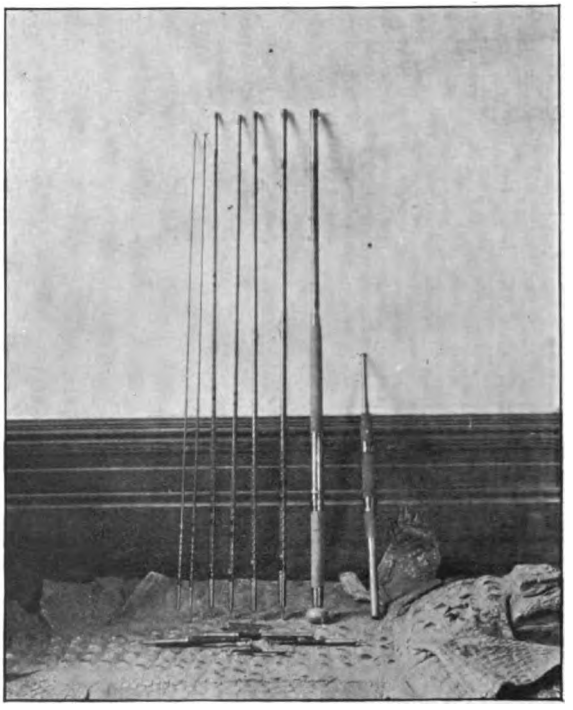
Author of "Broadland Sport"

GOOD practical fishermen can generally get along with any kind of tackle, provided better cannot be obtained. It is the duffer only who cannot fish unless he has every requisite of the latest pattern, and who thus becomes the main support of the manufacturer. An old hand in a boat with a pole, a ball of string, and a hook, may safely be backed to beat any novice with the most perfect outfit that money can buy. But many of the old hands are fastidious, especially those whose purse permits the indulgence of every whim. Yet, the better the angler the less paraphernalia does he accumulate.

The man who favours one class of fishing only has an easy task in the selection of his rods, but to the man who favours all and every branch, or to him who travels far and in many lands, the question of rods and gear becomes a vexatious and a troublous problem. By consulting his friends he adds to his confusion. Each recommends the rod and its accompaniment which he in particular most fancies, whilst all seem unanimous that a combination rod may answer for one or two branches of fishing, but that for all-round sport such a thing does not exist and cannot be made. The manufacturers and retailers are the more emphatic in this. "My dear sir, what you suggest is not a new idea. We have heard it advocated ever since we started in business, but we have never yet known anything of the kind to succeed, or even to approach success." Argument on this point seems useless. It makes the opponent the more stubborn. For salmon, two rods are recommended; often three; for trout, the same number; for pike, perch, roach, and

bream, a different rod respectively. Whilst whoever heard of one of the above-mentioned rods being used, or being fit to be used if so desired, for sea fishing?

To attempt a combination for all those objects mentioned would be considered preposterous and only a waste of money, because such a rod when made would be assumed to be cumbersome, unwieldy, misbalanced, and practically useless for anything at all. The writer does not, however, admit that the word "can't" exists in the English vocabulary, and he has visited several firms which declined to entertain an order on the ground that their reputation would



ALL THE PARTS OF THE COMBINATION ROD

suffer by the result. Others have laughed at him, suggesting that he did not know what he was talking about—"proposing to them the impossible." Yet he persisted and worked on alone, building up ideas from a wide and varied experience which was entirely practical, the theoretical side springing more from a vivid imagination than from text books. The trouble was to enlist the sympathy and assistance of a good maker who had sufficient faith in the project to undertake the order in such a manner that he would turn out the best work and not be disheartened by the initial difficulties which appeared insurmountable.

The idea was to obtain a salmon rod or rods which could be used for flies, spinning, and trolling; three trout rods varying in length, weight, and resilience; a pike rod; also a rod that could be used for perch, roach, and bream; and finally a rod for sea-fishing. All these rods were wanted in one, and in one case, which would be portable by boat and rail, by cart, pack-horse, or bicycle; and if possible, to fit within an extra large double gun-case. No small order, my masters; but ten years of thought, of ceaseless experiment, and inquiry from all interested in the subject of rods, has produced a result the accomplishment of which one and all who had been consulted had declared could never be effected except by a miracle. Some of the desired requirements were easily met, but to be able to fit a 13-oz. fly-rod from the joints of a 2-lb. salmon-rod, and to obtain resilience, deflection, and balance in both, in such proportions that the rod was neither too slow nor on the other hand too quick in actual use, was a task that was thrice left long in abeyance before its solution was reached. Most probably it never would have been reached but that in its maker was found a valuable assistant, who, although he at first twice refused the order until certain difficulties had been swept aside, afterwards brought his theoretical knowledge to bear, which, combined with perseverance and enthusiasm, rapidly pushed on the final stages to a successful issue.

The rod is now an established fact, and its practical utility has stood long and severe tests. All the joints are contained in an ordinary cloth rod-case, weighing together 50 oz., or just over 3 lb. Each joint is built of double split cane properly spliced, ringed, bound and fitted with the most up-to-date improvements. The lengths are short solely in order that the rod may be packed in the gun-case before referred to.

The separate component parts are twelve in number, and weigh and measure respectively as set forth in the following table :—

Number.	Description.	Length.	Weight.
I	Butt joint	3 ft. 5½ in.	17½ ounces
II	Second joint	,, ,,	7 ,,
III	Third joint	,, ,,	4¾ ,,
IV	Fourth joint } Duplicates {	,, ,,	3 ,,
IV	Fourth joint }	,, ,,	3 ,,
V	Top joint (stiff)	,, ,,	1 ,,
VI	Top joint (light)	,, ,,	⅞ ,,
VII	Reversible butt	1 ft. 10 in.	8 ,,
VIII	Dummy joint having only socket and plug	9 in.	1⅜ ,,
IX	Dummy top joint to No. II	8 in.	1¼ ,,
X	,, ,, No. III	,,	¾ ,,
XI	,, ,, No. IV	,,	½ ,,
XII	Spear for butt	2½ in.	2 ,,
XIII	Rubber ball for butt	1 in.	1½ ,,

The plugs for the sockets of each joint weigh about 2 oz. in all. N.B.—No. IV joint is made in duplicate.

The plug end of each joint, when the rod is fitted, loses 2½ in. to 3 in. in the total length of the rod. First, and most convenient of all, two complete and separate rods can be made up as follows: Nos. I, II, VIII, IV, V, length 13 ft. 6 in., weight 1 lb. 14¼ oz.; Nos. VII, III, IV, VI, length 11 ft. 6 in., weight 15¾ oz.

But the following list specifies the separate rods (and their

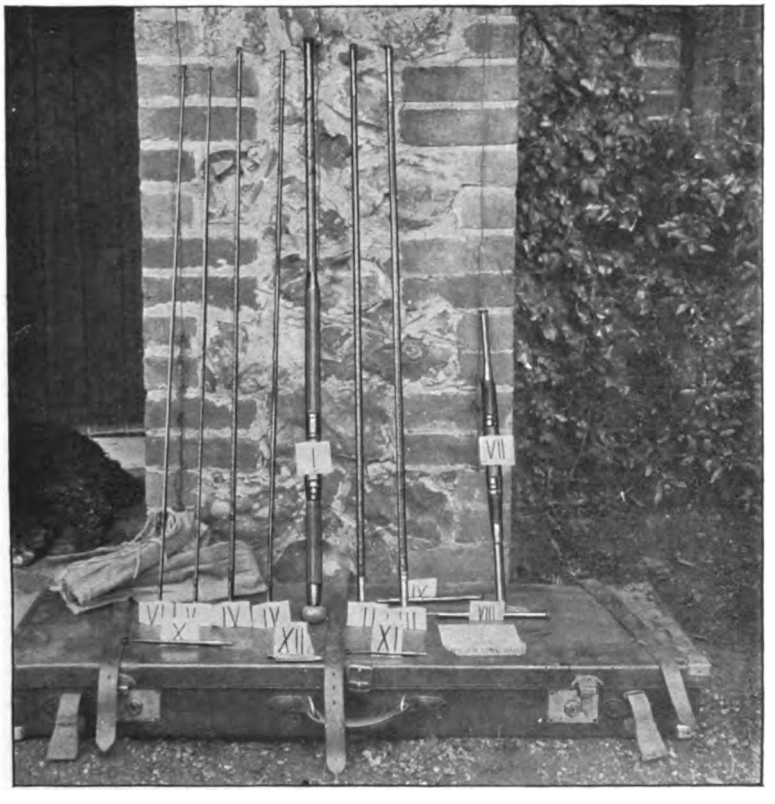
COMBINATION GUN-CASE

This will hold 12-bore gun, ·450 rifle, cleaning apparatus, 500 12-bore cartridges and 500 rifle cartridges; combination rod, fly-books, reels, gaff, net, weighing machine, flask, maps, and incidentals

uses), capable of being fitted at will from the above-mentioned parts; in each instance length and weight are given :—

Number.	Description of Rod.	Numbers of Joints used.	Length.	Weight.
1	Salmon ...	I, II, III, IV, V	16 ft. 6 in.	2 lb 1. oz.
2	,, (or Trout)	I, II, III, IV, VI	16 ft. 6 in.	2 lb. ¾ oz.
3	,, ...	VII, II, III, IV, V	14 ft. 6 in.	1 lb. 7½ oz.
4	Trout	VII, II, III, IV, VI	14 ft. 6 in.	1 lb. 7½ oz.
5	,, ...	VII, III, IV, V	11 ft. 6 in.	16¾ oz.
6	,, ...	VII, III, IV, VI	11 ft. 6 in.	15½ oz.
7	Brook	VII, VIII, IV, V	9 ft.	13½ oz.
8	,, ...	VII, VIII, IV, VI	9 ft.	13½ oz.
9	Spinning ...	I, II, VIII, IV, V	13 ft. 6 in.	1 lb. 14¼ oz.
10	Trolling ...	I, II, III, X	10 ft.	1 lb. 13¾ oz.
11	,, ...	I, II, III, IV, XI	13 ft. 6 in.	21 lb. 1 oz.
12	,, ...	VII, II, III, IV, XI	12 ft. 3 in.	1 lb. 7½ oz.
13	,, (or Sea)	VII, II, III, X	9 ft.	1 lb. 4½ oz.
14	Sea	I, II, IX	7 ft. 6 in.	1 lb. 9½ oz.
15	,, ...	VII, II, IX	5 ft.	1 lb. ½ oz.

Several other combinations are possible, but as yet no practical utility has been found for them, so they have not been enumerated here. Naturally reels are a considerable factor to consider in the matter of balance, but as they hardly come under the heading they need not be further mentioned. The duplication of the fourth joint enables two good separate rods to be fitted at one time, whilst the



ALL THE PARTS OF THE COMBINATION ROD STANDING ON THE GUN-CASE IN WHICH THEY ARE MADE TO FIT

dummy joint No. VIII assists to many combinations. The dummy top joints IX, X, and XI enable the angler to rig a jury rod at a moment's notice in case of a sudden break; whilst they also make up excellent rods both for trolling and spinning. The remaining combinations enumerated in the above table speak for themselves without further explanation.

THE SOUTH AFRICAN CRICKET TEAM

BY SIR HOME GORDON, BART.

THE most cordial greeting will await the South African team both on and off the field. Many believe that their tour will prove as memorable as the best of the Australian visits. They certainly deserve respectful welcome. The South Africans fairly, squarely, and most thoroughly defeated the side which the M.C.C. sent out, and therefore regarded as competent to defend England's reputation as head of the world of cricket. Since our present visitors trounced that touring contingent, we have been longing to try conclusions on our home pitches once more. The time has come, and with it also comes the expectation of fine cricket. In that we shall not be disappointed. We shall be a little aggrieved if our kith and kin from South Africa do win the rubber of Test Matches, but we will not grudge them whatever success they earn, and we believe our visitors will find our crowds as sportsmanlike and friendly as our own representatives always found the gatherings south of the Victoria Falls.

The history of South African cricket may be briefly reviewed, for it is not a page that in its earlier stages is familiar to everybody, although so far as touring sides are concerned it is only within twenty years that any visits were even contemplated. The initiative was due to Major Wharton, a capital sportsman who deserves to have his name inserted in that annual chronicle of births and deaths which my erudite friend, Mr. Ashley Cooper, compiles for Wisden's. Supported in his initiative by Sir Donald Currie, Major Wharton collected quite a fair side to go to the Cape. Mr. Aubrey Smith, now a popular actor, then a rattling good cricketer known as "round the corner"—from the spot where he started to bowl—was the captain, and an excellent one he made. Except poor

Mr. M. P. Bowden, the other amateurs never figured in first-class cricket at home, but when one of them fell ill Ulyett came out to take his place. Abel was the only batsman who played up to his home reputation, but Wood was a revelation with the gloves. The polite art of wicket-keeping was rudimentary in South Africa in those days. Since then a few judges have pronounced Mr. Halliwell to be the finest on earth. Anyway, Harry Wood set a high standard, excelled as it was in later years.

Such a tour was bound to be educational, but because a few successes were early achieved by seventeens and twenty-twos, vaulting ambition suggested eleven-a-side Test Matches. In both of these South Africa went down. In the return encounter Abel scored 120 and Briggs claimed seven wickets for 17 in the first effort and eight for 11 in the second, the latter batch being all clean bowled. In some of the earlier tours such phenomenal figures were obtained by some of the English "conjurers with the ball" that the following statistics look as if that hack phrase were literally applicable:—

	Wickets.	Average.
1888—Briggs	294 ...	5·44
Fothergill	119 ...	6·97
C. A. Smith ...	137 ...	7·45
1891—J. J. Ferris... ...	235 ...	5·91
Hearne, J. T. ...	163 ...	6·137
Martin	109 ...	8·47
1895—Lohmann	157 ...	6·78
1898—Haigh	121 ...	7·76
Trott	187 ...	9·46

Such achievements will never repeat themselves in South Africa. They do not imply that at any time there was an absence of good bats, only that the above masters of their art literally ran through opponents numbered by the twenty-two who were often bowled before they faced the attack, or, if they were undismayed, were in many cases also inexperienced.

Even in the earliest stage, the Colonial fielding was pronounced brilliant, but only Mr. Tancred of those whose names have become household words attracted attention. Mr. A. R. Innes, a medium-paced bowler, seemed to be the most formidable. There was no very marked development when the second English side went out in 1891, although Frank Hearn, the Kent professional, had permanently become crack, sowing seeds which have ripened into the recent glorious harvest. Poor Walter Read, utterly unsuited for such responsibility, took out that second side, the complete financial failure reacting on his own batting. Chatterton headed aggregate and averages with

955 and 41. The solitary Test Match yielded an English success by the emphatic margin of an innings and 189 runs.

Then in 1894 the South Africans first came home. They found, as their successors may find, that it needs time and experience to grow accustomed to grass wickets after learning to bat on matting. The start was a series of defeats which caused the public to lose interest before the eleven had got into its stride. There was a fine victory by eleven runs over a tolerable M.C.C. and Ground side, but the home team showed nine duck eggs, Messrs. Middleton and Rowe having fine figures. Against Somersetshire Mr. C. O. H. Sewell scored 170. Since his qualification for Gloucestershire, this attractive bat has perpetrated many an excellent innings; but that one, whilst still in his teens, delightfully foreshadowed his subsequent engaging occupation of the wickets. Last August with Mr. C. L. Townsend *v.* Worcestershire he added 252 in two hours. Reverting to the tour it may be worth citing two bowling averages—

Rowe	...	...	136 wickets for 12·119
Middleton	...	...	83 „ „ 15·66

The former was still under twenty. Six centuries were credited to the visitors, Dr. W. G. Grace, K. S. Ranjitsinhji, W. Sugg, and Mr. A. J. L. Hill being the four English batsmen to exceed three figures. Unfortunately, the later matches were of purely local interest.

In 1895 Lord Hawke led a fine team to South Africa, consisting of Messrs. C. B. Fry, A. J. L. Hill, S. M. J. Woods, H. R. Bromley-Davenport, H. T. Hewett, C. W. Wright, A. M. Miller, C. Heseltine, and Sir T. C. O'Brien, with Hayward, Lohmann, Tyler, and Butt. Messrs. Woods and Fry were soon injured, Mr. Hewett had to return home, while the Jameson Raid distracted attention from mere sport. England won all three representative matches, though Llewellyn displayed much ability, and both Messrs. Sinclair and Routledge, as well as Major Poore, batted well. Lohmann's bowling was phenomenal, and the fact of his remaining in South Africa to coach in cricket exercised an enormous influence on the progress of the game.

Lord Hawke has testified to the marked improvement he noticed on his next tour three years later. This time he brought Messrs. F. Mitchell, P. F. Warner, C. E. M. Wilson, F. H. Milligan—subsequently killed in the war—A. G. Archer, H. R. Bromley-Davenport, with Tyldesley, Haigh, Cuttell, Trott, and Board. In Test Matches the English were victorious respectively by 32 and 210 runs. On the home side, that fine hitter, Mr. J. H. Sinclair, contributed 86 and 106.

It was not popular that whilst the Empire was fighting in South Africa, a side from the seat of war should travel in England to play cricket. The tour never appealed to the community, although excellent displays were made, notably against Surrey and the champions, Yorkshire, whilst Messrs. Rowe and Sinclair bowled Gloucestershire out for 40 and 89. Mr. Murray Hathorn, almost the last choice, proved to be the best bat, whilst Mr. Kotze showed that he was the fastest bowler in the world. The loss of Llewellyn was regarded as irreparable, but the attack was sufficiently varied and Mr. Bisset was an excellent captain.

After their tour in England in 1903, the Australians paid a visit to South Africa and proved invincible. Mr. Sinclair's scores, however, against the visitors were 44, 19, 108, 9, 101, 18, 0, 104; and Llewellyn claimed twenty-five wickets for 448 runs, a better aggregate than any English bowler, except Rhodes, had shown against Mr. Darling's combination.

The last tour in 1904 was remarkably successful in every way except the financial. The great achievement was a victory over an English Eleven at Lord's composed of K. S. Ranjitsinhji, Rev. F. H. Gillingham, Messrs. G. MacGregor, G. L. Jessop, G. W. Beldam, and W. H. B. Evans, with Vine, J. Gunn, J. T. Hearne, King, and Wass. Mr. R. O. Schwarz, after scoring 102, captured eight wickets, twice dismissing Ranjitsinhji. With Middlesex, a tie was played, and only three defeats—from Kent, Worcestershire, and Ireland—could be set against thirteen victories. Messrs. Kotze, Sinclair, and Schwarz formed a more varied trio of bowlers than even Hirst, Rhodes, and Haigh. Mr. F. Mitchell, the old Cantab, was captain, and batted well, but the honours went to Messrs. Tancred and Hathorn, whilst Mr. Halliwell at the wicket seemed better than ever.

It is superfluous to recall in detail the series of substantial defeats sustained by the last M.C.C. side in South Africa. The visitors were beaten fairly and squarely, and the side which represented the colonies was exactly the same in all five matches, of which they proved victorious in four. Apparently from the last advices received before this article is written the whole of this eleven is to be brought to England, with some splendid reserves. Therefore it is, more than usual, a return combat—in which may the better side win!

In considering the South African side, it must be borne in mind—and this adds to the credit due to the high standard of the team—that the field of selection is very limited. To some extent this is the case in Australia, but a correspondent tells me that in the recent Currie Cup tournament—fought in such excellent sporting spirit—there were only some half-dozen others who possessed claims to be weighed against those chosen. It would seem that the

selection committee—Messrs. M. Bisset, J. H. Sinclair, and P. W. Sherwell—have done their work admirably. Certainly it would have been an error to import Mr. J. R. M. Mackay, the Australian, but now settled in Johannesburg, even though he be second only to Mr. Victor Trumper. We want to see South African cricket *per se*, and though several are of English birth, the side is what it professes to be. It may be best briefly to cite the characteristics of the individuals now landing on our shores.

Mr. P. W. Sherwell, the captain, is a new comer. Therefore it may seem surprising to entrust the direction of the side to one unacquainted with English conditions, when several of those he is leading have been here before. But captains are made by temperament as much as by experience, and nothing could have been more admirable than the way in which he handled his eleven in the Test Matches. He has the great advantage of directing the side from the wicket, which is the ideal position for a leader. In this department, too, he is quite first class, particularly on the leg side, and he moves very smartly. He bats better than he himself believes. Personally he is a keen, genuine sportsman, sure to make heaps of friends on English grounds. By the way, according to my information, he was born in Surrey.

Mr. L. J. Tancred for a while declined to come, owing to debility after enteric. Finally he has been persuaded to renew acquaintance with our cricket grounds. He is very long-limbed, but startles the spectator, because he throws away all physical advantages when batting by crouching after the manner of Mr. A. J. Webbe, and further by a peculiar and most awkward straddle when the ball reaches him. Despite this peculiarity he can hit well, and his defence is exceptionally sound. He probably possesses more patience than any other bat on the side.

Mr. Gordon White is regarded as the greatest bat in South Africa. When he was last over here I never had the good fortune to see him make a long stay at the wicket. It was his magnificent 147 which won the rubber for South Africa at Bloemfontein. He plays himself steadily in, but once set his off-driving is very severe, and his placing is marked by unusual judgment. He bowls very slow leg-breaks, and when called on should be a dangerous change. At cover-point he is described to me as now being another Johnny Briggs.

It was an old saying of poor George Lohmann that Mr. J. H. Sinclair is the South African Bonnor. When he gets going his hitting is simply tremendous, the ball appearing to be swung from his bat almost as though he were playing golf. Just now he cannot get any runs at home, but that is a mere temporary loss of form.

Were he a passenger with the bat, he would still be brought for his excellent bowling. He is in some ways the best, if in others the most conventional bowler of a team that revels in leg-breakers. His cleverest ball has a way of doing a little more than the batsman expects, and consequently is snicked off the edge into the slips.

Mr. A. D. Nourse, who was born in Croydon, was once in the Army. He has given Griqualand some notion of his scoring proclivities by amassing 212 against them, while his average for the season is 98. He has a characteristic flick stroke, and can hit very hard, but if in a tight corner he will play the goose game like a Quaife or a Kinneir. As a bowler he will probably be one of the first changes, and on matting wickets he has a ball which keeps low and shoots. On a soft pitch he should be more easy to play.

Mr. G. A. Faulkener is the crack "googlie" bowler who is able to combine pitch and pace. According to the camera he delivers the ball from an exceptionally perpendicular arm, and he is said to be particularly observant of any weakness in an opponent. He is the only left-handed bowler on the side; a man of mark. He is a defensive bat with a powerful drive.

Vogler did not apparently altogether commend himself to the authorities who direct the rather mysterious mechanism of Middlesex, for he has abandoned his qualification. We all remember that, whilst qualifying, Albert Trott, for M.C.C., did nothing like so well as when introduced into county cricket, and I am inclined to believe the same would have been the case with Vogler. He is a lively bat and a remarkably clever bowler. His fifty-eight for 1,143 at Lord's last summer probably does not betray his full worth, nor did he average a wicket per innings in those five Test Matches in which M.C.C. were engaged in South Africa. None the less, he is thought the best bowler out there, and his fast leg breaks might demoralise any side. Against Griqualand West he has just claimed sixteen for 38, and *v.* Orange River Colony eight for 24.

Mr. R. O. Schwarz learnt his cricket at St. Paul's, and graduated in the ranks of Middlesex. He has made the ball do twice what Mr. B. J. T. Bosanquet ever brought off, bowls fewer loose balls, and is capable of paralysing the opposing batting almost without warning. His seven for 25 *v.* Orange River Colony proves he maintains his form. He is also a decidedly pretty bat with a sharp cut past cover point, which is a wrist stroke achieved with no little power.

Mr. S. J. Snooke is an all-round man of the useful type, bowling fast medium and batting in aggressive fashion. Mr. W. A. Shalders has never impressed Englishmen with quite so high an opinion of his skill with the bat as he inspires his fellow-colonists. He always goes in first and opens the innings well, but his career

generally seems to be cut short by his reaching out impatiently to hit a short ball. Mr. M. Hathorn is an excellent bat, particularly strong on the leg-side, but with no undue inclination to get under a rising ball.

The foregoing formed the eleven which was so victorious on its own ground. To them are to be joined a brother of Mr. Snooke, of whom I know nothing, and Mr. H. Smith, who is reported to be "a new A. O. Jones of the wristy sort"—a pretty good standard to have to live up to. Mr. J. J. Kotze, the express trundler, again makes the journey. It was only the exigencies of business which prevented him turning out in that series of Test Matches in which he really was not needed. Finally, the side will be completed by the Rev. C. D. Robinson, who never obtained his "blue" at Cambridge though he deserved it, but now may be regarded as one of the very best wicket-keepers before the public. He replaces Mr. Halliwell. Mr. H. Floquet, who was once mentioned, is not making the trip.

To sum them up: the fielding should be magnificent and the wicket-keeping not far behind, there is no tail to the formidable batting, whilst the attack includes seven regular and four efficient emergency bowlers. That class of team working well together should at least make our men struggle desperately. The drawbacks from which they will suffer are the novelty of batting on the slower grass wickets instead of the fast matting ones, and the marked difference in the light. On the hazards suggested by these two, pages might be written; they may more aptly be left to a common-sense judgment.

As mentioned in my article in the last issue of the *Badminton* the South Africans play Test Matches at Lord's, Leeds, and the Oval; they meet all the counties but two, M.C.C. and Ground twice, and fulfil some scratch engagements besides encountering Mr. C. I. Thornton's England side at Scarborough. This would try any team. Probably our visitors will prove too good for our counties and slightly inferior to our representative sides. Cricket is an uncertain game, but there is one certainty: the South Africans will play it well. It all depends whether they play it too well for us or not. The tour of the Springboks is written in letters of gold on the tablets of fame. Perchance a companion record may be made. In any case *Salve* and good luck to our kinsmen from across the seas.

HOUNDS ARRIVING AT A MEET AT THORROCK HALL

THE BURTON COUNTRY

BY W. B. DANBY

VERY few hunting countries, I fancy, can boast a more distinguished list of Masters than can the Burton, including as it does the names of such well-known sportsmen as Mr. Osbaldeston, Mr. Assheton Smith, Sir Richard Sutton, Lord Henry Bentinck, Mr. Henry Chaplin, and Mr. Foljambe. There is no doubt that even now, though much of what was formerly wild undrained grass has been converted into arable land, it is a particularly wild and sporting country. Thinly populated, there are few railways interfering with it; foxes run little risk of being headed, and good points to runs are of frequent occurrence. A stout well-bred horse is required, as not only is the country a deep one to ride over, but the fences are also strong and allowance has nearly always to be made for a useful ditch on either the near or landing side.

The first records which I am able to discover show that in 1774 the third Lord Monson hunted the country, which was possibly originally an offshoot from the Brocklesby, and the hounds remained in the Monson family until 1810, when they were purchased, it has been said for 800 guineas, by Mr. Osbaldeston. Lord Monson's hounds, from all accounts, were hardly surpassed by any in the kingdom, and the blood was very keenly sought after. Evans was huntsman in 1780, the whips being Barnes and Wilson. Mr. Osbaldeston hunted the country for three seasons, residing in the

Palace at Lincoln, now occupied by the Bishop, who I may say takes a keen interest in all sport. Mr. Osbaldeston carried the horn himself, and proved that he was not only a capable huntsman, but that he was also a worthy successor to Lord Monson in hound-breeding, his Vaulter being perhaps one of the best-known hounds of that time. Resigning the country in 1813, it appears that the pack then passed into other hands. Mr. Walker and Mr. Foljambe next succeeded to the mastership, the former, who brought his own hounds, remaining for one and the latter for two seasons. Mr. Assheton Smith succeeded in the year 1816, and brought with him his own hounds from the Quorn country. Mr. Assheton Smith made light of the big ditches and strong fences with which the country was enclosed, but the former are stated not to have been to the liking of his many friends from Leicestershire, most of whom soon migrated back to the Shires, the River Till being responsible for the return of a large number, only four or five remaining, among whom were Sir Harry Goodriche and Captain Baird. Sir Richard Sutton succeeded Mr. Assheton Smith in 1824, and hunted the country in princely style until 1842. It has been stated that during the thirty-two years Sir Richard hunted the Burton, the Cottesmore, and the Quorn countries, he spent no less than £300,000. Sir Richard started with Jack Shirley as huntsman, well known for his utter disregard of danger, and reported to have ridden fast down hill with an open knife between his teeth and his reins dangling loose on his horse's neck whilst he repaired his whip-thong. Subsequently Sir Richard hunted the hounds himself, retaining Shirley as kennel huntsman. Towards the end of Sir Richard Sutton's period of office Mr. G. S. Foljambe brought his hounds across the Trent, hunting that portion of the country west of the Spital Road. Mr. Foljambe always spoke in enthusiastic terms of his days in the Burton country, the district round Glentworth being then a sea of grass and the woods full of foxes. A bad fracture of the leg eventually caused Sir Richard to retire. Brilliant as had been the history of the country in the past, if possible the most brilliant period was that immediately succeeding the retirement of Sir Richard Sutton, for Lord Henry Bentinck, who since his retirement from the mastership of the Rufford after three seasons had been hunting from Lincoln, now volunteered to take over the country.

Starting with a pack of hounds purchased from Lord Ducie on the latter's retirement from the mastership of the V. W. H. country, Lord Henry Bentinck laid the foundation of his celebrated pack, and very soon got together approaching one hundred couples of hounds. New kennels were erected at Reepham, as also the

celebrated Monks Lane Stables, which comprised amongst other luxuries a Turkish bath and a large covered ride. Dick Burton, Jack Jones, Harry Sebright, George Beers, and Ben Goddard at various times carried the horn during Lord Henry Bentinck's mastership. Lord Henry hunted the country six days a week, frequently riding over from Welbeck in the morning and back at night, a distance of thirty miles each way, a relay of hacks being requisitioned for the journey.

It is questionable if any Master of Hounds ever possessed a stronger personality than did Lord Henry Bentinck. His keenness

THE NEW STEEPLECHASE COURSE AT BURTON

for sport and his pungent and caustic remarks are still treasured in the recollections of many old residents in remote parts of the Burton country, and afford amusing anecdotes too numerous to relate. The stud book of his hounds and his lordship's comments on the qualities of the individuals cannot but afford the most interesting reading to all concerned with hound breeding. I give the following extract with reference to Tomboy, by Mr. Foljambe's Albion out of Tuneful :—

"Tomboy 45, called the Schoolmaster of the Pack, and was probably the Best Dog that ever ran in the Midland Counties.

There was little to choose between Comus 44 and Tomboy in point of nose and brilliancy and stoutness. Each dog was equally remarkable for dropping down and working a fox when dying out of dry ditches, but Comus could be led wrong, while neither Man, Hound, nor Fox could make a fool of Tomboy. However wild the Hounds or Men might be he would quietly leave them and turn back to his Fox. Nothing put him out of temper, and he would race with the Puppies in his last year."

On Lord Henry Bentinck's retirement from the Mastership in 1862 the present Mr. Henry Chaplin purchased the hounds. The hunters when offered at Tattersall's fetched very large prices, Mr. Chaplin taking the first three for 1,000 guineas, the total sum realised being 12,461 guineas.

Lord Doneraile succeeded in 1865. Mr. Henry Chaplin took office, and it need hardly be said that he was the man of all others most fitted for the post, for it is questionable if Lincolnshire ever produced a greater hound-lover or a finer rider across a country. Again was everything done in the most splendid fashion, two packs being sometimes out one day, and with Charles Hawtin as huntsman excellent sport was shown. In 1871, however, Mr. Chaplin tendered his resignation, and the country was then divided, the northern portion retaining the old title of the Burton, the southern adopting the new name of the Blankney. Mr. F. J. S. Foljambe, taking over the Burton, began his operations with Channings as huntsman, who was, however, succeeded by Will Dale in Mr. Foljambe's second season, I think. Mr. Foljambe took the greatest interest in his hounds, every detail was carried out in the most orthodox manner, and he showed sport of a very high order. Dale, probably the most popular huntsman who ever carried the horn in Lincolnshire, soon showed promise of the exceptional talent he has since displayed, and many fine runs were the result, the following being, perhaps, one of the best :—

Stainton Wood (again the starting point) furnished a brace of foxes, the bitch pack racing one by Reasby as if for Dunholme, when the fox being headed by a sheep-dog turned right-handed, leaving Snelland Station on the left, then swung further to the right through Holton. The line then lay past West and East Torrington and below Hainton, as if for Willingham Moor, but bearing round by Mr. Hodson's house, hounds drove on by Hatton over the big grass fields to Gautby. Short of New Park Wood hounds turned right-handed to Midge Inn, where they checked among some sheep; but Dale soon put matters right, and running from scent to view they killed their fox in Stone Hill Plantation, near Panton. Dale considers hounds covered twenty-eight miles

during this run, and that it included two points of over eleven miles each.

Mr. Randolph Erskine Wemyss succeeded Mr. Foljambe in 1880, Dale stopping on with him. Mr. Wemyss was full of energy and very fond of hounds, and I believe it was only due to his having to give personal attention to business matters in Scotland that he felt compelled to retire in 1882. Mr. Wemyss had a magnificent stud of hunters, The Laird and Dairymaid each realising 360 guineas at his sale. Possibly one of the best days Mr. Wemyss had was on November 30, 1880, the day of the presentation to Mr. Foljambe, when there was a large field of nearly two hundred out. Dunholme

F. BACKHOUSE AT THE NEW KENNELS

Gorse, formerly one of the most celebrated coverts in the hunt, provided a fox which hounds killed near the railway after a capital hour and fifty-five minutes.

Mr. C. P. Shrubb succeeded Mr. Wemyss first of all with Morgan as huntsman, afterwards carrying the horn himself, and during his three years as Master showed good sport. One of the best runs I saw with him was on February 25, 1885, hounds finding a fox at Toft Newton and running by Lord Brownlow's covert through Faldingworth village to Buslingthorpe and then into Wickenby, where they dwelt a little, fresh foxes causing slight confusion. From Wickenby they came away again, with

probably a fresh fox, and ran on well by Faldingworth and West Rasen and across a good line of country into Linwood ; and as the time into Linwood from Wickenby was only twenty-five minutes, it will be seen by those who know the country that the pace had been smart. Across the Warren and past Willingham House hounds continued to run hard, but having breasted Tealby Hill, leaving Bayon's Manor on the right, scent failed on the high ground, and they had to acknowledge defeat near the Cross Roads leading to Ludford, a point of very nearly ten miles.

On Mr. Shrubb resigning in 1885 Mr. R. Wemyss again resumed office with Will Shepherd (now with the Worcestershire) as First Whip and Kennel Huntsman, and he hunted the country until 1888. During the season 1885–6 hounds were continually stopped by a long frost, which lasted on and off for eleven weeks. The following season a long frost which commenced the middle of December and lasted until nearly the end of January again sadly interfered with sport. During this season on February 10 Mr. J. Maunsell Richardson brought over the Brocklesby hounds to Wickenby and showed a fine day's sport, killing, if I recollect aright, a brace of foxes. The season 1887–8, though again interfered with by frost, was a fairly good one, but Mr. Wemyss was often absent, Shepherd hunting the hounds.

The following season, viz. 1888–9, the Burton were without a Master, no one having volunteered to take the country. Mr. Jarvis, however, who was now hunting a portion of the Blankney country, undertook to hunt the western portion of the Burton, the Blankney hunted the centre, whilst Lord Yarborough very kindly sent his hounds over to the north-eastern portion, very much to the delight of Dale, who was now located at Brocklesby.

The following season, viz. 1889–90, Mr. T. Wilson, the present Master, came forward and took over that portion of the country east of the Spital Road, Mr. Jarvis retaining the western portion. Mr. Wilson started with Wesley as huntsman, having purchased the dog hounds from Lord Percy, and the bitches at Mr. Harding Cox's sale. The Master had a most encouraging start, foxes being plentiful all over his portion of the country, and I see that my diary reports the January sport as the best I ever recollect. Five and a half brace of foxes succumbed in one week.

The next season Mr. Wilson hunted the Burton country in its entirety, Mr. Jarvis having handed over to him that portion which he had hitherto hunted. On November 8, from Wickenby, one of the best runs I ever saw took place. Hounds found at Nevile's Gorse, crossed the Faldingworth Road, passed Faldingworth Grange on the left, and then traversed that strongly-enclosed bit of country at the back of Faldingworth Village. A slight check here was

soon got over, and hounds hunted on nearly to Middle Rasen; short of this village the fox turned up wind for Buslingthorpe. A fresh fox here took hounds on up to West Rasen and across the river into Set Cop in Lord Yarborough's country. The pack then ran on fast past South and North Owersby, where the fox tried the earths by the side of the beck; the field were somewhat delayed here and hounds had the best of it past Thornton-le-Moor to Kelsey Hall, the fox getting to ground at the gravel pits. It was an eleven miles point and about fourteen as

MR. T. WILSON, MASTER OF THE BURTON HOUNDS

hounds ran, the time occupied being an hour and forty minutes, and the end witnessed by only five of the field. On Mr. Jarvis giving up a portion of the Blankney country Mr. Wilson purchased his hounds, twenty-five couples I believe, for which I have always understood he gave £2,500; they were a beautiful pack of hounds, having been bred with great care by Mr. Jarvis, and were also excellent in their work. Mr. Wilson, in addition to the Burton country, on Mr. Jarvis's retirement hunted a portion of the Blankney for some seasons. Since Mr. Wilson took over the

country he has purchased Riseholme Hall and the adjoining property and has erected new kennels near Riseholme where the hounds are now located. Mr. Wilson is not only very fond of his hounds, but is also a remarkably fine rider over a country; in fact, though a heavy-weight, I do not think I have ever seen any one ride over the Burton country with greater ease to his horse; notwithstanding the wide ditches, he goes slowly at most of his fences and gets very few falls; it is no easy matter to follow him, for very few obstacles stop him. During his mastership, which has now extended for eighteen years, Mr. Wilson has shown excellent sport, and if space permitted I should have liked to have given

RISEHOLME HALL, THE RESIDENCE OF MR. WILSON

details of several exceptional days. He has been most loyally supported by the farmers in the country.

A few seasons back he had to complain of a scarcity of foxes, but I hope matters are now on a more satisfactory footing. In this as in most other countries shooting has no doubt increased during the last few years, but taking the country through I hardly think hunting people have much cause to complain. It is no doubt trying to a Master to be kept out of coverts until December, and if those who have the shooting of the coverts will allow hounds to draw them as early as possible they will be rendering great assistance to another branch of sport. In certain districts there

is a good deal of barbed wire, but I have never yet come across anyone who declined to allow it to be removed. It always seems to me that a great deal more might be done towards assisting sport by those who hunt. Many consider that when they have paid their subscription they have done all that is required of them, and the whole trouble of keeping matters smooth generally devolves upon a hard-worked secretary and three or four other willing workers. The subscription is small, the bulk of it is swallowed up in defraying poultry claims and the expenses connected with the upkeep of the country. More farmers are, I consider, hunting now than I have seen for many years, and if the owners of coverts and shooting tenants will always bear in mind that their hunting friends are in a great measure dependent on them for their sport, and will do unto them as they would be done by, I see no reason why the Burton country should not flourish in the future as well as it has in the past. The death of Mr. Frank Anderson of Lea at an early age was a great loss to the country; what it suffers from is a scarcity of resident landowners interested in hunting and desirous of maintaining the prestige of one of the oldest and best-known hunting countries in the kingdom.

SWEET WILLIAM

BY W. H. ADAMS

On the right bank of the River Volta, and three hundred miles from its mouth, there lies a No-man's-land. No paths cross it, no village is built on it, even the hunters avoid it. It is covered with coarse grass and clumps of trees, and is full of game. The natives passing up and down the river will not land there for the night, but camp on an exposed island in mid-stream; hardly ever will they venture to set foot on its shore even by day. It was originally perhaps the Royal Preserve of the Ashanti Monarchs in their palmy days, or the abode of some powerful fetish. In any case it is forbidden country, and when the Government of the Gold Coast a few years ago cut a road through it to connect two big towns, the natives, directly they were left to themselves, destroyed the road, and the country reverted to its former solitude.

The result has been to create a sanctuary for game of all kinds. The surrounding district is fairly well populated. Into the forbidden country, however, none ventures. It was, then, with feelings of the highest expectation that the Resident and Constabulary Officer left their station one cloudy morning on their canoe journey of thirty miles to this particular spot. The black Dispenser who looked after the hospital, and who professed to be a keen sportsman, accompanied them. He carried a German Brummagem muzzle-loading rifle, very flimsy, with a good deal of red varnish and nickel about it, a bandolier of red and white worsted work supporting a calabash full of powder, and a pill-box full of caps; while his trousers pockets were stuffed full of loose bullets, buckshot, and pebbles.

They embarked just as the sun was rising, the two white men taking the large canoe, in which was already a small tent and a few tins of provisions. The Dispenser followed in the smaller, having for his companion his friend Sweet William.

The latter had been presented to the Resident by the chief of a wandering caravan. Many strange animals arrive on such

occasions, but, as the Dispenser had remarked, "he passed them all." Presumably a sheep, he was more like a good-sized calf. He was brown, and short-haired. One long horn pointed straight forward, and the other straight upwards. Under his chin two thin ribbons of skin hung down for six inches, terminating in a ball of flesh the size of a small apple. His curious appearance had saved him from the butcher's knife, a fate which he hourly tempted. Nothing was safe from him. He ate clothes, papers, scraps, besides every kind of rubbish. He bit and knocked down the small children. At night he loafed about bleating, or, leaning against the flag-pole, would cry dismally the whole night through till he was sentenced to death a thousand times by the maddened sleepers, only to be begged off in the morning by his friend the Dispenser, who had conceived a curious affection for him, and who saved up for him the corks of old medicine bottles.

The previous night Sweet William had invaded his friend's sleeping quarters and walked upon him, and in the flush of his resentment and in the absence of other animals the Dispenser's sporting instinct prevailed, and he forbore to plead for his favourite when he heard that the Resident had cast him, though with many misgivings, for the important part of "bait."

The canoes paddled steadily all that day, and arrived towards evening at the little island opposite the deserted track. Pulling themselves up by roots and creepers, the two friends climbed the steep bank and pitched the tent under a thorn tree; then, while the kettle was boiling, they watched the struggles of the Dispenser to disembark Sweet William, and when this was accomplished they walked quietly along the bank down stream. To their surprise and disappointment they found not a single track of any kind, and after searching for half a mile they turned off and walked straight inland. The stunted trees and groups of bushes seemed the exact counterpart of each other, and stood up solemn and sentry-like in the dead stillness. No cry of bird or animal broke the silence; they saw no sign of life save that once a quarter of a mile ahead a bird, rook-sized, with glittering blue body and scarlet wings, dropped like a stone from a tree-top and vanished in the grass.

The sombreness oppressed the Resident, who presently halted and suggested that in the absence of landmarks they had better turn back.

"Just come over this rise first," his friend said, "and then we'll return. What a queer place this is! I feel as if anything may jump out any moment."

"Ghostly," the other man agreed. "I am afraid to speak above a whisper. Just this bit further then."

They topped the rise and stood astonished. Before them lay the tiniest of lakes, and all around it the grass was bright green. A fish splashed on its surface, and round its sandy edge birds innumerable ran and played. Its waters were clear and sweet, and the absence of tracks by the muddy river were accounted for.

"Look here, and Great Scot! look here," the officer cried. "What a size! That's lion and leopard, and here again! This is the place right enough."

"And here's a tree that will do, and an old stump to tie Sweet William to; but let's take some bearings; we shall want them to-night, although the moon's full."

They returned to the river without difficulty, though they reached it considerably below their starting point. They saw and heard nothing, but nearing the tent they both dashed behind a tree.

"What on earth is it," said the Resident, "an elephant, a young motor-car, or what?"

It was only Sweet William who came shrieking round the corner, capering along, towing the Dispenser behind him.

"This sheep, Sahs, is the devil," he said as he managed to bring up by hitching the rope round a limb. "He not go my way, and pulls me through prickles." He pulled one great thorn from his toe and another from his ear when, the rope slipping, he went away again, though this time towards the tent.

They waited till the sun was down, and then started for the lake, which they found without difficulty. Sweet William, who had accompanied them in tolerable spirits, was tethered to the stump, and the Dispenser, pledging himself to keep the best of watches and fire an immediate answer to any signal shot, returned, leaving the white men to await the moon's rise. She sailed out over the trees, and the misty grey land of bushes turned silvery white. Then they climbed up to their seats on the tree. It was a dead one, and at a height of 10 ft. twisted almost at right angles. Another few feet and a thick branch shot out; on this the Resident posted himself, his friend taking the lower seat.

Neither of them had any experience in such hunting, their sole knowledge of which was derived from a book in the Officer's possession. They had no idea when the lions were likely to arrive, or whether they would give any warning of their approach, so they sat alert on their perches grasping their rifles, while Sweet William leaned against his stump seemingly asleep.

The time after the first half-hour passed terribly slowly. The seats grew very uncomfortable, but, in spite of their stiffness, they dozed off; nor did they notice that the moon was shining less

brilliantly, and had a greasy look. The Resident, with an effort, roused himself, and was bending down to suggest that they should get down and stretch themselves, when something rustled, and a great hartebeest strolled from behind a patch of reeds and stopped almost within arm's reach. It looked an enormous size in the moonlight, and the Resident ground his teeth in his excitement as he raised his rifle. Lions or no lions, he was not going to miss his first chance of big game. He was on the point of firing, when Sweet William started from his reverie and gave vent to a cry which pierced the solitude like the blast of a fog-horn.

"Baa-*ah*! Baa-*ah*!" he wailed, his voice cleaving the night, and the hartebeest with a great leap plunged away. The Officer, recalled to consciousness, fell from his perch, but saved himself by gripping with his knees, swinging head downwards and dropping his rifle.

"What on earth is it?" he said in a quivering voice. "Heavens, what a row! He'll frighten everything within a hundred miles! He's your sheep. Can't you make him shut up?"

"How on earth can I?" the Resident said sulkily. "Besides, who ever heard of lions being frightened by a sheep! The book says that the bleating of the bait is necessary to attract them."

"But not an infernal row like that! You don't call that bleating! It's like a steam siren! Why, it frightens even me! Isn't that like the brute! When he should have been bleating he went to sleep, and when something comes he makes enough row to scare the dead. Just listen to him!"

"If there is a lion anywhere about," the Resident said, "with a grain of pluck he'll go for him, if it's only to make him stop that row. He's leaving off now I think."

Sweet William subsided and all was quiet again. The Resident, preparing to resume his vigil, turned round to seek an easier position when his gaze fell on the eastern sky, and at the same moment the icy breath of the approaching tornado touched his face. At the first growl of thunder the moon went out like a snuffed candle. They jumped to the ground in furious haste.

"Run for it," the Resident shouted, "I've marked the direction. Keep the wind on the right cheek. This way."

He rushed off towards the river, but before he had gone twenty paces there came from the thick gloom a loud coughing roar and a heavy rush. A dim shape hurtled past, passing between the Officer and himself, and impelled by the instinct of self-preservation they fired shot after shot at the spot where the unfortunate sheep was shrieking. Then a terrible crash broke right over head, and when that died away all was quiet.

"He's got him! It's too dark to do anything, and by Jove I hear the rain. Come on!" the Officer called at the top of his voice.

They made for the river, stumbling through the bushes, but they had left it too late. Down came the rain, the earth turned to mud, the dried-up grass to water weeds which wrapped round their feet and clung to their legs. The drowned bushes lashed across their faces, while the violence of the gusts made them cling to the trees till their fury had passed.

The West African climate does not lend itself to such adventures, neither does a heavy tornado; still, they persisted through the lightning and downpour till the Resident collapsed.

"Curse all lions, rotten books, and everything else," he panted.

"I'm done. I can't go a step further. For heaven's sake give a signal shot! The wind's right."

The Officer, slipping in a cartridge, fired, and they waited, straining their ears to catch the answering shot. The Resident barely realised that he had received a violent blow in the back when he found himself rolling in the mud, his friend's boot pressed well into the back of his neck. He did not dare to move, so lay quiet and waited for news of the enemy. He heard nothing, however, but the lashing of the rain and shrieking of the wind, and scrambled to his feet.

"What an escape!" he said, wiping his streaming face. "That must have been the lion's mate!"

"Lion!" said his friend, who between laughter and bruises could hardly speak. "That was Sweet William! His rope trailed over my face."

"What do you mean? Sweet William! Why, the lion ate him!"

"He ate the lion more likely. I tell you it was he! I felt the rope. Look out, there he is again."

"I'll shoot him then," said the Resident furiously. "Here goes," and he fired at the dim shape.

"I say, old boy," remonstrated the Officer, "do be careful. You as near as possible got me. I felt the wind of the bullet."

"I beg your pardon," the other said breathlessly, "but I'll kill the fiend if we both have to die for it. He's coming——!" and again they both rolled over. This time they caught the rope, only to have it snatched at once from their numbed fingers, and giving up all idea of capturing him they struggled on. They soon became so played out that they could barely crawl. Five shots had the Resident fired at Sweet William, and five times had he missed him. Five times they had waited for the answering signal, and as often been disappointed. Though the thunder and wind were a shade less

violent, the rain fell still more heavily. The ground from a swamp became a quagmire—a morass, but through it all plunged Sweet William rejoicing in the elements, capering among the bushes.

"Why doesn't that lion do something! Cowardly brute!" the Officer said faintly, picking himself up and spattering the mud from his mouth.

"He's afraid, and I don't blame him," the other groaned. "What on earth's to be done? We can't last out a night like this. The mud's up to my neck. I can't stand another charge—the last took me right in the stomach."

"Fire again," said his friend weakly.

"I can't. All my cartridges are done. My last wish is that I had kept one for the Dispenser."

If luck had not been with them the consequences might have been excessively unpleasant, for they had lost all idea of direction, and had begun to wander in a circle, but by great good fortune they had swung round towards the camp. They heard a shout to the right, and one of the canoe boys waving a lantern pushed through the bushes. They had reached home. At the sight of the light Sweet William vanished and they threw themselves down.

"Where's the Dispenser?" whispered the Officer as soon as he could speak. "Why didn't he answer our shots?"

"He says, Sah, he weep for the sheep, so he make small house with leaves, and go to bed with whisky bottle. He drunk!"

The Resident crept into the tent.

"If you can catch that —— sheep," said the Officer, "and tie him and put him in with the Dispenser, then I dash you two pounds," and he followed his friend.

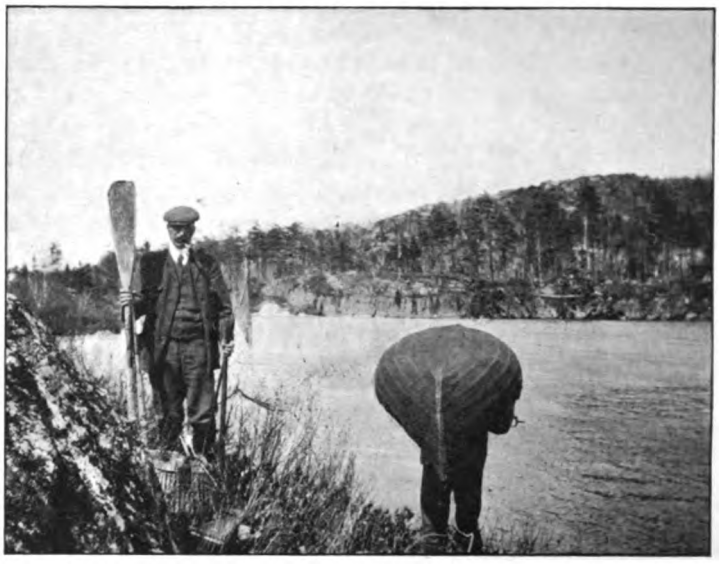
Next day dawned clear and sunny, the land was dry and warm, and a pleasant smell rose up from the cooking-pots. The Resident, sore and stiff, crept to the river's edge. There on the little island stood Sweet William gazing placidly into the blue water, the broken rope trailing from his neck.

He felt a light touch on his shoulder, and the Officer slipped his rifle into his hand.

"Yes," said the Resident, his eye flashing. He took careful aim and fired. The bullet clipped a curl from Sweet William's neck; he looked up and ba'ad pleasantly. Then catching sight of his master he plunged into the river and swam towards them.

"What a chap he is!" said the Resident admiringly. "There's no beating him!"

"No," agreed the Officer, "he's come to stay," and Sweet William arriving, they leaned down and assisted him up the bank.



SPRING—CARRYING THE CANVAS BOAT TO THE TROUT LAKES

ARCADIA IN CANADA

[*Et ego in Arcadia vixi*]

BY "CANADENSIS"

A LARGE number of inquiries prompted by my paper on country life in Canada makes it desirable to say something more about the conditions on which the joys of the Arcadian life in some comfortable Canadian farm-cottage are purchasable. The environment by which I have surrounded myself, so rare in our days, and suggesting the pastoral simplicity of the early ages, yet within an easy remove of town life and in close contact with friends who are town dwellers, has apparently interested many inquirers who also are anxious to get away from the many mean and sordid conditions of town life and to pass their days in the open air *ut prisca gens mortalium.*

My inquirers, roughly speaking, fall into three divisions; first, those who have little or no capital desire to make their way by agricultural pursuits in a new land; secondly, those who having means yet desire to take up farming as an occupation; thirdly, those who with a settled income are merely desirous of settling down comfortably where a reasonable amount of fishing and shooting is to be enjoyed alternating with the routine of the life of the fields and the farm.

It is beyond the scope of this brief paper to be of any service to the first two classes of inquirers, who may find ample information in

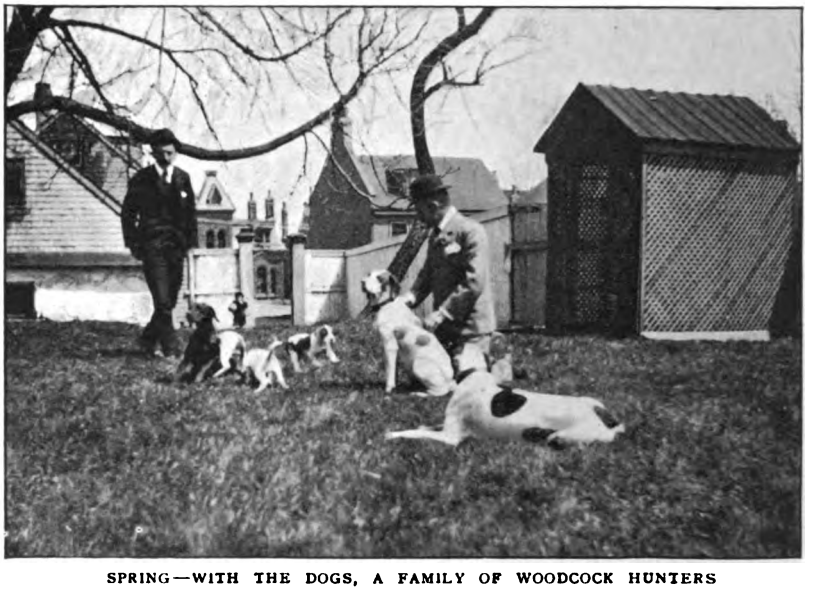
the numerous pamphlets and blue books published by the Emigration Department of the Dominion of Canada. These should bear in mind that to achieve success in any career three things are necessary: native talent, close application, and experience. The pursuit of farming is no exception to the rule. Sporting inclinations must be ruthlessly suppressed. The farmer must watch the sky much as a general the moves of his enemy, and be ready to take instant advantage of weather changes either adverse or in his favour. To an unduly prolonged stay on a salmon river (when the June run, to be sure, was at its height) I attribute the loss of a valuable horse, and between the sudden appearance of a flight of black duck and the failure to house in good condition a fine crop of ripe oats I can establish a close connection. As a general rule the remark I once

SPRING—ON THE SALMON STREAM

heard is quite true: that "the wild sports of the Canadian forest are no more within the reach of the Canadian settler who has to make his way and get his living than is a Highland deer forest or a grouse moor the ordinary property of an English farmer."

To the third class, neither the working man nor the small capitalist but the man of moderate fixed income, I would gladly be of some slight service if I could. To him emigration is not quite so serious a matter because he is able to return home if he does not find his surroundings to his liking. I might cover page after page with glowing and attractive pictures of the possibilities of rustic peace and cheerful simplicity of life out here to the enthusiast of the open air; of the spacious freedom of the woodland glades, the hushed silences of the majestic pine forests, and the joys of following

the winding waters of noble rivers among the foldings of darkly-wooded hills, and of many similar attractions possible only in a country that is new and not yet pressed for breathing space. All this and more is within the reach of the man who can make sacrifices to obtain it; but in this event these things should be very dear to him—be, perhaps, the serious passion of his life. Otherwise he may think his inevitable sacrifices are not worth while. That an English gentleman—and all my correspondents have been of this type—has to make sacrifices in coming out to settle in Canada is beyond question. It is a very good thing indeed to be an English gentleman—but to some extent a member of the old society of the mother country is disqualified from being altogether at home amid



SPRING—WITH THE DOGS, A FAMILY OF WOODCOCK HUNTERS

the social conditions which prevail in the rural districts of Canada and outside the larger towns. The situation is absolutely unlike that which exists in England. The traditions, aims, views, and ambitions of the two classes are totally different, and one is liable to be misunderstood of the other. Those who have grown up in the old country cannot often find much that is attractive in the social environment of the new. For instance, in partial explanation of the difference, the whole rural population of Canada know scarcely anything of the amusements of games and athletic sports. The absence of sympathy is something which may often be keenly felt and render intercourse with the larger portion of society available anything but a pleasure. A real retirement from the amenities of the home life

may prove to some unendurable hardship. While stating drawbacks, I must allude to the great difficulty of getting suitable domestics and trustworthy farm help. Every year the wealthy cities of the neighbouring Republic draw away a vast number of capable servants, and there are times when suitable help cannot be had "for love or money."

The intending gentleman emigrant should be particularly on his guard when purchasing a farm residence. The newly-arrived should be in no great haste to invest his money in land before he spends a few months in looking about him and learning something of land values. Besides getting a comfortable house or a pretty view from his verandah, there are other considerations that should guide him

SUMMER—THE FIRST OF THE JULY SEA-TROUT RUN

in the choice of a homestead—such as the social advantages of his surroundings, and the opportunities for obtaining sport without undue effort and expense; railway facilities, and good schools should he be the father of a family.

After mentioning the disadvantages I feel free to dilate on the advantages to be enjoyed in the older provinces of the Dominion of Canada; and I need not go further than repeat my own personal experience. I am living in a comfortable farm residence six miles from a city of 40,000 inhabitants. The place is worth about £400. I share it with a bachelor friend. We have two road horses which we often drive abreast for long journeys to salmon stream, cock covert, snipe marsh, or moose forest. We also have a working

horse. I cut 20 tons of hay and raise crops of potatoes and other vegetables. I have ample spare time for visits to the city, for reading and for sport in its season. I have a man and wife to whom I pay wages at the rate of £4 a month. I hire extra farm help on occasion.

There is this to be said in favour of Canada, if a man is bent on transporting himself to a colony and bidding goodbye to the old soil —should he have a family to put out in the world, his sons and daughters will have a better opening here than in the overcrowded parent land, for Canada has golden prospects ahead. While we hear occasionally of unsatisfactory conditions in Australia and of the perplexing problems of South Africa, all is plain sailing out here for

SUMMER—SHORE BIRD-SHOOTING OVER DECOYS

the rising generation. Canada is progressive, hopeful, and prosperous to-day, and can look confidently to the future. British capital and British settlers are flowing in an ever-increasing stream into the country. No other land under "the old flag" offers so sure and promising an opportunity to the worker.

In the United States the choicest parts of the country have long been occupied. Canada in her Western Territory has an empire waiting for the plough and the home builder. A man can find plenty of elbow-room who has to look out for opportunities for a growing family. The natural wealth of Canada is prodigious. There is hardly anything possible to a land in the temperate zone

which she cannot produce. There are great goldfields to attract adventurous spirits, minerals in large quantities, industries which supply most of the needs of the population. There are the finest water powers of the world. The next half-century will see a greater proportionate increase of wealth in Canada than in any other country on the face of the earth to-day. Hence a man who is past work himself but has sons for whose bringing up he is responsible can often place his boys in advantageous environment for pushing their way in the world. This may prove a powerful inducement to some fathers with numerous progeny.

Among the most desirable localities I know of for residence I might mention the Province of Ontario, and the beautiful fruit-

AUTUMN—ALL READY FOR A START TO THE COVERTS

growing Annapolis Valley of Nova Scotia, "the land of Evangeline," the valley famous for its apple orchards, its picturesque beauty and historical associations. Here it has been said, "the tidal rivers find a winding way deep into the pasture; the dykes, first built by the Brittany peasants, protect the interval land from the encroaching wave; the wide orchards bask in sunshine, the quiet villages sleep peacefully under grey church steeples, and on either side the hill-slopes, chequered with cultivation and crested with dark forest, look down protectingly, while a wreath of fog hanging over Blomindon suggests the stress and disquiet of a cold world that lies beyond this dreamland." Every American schoolgirl of the past generation was

taught to recite Longfellow's solemn hexameters following the sad fortunes of the lovely heroine and her people, with virtue and innocence not unworthy the fabled golden age of mankind, truly marvellous in a scratch lot of Brittany emigrants. As we survey the slow full river winding through long fertile meadows, we perceive the view faithfully rendered by Longfellow from the shores of the Basin of Minas, and we can almost forgive the sentimental vapourings which gave birth to the historical delusion not yet awarded its quietus, that the English authorities could possibly have acted otherwise than they did when war had once more broken out with France.

AUTUMN—BIRDS HERE LATELY

Vast meadows stretched to the eastward,
Giving the village its name, and pasture to flocks without number.
Dikes, that the hands of the farmers had raised with labour incessant,
Shut out the turbulent tides; but at stated seasons the floodgates
Opened, and welcomed the sea to wander at will o'er the meadows.
West and south there were fields of flax, and orchards and cornfields
Spreading afar and unfenced o'er the plain, and away to the northward
Blomidon rose, and the forests old, and aloft on the mountains
Sea-fogs pitched their tents, and mists from the mighty Atlantic
Looked on the happy valley, but ne'er from their station descended.

In no part of Canada do apples take so kindly to the soil with such uniformly good results as in this beautiful region. Many prefer fruit-raising to general farming, since having been reduced to a science it is much more easily learned. After an experience of one whole year

spent in the Annapolis valley, a man should be able to start an orchard of his own and run no risk of failure. Other choice spots are to be found in the vicinity of the towns of St. John, N.B., and Halifax, N.S., or along the shores of the magnificent St. John River, especially in the neighbourhood of the pretty town of Fredericton, where formerly many retired British officers made their homes, whose descendants have in many cases become men of mark in literature, commerce, and the political life of the Dominion. In most of these places a man's income will go farther than in England, and he will be able to enjoy a fair amount of inexpensive sport.

A suitable homestead may be acquired from perhaps £300 up to say £800 and often accompanied by an orchard of apple trees

WINTER—SLEIGHING ON FROZEN LAKE

whose produce will go far towards defraying the interest on the outlay. There are a great many opportunities in Canada to invest money with perfect security at very remunerative rates. A new comer will do wisely thoroughly to identify himself with his adopted land, avoid sneering at things Colonial, and endeavour to place himself in an attitude of sympathy, while making allowance for differences which sometimes may grate harshly. Leaving class prejudices behind him, he should not assume superiority for English ways and ideas in all matters, big or little; for the Colonist can often teach him things worth knowing and give him useful points in

practical matters. If these rules are observed and a man has made up his mind to "burn his ships" and leave the old life behind him, I fail to see why he cannot lead a pleasant, care-free, and happy existence out in Canada; and find his compensations for the loss of his home pleasures in the glorious climate, the untrammelled freedom of an open-air life which seems to me the nearest to English life outside of England, and the closest to nature possible in these modern days. One great advantage that Canada possesses over every other land to which emigration is directed is that it is near home. The present line of mail steamers often make the passage in

WINTER—AFTER A DAY IN THE DUCK BLIND

six days, and a fast line is now projected which will materially shorten the passage.

Chambers, in his book on the Ouananiche, makes the following very proper remarks concerning Canada's magnificent playgrounds :—

"It is next to impossible to overestimate the value of the splendid facilities for outdoor life and for an indulgence in the health-giving sports of woods and waters afforded by the primeval forest, magnificent streams, and numberless lakes of northern Canada."

BOOKS ON SPORT

A HUNTING CATECHISM. By Colonel R. F. Meysey-Thompson. London: Edward Arnold. 1907.

Colonel Meysey-Thompson has already written two "Catechisms," on Fishing and Shooting, and has been encouraged by the reception accorded to them to continue the series, for he is an all-round sportsman, and equally at home on the three subjects. We like the last best of the lot, for one reason because, if we remember aright, it is less "catechistic"—that is to say, a large proportion of the volume is not in the form of question and answer. In noticing the previous works we expressed doubts as to whether any advantage was gained by adopting the form which the author had followed; and possibly similar doubts have assailed Colonel Meysey-Thompson, at any rate we find many pages of ordinary comment, anecdote, and description; and at intervals Mr. J. G. Elsey, the trainer, is pressed into service to state his views.

Readers are frankly informed how the author came to pay particular attention to horses in a practical way. He had an allowance of £200 a year when he was a subaltern in an expensive cavalry regiment; this left no margin for keeping a groom, and the only assistance he had in managing his horse was furnished by his soldier servant, whose very indirect qualification was that he had been in the Camel Corps during the Indian Mutiny. Not much aid could be afforded by the man, so the master had to shift for himself. He learned a great deal, and here imparts his knowledge to others. One guesses pretty well what will be found in a book on hunting, and anticipation in this case is fulfilled, interest being derived from observing where the reader's ideas differ from, and where they agree

with, the writer's. We are in accord with him as to the desirability of having a constant supply of fresh water in a box or stall, and of placing the hay-rack so low that the seed will not fall into the horse's eyes. As to water, the writer of the present notice recommended in the chapter on "Stables," in the Badminton Library "Hunting," precisely what Colonel Meysey-Thompson advocates, observing that a horse will drink about eight gallons daily if watered twice a day, and about five gallons if water be always there for him. When that book was written wire did not cause the trouble and mischief it does now, and Colonel Meysey-Thompson's hints as to the duties of a "wire committee" are to the point.

Some interesting anecdotes are given as to the habits of foxes, as also indeed of hares and stags. When a fox during a run is seen to be sitting up on his haunches looking back at his pursuers the author has noted that he usually has a plan in his head for securing safety, and it is certainly a fact that such foxes, who often seem sure to come to hand, frequently escape. We did not know, however, that as many as 150 badgers were killed within the limits of Lord Middleton's hunt during the season of 1902, though well aware that badgers, and otters, are far more numerous than is generally imagined. That a hare who lays back both its ears and races off as speedily as possible is in a state of fright is obvious, but it will be new to some readers that a hare who carries both ears straight up, pointing forwards, is sure to be strong and stout, or that one ear pointing forward and the other back means an indisposition to travel far. Colonel Meysey-Thompson goes much by ears. In a horse, he says, large ones signify a "generous and often a placid temper," whilst a small prick-ear is to be regarded with suspicion as indicating stubbornness and irritability. It may be so in many cases, but there are numerous exceptions.

The little book is full of information and the long experience of an observant sportsman.

THE AUSTRALIAN GOLFER. By D. G. Soutar. Sydney: Angus & Robertson; and Australian Book Company, Warwick Lane, London.

When an English golfer has won a championship or two he not seldom writes a book. The same rule seems to hold good in the Colonies. Mr. Soutar was Amateur Champion of Australasia in 1903, of New South Wales in 1903–4, Open Champion of Australasia in 1905; and the present volume followed. The game is gradually making its way "down under," though it is said that "the attitude of nine Australians out of ten . . . . is at first one of lofty amused

tolerance"; then the scoffer is perhaps induced to try a round, sets about it with "infinite condescention," and in many cases becomes an enthusiast. So golf thrives.

The chapters are on the usual subjects—Clubs, Grip, Stance, Swing, Putting, &c., and what Mr. Soutar has done is proof of what he knows. As to grip, he thinks Vardon's an excellent one, for Vardon; his own is what came to him naturally as a boy, and he is perfectly content with it. There is no doubt that many players do badly because they strive diligently and energetically to adopt a grip which for some reason or other is unsuitable for them. The chapter on Australian courses will scarcely appeal much to those who are never likely to see them; for the most part they are stigmatised as too easy. Golf is of recent growth in the land of which Mr. Soutar writes. In New South Wales the game was played in 1882, but the popular movement dates from 1893. In Victoria things took shape in 1891. A keen golfer, Mr. J. M. Bruce, started to form a club and find members. He used to go up to his friends and say "I want fifteen guineas from you for a Golf Club," and the friend generally replied, "I have not the faintest idea what a Golf Club is, but here is your fifteen guineas." Many of them do not know to this day that they joined the Melbourne Club; but golf had been known in Victoria as far back as 1847. In South Australia it had a warm advocate in Sir James Fergusson, who arrived as Governor in 1869. A club arose next year. Golf indeed has spread or is spreading throughout the civilised world.

THE WHOLE ART OF BILLIARDS. By F. M. Hotine. Assisted by Prominent Professional Players. Sands & Co., Edinburgh and London.

This book carries out an excellent idea, and, so far as we know, a novel one, or we should rather say that the greater portion of it does so. Diagrams are given showing a complete session of a match between Roberts and Stevenson, with explanatory comments. The game can therefore be precisely followed. Thus Roberts is in play, in hand; a loser into the top left pocket is the game, and we are shown by dotted lines how the object ball returns to the middle of the table; a cannon is left, and so on. At length he misses a cannon, and lets in Stevenson, who, however, fails at a loser into the top pocket. Roberts proceeds and makes a break. A remarkable break by Diggle, chiefly illustrative of top-of-the-table play, is also similarly recorded with comments by W. Spiller. W. Mitchell tells of "Some Flukes that Have Helped," and the long chapter on "Some Practical Instructions" well fulfils its object.

NISBET'S GOLF YEAR-BOOK, 1907. Edited by John L. Low. London: Nisbet & Co.

This well-arranged manual cannot fail to prove a convenience to many golfers who are in search of the information it contains. Mr. Low has found a number of contributors, including several bearers of well-known names, and they treat various interesting subjects. The annotated Rules of Golf have occupied the Editor and Mr. Ernley Blackwell, and the annotations will be welcome to many students: the Decisions of the Rules Committee are also often enlightening. There are lists of champions and of minor amateur events, names of all sorts of winners, indeed, a Golf "Who's Who," and a Club Directory giving detailed particulars of clubs at home and abroad, together with, in certain cases, plans of links.

THE HORSE: ITS SELECTION AND PURCHASE. By Frank Townend Barton, M.R.C.V.S. Illustrated. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1907.

This new work by the indefatigable Mr. Barton is intended "to show buyers of horses what to select and what to reject when purchasing without professional guidance," but nevertheless one hint given to the purchaser is to take a M.R.C.V.S. with him when he goes to see the horse; and this is for the most part wise. Most men fancy they are good judges of horseflesh and know what they are about with horse-dealers, but not all such men are right. If sellers invariably acted up to Mr. Barton's recommendations things would be different. "Never attempt to disguise a horse's faults," he writes, "but allow the intending purchaser every reasonable facility of ascertaining them both in and out of the stable." Again, "Do not try to take advantage of a buyer whose knowledge of horses is of a very limited character." If all who sell horses would only act up to this standard! We fear that the excellent advice will not be universally adopted. The book strikes us as sound, and as one which those who contemplate buying a horse may study with advantage, though some of the things the author dwells upon are matters of course which hardly needed mention—such, for example, as that ponies for children and others of nervous temperament require particular care in selection; but if a man have not sufficient knowledge in his head to buy a horse for himself he is likely to go astray if he endeavours to remedy his inexperience from any printed manual. It is all very well to warn readers against various faults of formation or indications of weakness or disease, but many of those readers would not recognise the faults, &c., when they saw the horse.

A PRIZE COMPETITION.

THE Proprietors of the *Badminton Magazine* offer a prize or prizes to the value of Ten Guineas each month for the best original photograph or photographs sent in representing any sporting subject. Competitors may also send any photographs they have by them on two conditions: that they have been taken by the sender, and that they have never been previously published. A few lines explaining when and where the photographs were taken should accompany each subject. Residents in the country who have access to shooting-parties, or who chance to be in the neighbourhood when hounds are running, will doubtless find interesting subjects; these will also be provided at football or cricket matches, and wherever golf, cycling, fishing, skating, polo, or athletics are practised. Racing and steeple-chasing, including Hunt Meetings and Point-to-point contests, should also supply excellent material. Photographs of Public School interest will be specially welcome.

The size of the prints, the number of subjects sent, the date of sending, the method of toning, printing, and mounting, are all matters left entirely to the competitors.

The Proprietors are unable to return any rejected matter except under special circumstances, and they reserve the right of using anything of interest that may be sent in, even if it should not receive a prize. They also reserve to themselves the copyright in all photographs which shall receive a prize, and it is understood that all photographs sent are offered on this condition.

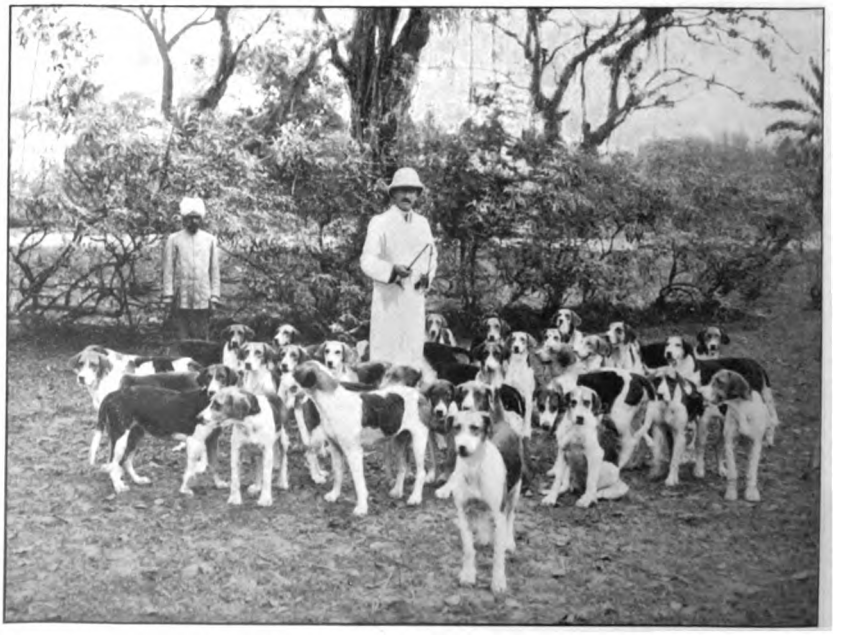
The result of the May competition will be announced in the July issue.

THE MARCH COMPETITION

The Prize in the March competition has been divided among the following competitors:—Mr. A. Abrahams, St. Bartholomew's Hospital, E.C.; Mr. Bernard Grant, Leytonstone; Mr. L. E. H. Maund, Cadet R.N., Royal Naval College, Osborne, Isle of Wight; Mr. W. J. Abrey, Tonbridge; Mr. F. C. Ree, Lieutenant R.N.R., H.M.S. *Implacable*, Mediterranean Station; Mr. G. P. Chapman, Sheringham; Mrs. Michael Hughes, Sherdley Hall, St. Helens; Mr. B. N. Wood, Westbourne Crescent, W.; Mrs. Hughes, Dalchoolin, Craigavad, County Down; and Mr. J. P. Tyrrell, Maryborough, Queen's County.

CAMBRIDGE PRACTISING AT PUTNEY FOR THE 1907 'VARSITY BOAT RACE

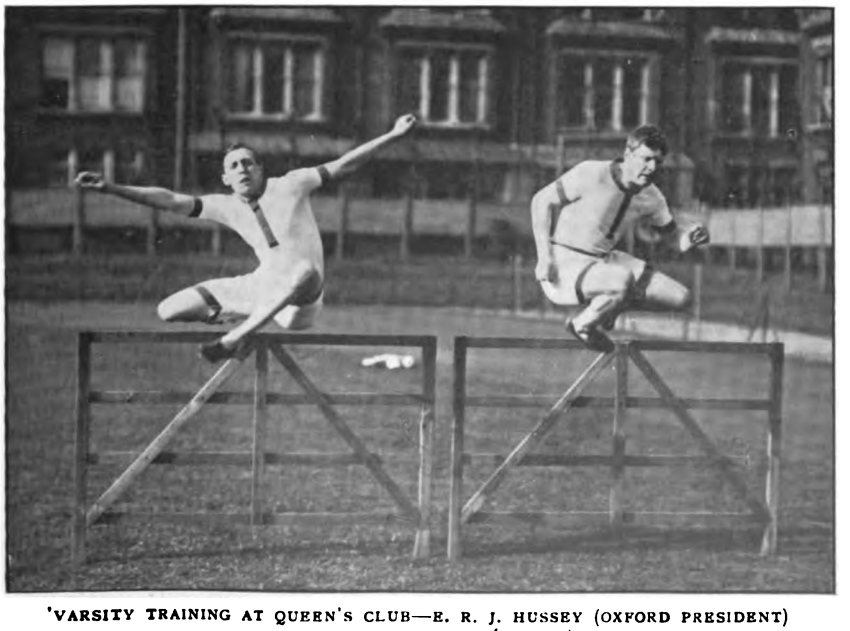
Photograph by Mr. A. Abrahams, St. Bartholomew's Hospital, E.C.



THE MADRAS HOUNDS

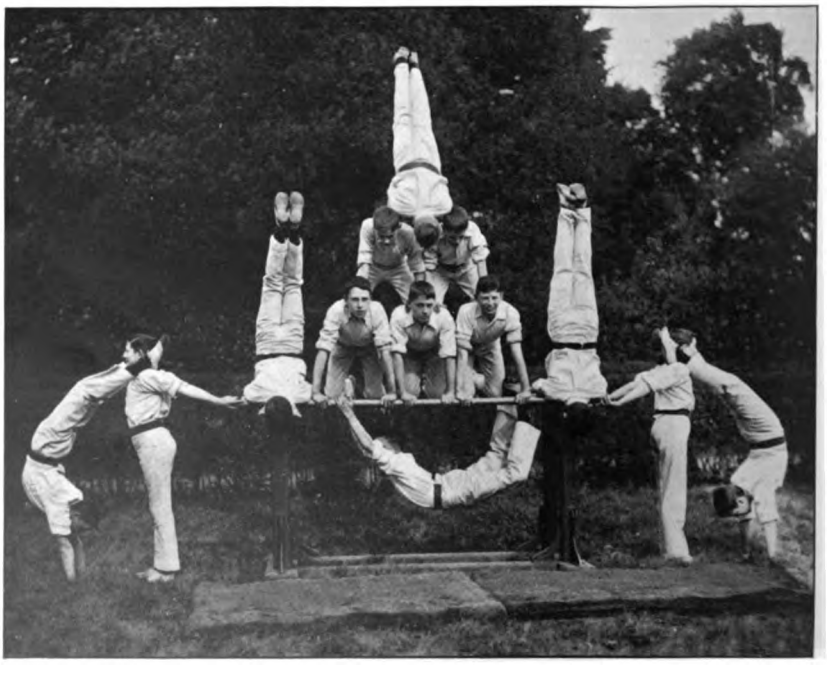
Photograph by Mr. C. Brooke-Leggatt, S.Q.R. Police, Madras

OLD MERCHANT TAYLORS *v.* ROSSLYN PARK AT RICHMOND
Photographs by Mr. H. Jackson, Spur Street, W.



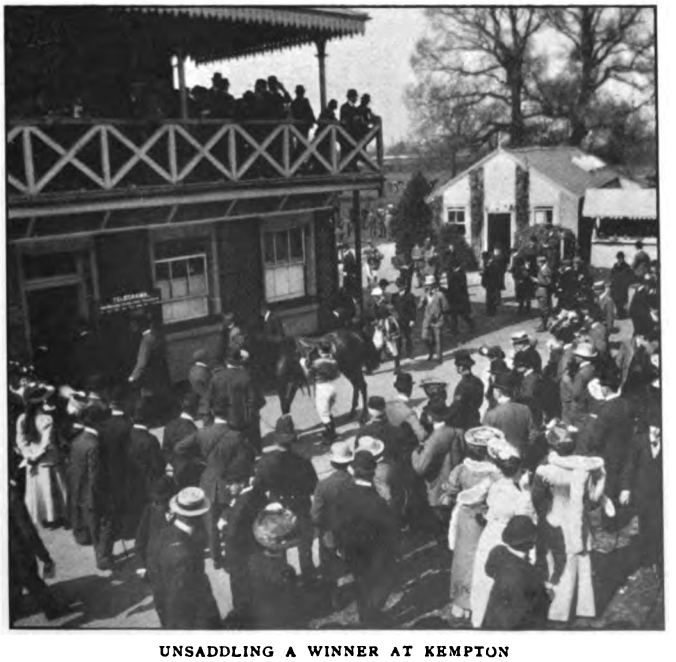
'VARSITY TRAINING AT QUEEN'S CLUB—E. R. J. HUSSEY (OXFORD PRESIDENT) AND E. F. CHINNERY (OXFORD)
Photograph by Mr. Bernard Grant, Leytonstone

POLO AT THE CAPE—YORKSHIRE REGIMENT *v.* BAMBOOVLEI
Photograph by Mr. Arnold Keyzer, Cape Town



GYMNASIUM TABLEAU BY CADETS AT THE ROYAL NAVAL COLLEGE, OSBORNE
Photograph by Mr. L. E. H. Maund, Cadet R.N., Royal Naval College, Osborne, Isle of Wight

OLD SURREY STAGHOUNDS—THE MASTER, CAPTAIN W. B. MACTAGGART, IN CENTRE
Photograph by Mr. W. J. Abrey, Tonbridge



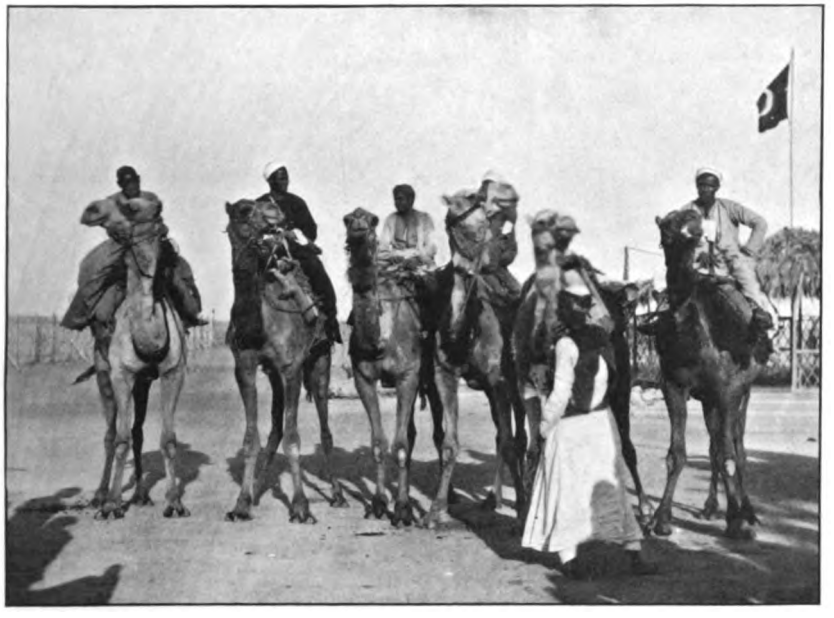
UNSADDLING A WINNER AT KEMPTON
Photograph by Mr. Robert Whitbread, Rutland Gate, S.W.

SAILING PINNACES AT THE LAGOS MANŒUVRES

Photograph by Mr. F. C. Ree, Lieutenant R.N.R., H.M.S. "Implacable," Mediterranean Station

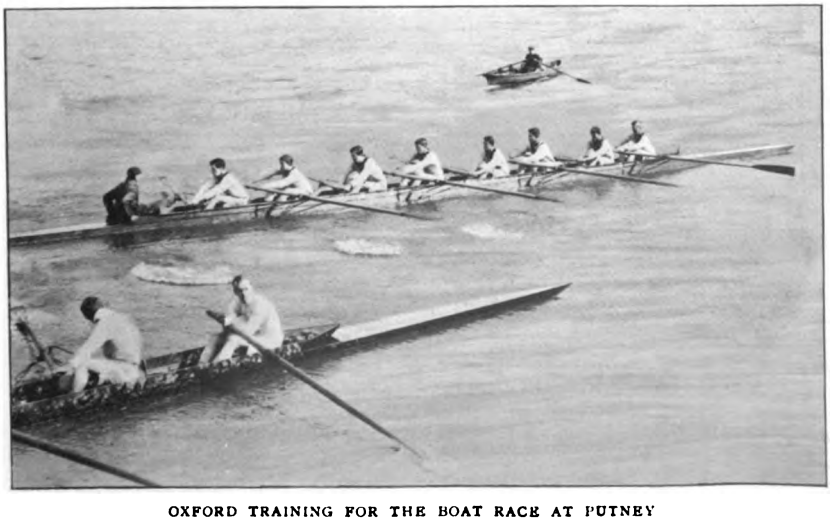
SITTING PARTRIDGE

Photograph by Mr. G. P. Chapman, Sheringham



CAMEL RACE, HELOUAN, EGYPT

Photograph by Mrs. Michael Hughes, Sherdley Hall, St. Helens



OXFORD TRAINING FOR THE BOAT RACE AT PUTNEY

Photograph by Mr. Bernard Grant, Leytonstone

WITH THE CATTISTOCK FOXHOUNDS—REV. E. A. MILNE, MASTER

Photograph by Mrs. Carne-Williams, Bridgwater

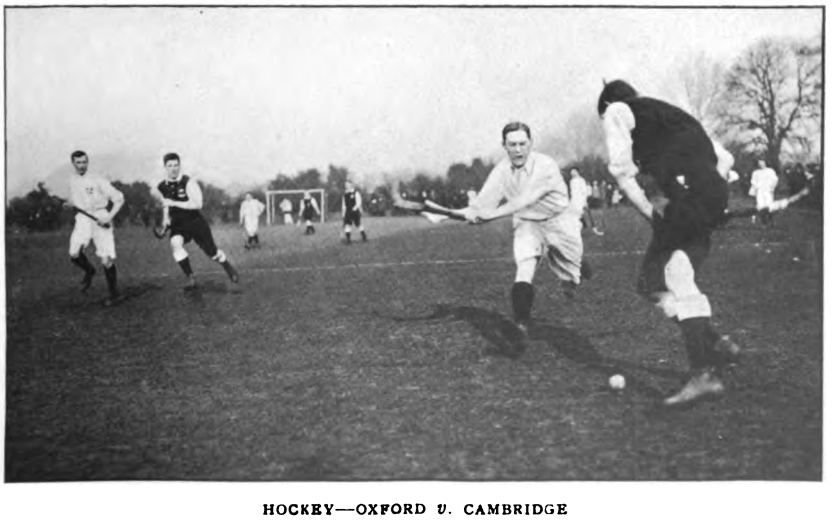
PERSIAN GREYHOUNDS AT THE QUETTA DOG SHOW

Photograph by Mr. G. H. Russell, Lieutenant, 126th Baluchistan Infantry, Loralai, Baluchistan

WRESTLING IN INDIA

The wrestlers are about to start, each man having a grip of a cloth which he has securely fastened round his adversary's waist.

Photograph by Mr. G. F. Raper, Lieutenant R.F.A., Hyderabad, Sind



HOCKEY—OXFORD *v.* CAMBRIDGE

Photograph by Mr. B. N. Wood, Westbourne Crescent, W.

BEFORE THE DONKEY RACE, HELOUAN, EGYPT

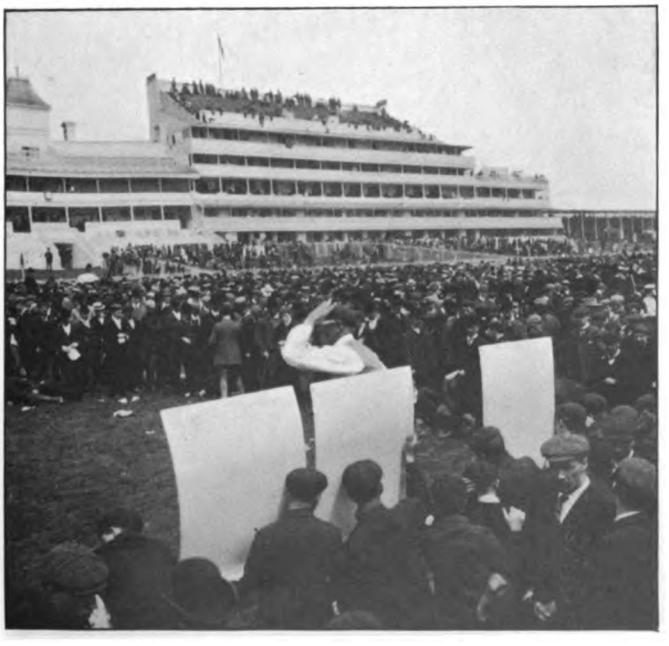
Photograph by Mrs. Michael Hughes, Sherdley Hall, St. Helens

A SAFE MOUNT

Photograph by Mrs. Hughes, Dalchoolin, Craigavad, County Down

OVER THE STONE WALL—MAIDEN PLATE, PUNCHESTOWN, 1906

Photograph by Mr. J. P. Tyrrell, Maryborough, Queen's County



A RACECOURSE TIPSTER AT EPSOM

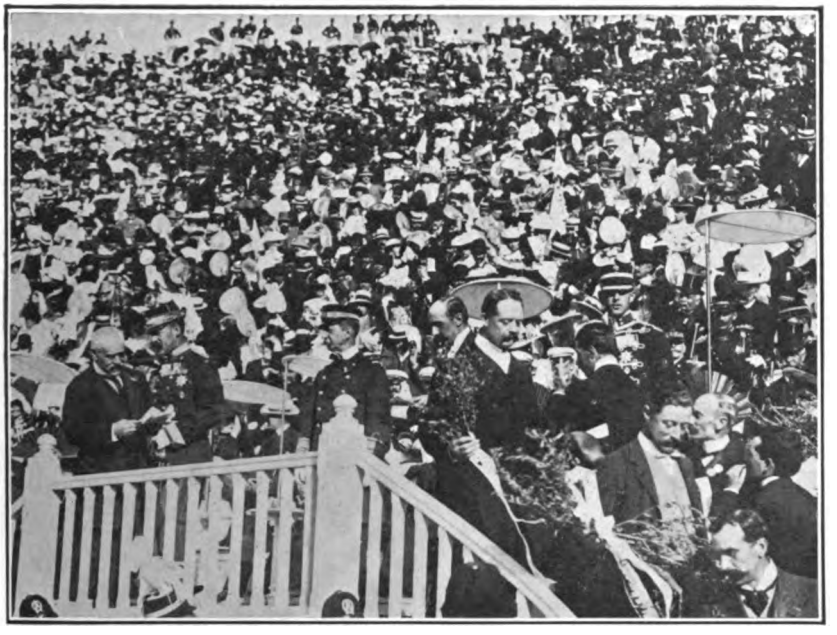
Photograph by Mr. Robert Whitbread, Rutland Gate, S.W.

START FOR THE SHOEMAKERS' WALK, NORWICH SPORTS

Photograph by Mr. G. P. Chapman, Brixton House, Sheringham

A HIGH JUMP

Photograph by Mr. G. Romdenne, Brussels



LORD DESBOROUGH RECEIVING THE OLIVE FOR FENCING AT ATHENS

The Badminton Magazine

SPORTSMEN OF MARK

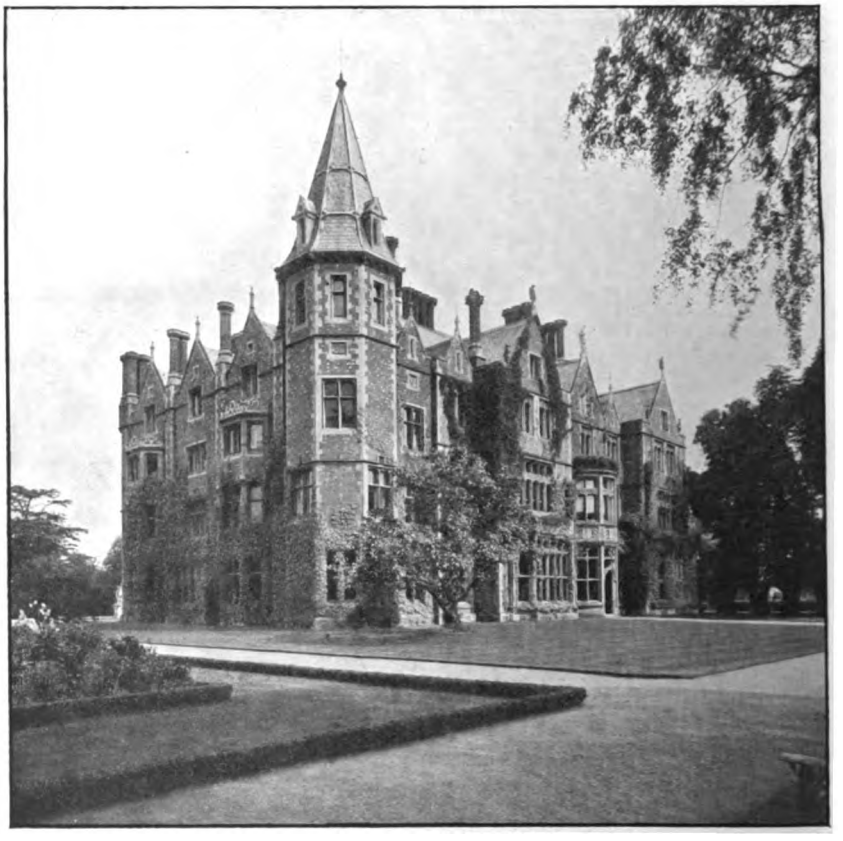
XX.—WILLIAM HENRY GRENFELL, LORD DESBOROUGH

BY ALFRED E. T. WATSON

LORD DESBOROUGH is absolutely unique. There is not only reason to believe that no living man has ever so greatly distinguished himself in so many different sports and pastimes, but it may be doubted whether he has ever had a prototype, for on whatever he has undertaken he has deeply made his mark, and few men have ever dreamed of attempting to do so many different things, on land and water, on horseback and afoot, not to dwell upon his performances on the box of a coach.

William Henry Grenfell, son of Mr. Charles W. Grenfell, who at times represented Sandwich and Windsor in the House of

Commons, was born in October, 1855. His father had not been distinguished as an athlete or sportsman beyond the usual run of country gentlemen. Dying when his son was only twelve years old, there would not, however, have been much time to make progress with the boy's sporting education, and it must be assumed that Lord Desborough took to the various things which have made him famous by the light of instinct. Lord Desborough went to a



TAPLOW COURT—VIEW OF THE SOUTH-WEST CORNER
(Photograph by D. Knights Whittome, Sutton)

preparatory school at Malvern Wells, where he was known as a bowler and runner. On his arrival at Harrow he first began to come to the front—in every sense—as a runner, amongst other things winning the mile in 4 min. 37 sec. — a remarkable achievement for a schoolboy; and as cricket is the great Harrow game—rowing is of course rendered impossible for the best of

LORD DESBOROUGH

(Photograph by Russell & Sons)

reasons: absence of water—he naturally went in for that, it being also equally natural that he should at once prove his value. A place in the Eleven was duly secured; he showed himself an excellent bowler, did effective service in the winning team against Eton in 1873, and played again for his school in the following year, notwithstanding that he was suffering badly from a quinsy which would certainly have kept most boys in bed and made them extremely sorry for themselves. During this year he won the Harrow Eleven bowling prize, and the prize for the most catches.

His residence at that well-known Thames landmark, Taplow Court, had, of course, induced him to take to rowing; and though, as just observed, there had been no opportunity for developing his proficiency at Harrow, on proceeding to Oxford he at once began to make up for lost time. Cricket he still cultivated, bowling a medium pace with a break from the off; but a seat in the boat was soon offered him, this curtailed his cricket, and he rowed in the Inter-'Varsity race of 1877, which resulted in a dead heat, the Oxford bow having broken his oar just after passing Barnes Bridge. Next year he was in the winning crew, which gained an easy victory, and is said to have been one of the best that ever represented the dark blue. No man before or since has been president of both the O.U.B.C. and of the O.U.A.C. In the former capacity he succeeded Mr. T. C. Edwards-Moss in 1879, but was forbidden by the doctor to row during his term of office, owing to an enlarged heart, which, however, was more due to long-distance running than rowing. It should have been said that, at the 'Varsity sports of 1876, he represented his University in the three-mile race.

It might be supposed that these things would have occupied him pretty fully, the more so as he by no means neglected the schools, took a second in Honour "Mods," and but for an attack of illness would in all probability have obtained honours in "Greats." The long vacation of 1876 he spent in Switzerland, and in eight successive days surmounted five different peaks. Thrice Lord Desborough has ascended the Matterhorn, and as a mountaineer has made a name for himself which would have left him memorable had he done nothing else. Ordinary rowing becoming too tame, he and a couple of friends set off one morning in 1879 to row from Oxford to London, and accomplished the long journey of 110 miles in twenty-two hours. The feat, it may be remarked, was carried out under troublesome conditions. Much time was lost at the numerous locks which were not kept open for the boat—an ordinary skiff, by the way—and at one of these locks, which unfortunately was under repair, the crew were detained for an hour. A 12-stone cox was also a serious incumbrance.

Some years afterwards (1885) he stroked a crew in a clinker-built sliding-seat eight across the Channel. Two or three times the boat filled, but anticipating that this would be so, a number of jam-pots had been taken on board with which the crew bailed out the water. Lord Desborough, however, knows what it is to be sunk in an eight, having twice experienced the sensation on the Thames. One rough day, in the Oxford University boat, water had been breaking over the sides before they reached Hammersmith, and under the bridge the boat went slowly down by the head—a matter

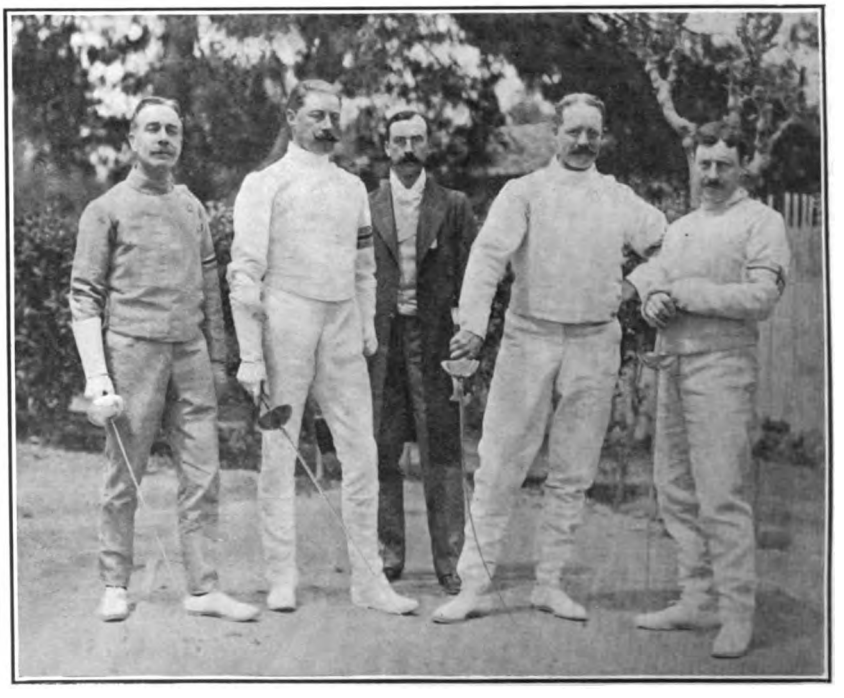
THE DRAWING-ROOM, TAPLOW COURT

(Photograph by D. Knights Whittome, Sutton)

of little importance, however, to a swimmer who was afterwards destined twice to cross Niagara, feats which suggest that if Lord Desborough had set himself to swim across the Channel he would have succeeded here as he has done in everything else which he has attempted. Rowing and sculling not providing him with sufficient occupation on the river, he took to punting, won the Championship in the three years from 1888 to 1890, and subsequently defeated the champion who succeeded him when he had

ceased to defend the title. Cricket he still kept up, playing for the Zingari and the House of Commons, though he says that he never bowled so well after taking much to rowing—an exercise that tends to develop a lot of muscle at the back of the shoulder which interferes with bowling action.

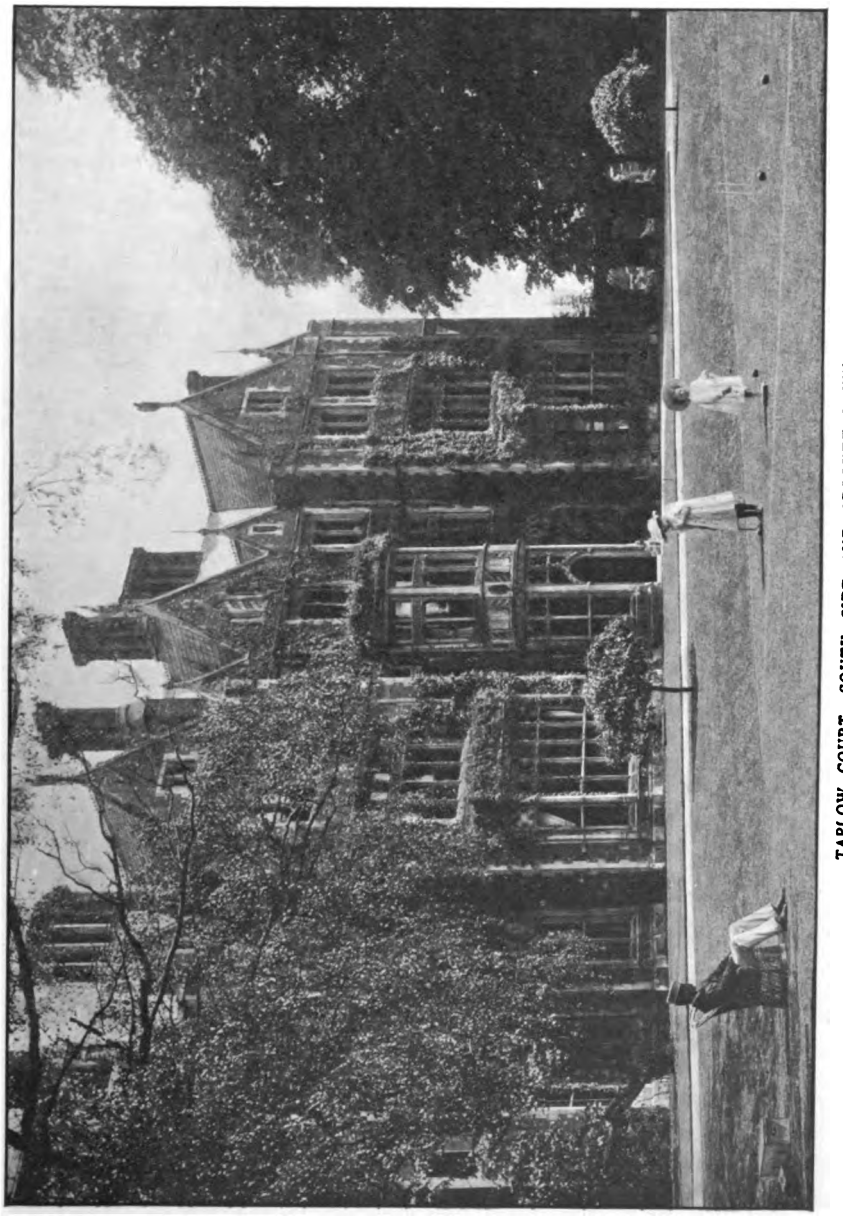
There are so many things to mention that it is hard to get all of them into a brief memoir, but amongst Lord Desborough's accomplishments he has always been noted as a swordsman. He won the Foils at Harrow and Oxford, and has since kept himself



ENGLISH FENCING TEAM AT ATHENS

Mr. C. Newton Robinson, Sir Cosmo Duff Gordon, Mr. T. A. Cook, Lord Desborough, and Mr. E. Seligman

in practice. He was one of the International Team at Paris in 1903, and last year leader of the four who represented England in the Olympic Games at Athens. The above illustration represents this team, and another shows the presentation of the olive to Lord Desborough, who is receiving it on behalf of the successful quartet. The Epée Prize at the Military Tournament has also fallen to him in 1904 and again in 1906, and he therefore ranks as a champion of the Army and Navy.



TAPLOW COURT—SOUTH SIDE AND CROQUET LAWN

The question as to which of all the many things he has done he likes doing best gives Lord Desborough pause, and he is inclined to think that he fancies stalking more than anything else. Something like five hundred stags have fallen to his rifle in Scotland. His shooting has been by no means confined to the United Kingdom, as numerous trophies at Taplow Court abundantly testify. It would be very remarkable if he were not a good shot, seeing that he fails in nothing—the eulogistic terms of this article are in reality only the simple expressions of fact—and he has killed big game in British Columbia, India, and the Rocky Mountains, where on one

THE HALL, TAPLOW COURT
(Photograph by D. Knights Whittome, Sutton)

occasion he was lost for three days, and might have terminated his extraordinary career.

As regards hunting he succeeded the late Mr. Cecil Rhodes as Master of the Oxford University Draghounds, and afterwards hunted the harriers which the present King, when Prince of Wales, presented to the farmers of Bucks and Berks. These hounds were

divided into two packs, one of which hunted the carted deer. Lord Desborough holds strongly the view that staghounds should be trained not to touch the deer, and never be blooded. Dogs are very sensible, and soon find out that the object is to catch the deer and not hurt it, and run just as keenly. His feeder told him once that the hounds were very quiet at night except when they had

THE SHADY WALK TO THE BOATHOUSE, TAPLOW COURT

(Photograph by D. Knights Whittome, Sutton)

failed to take the deer, then they were quarrelsome, and he thought "they were blaming it to one another."

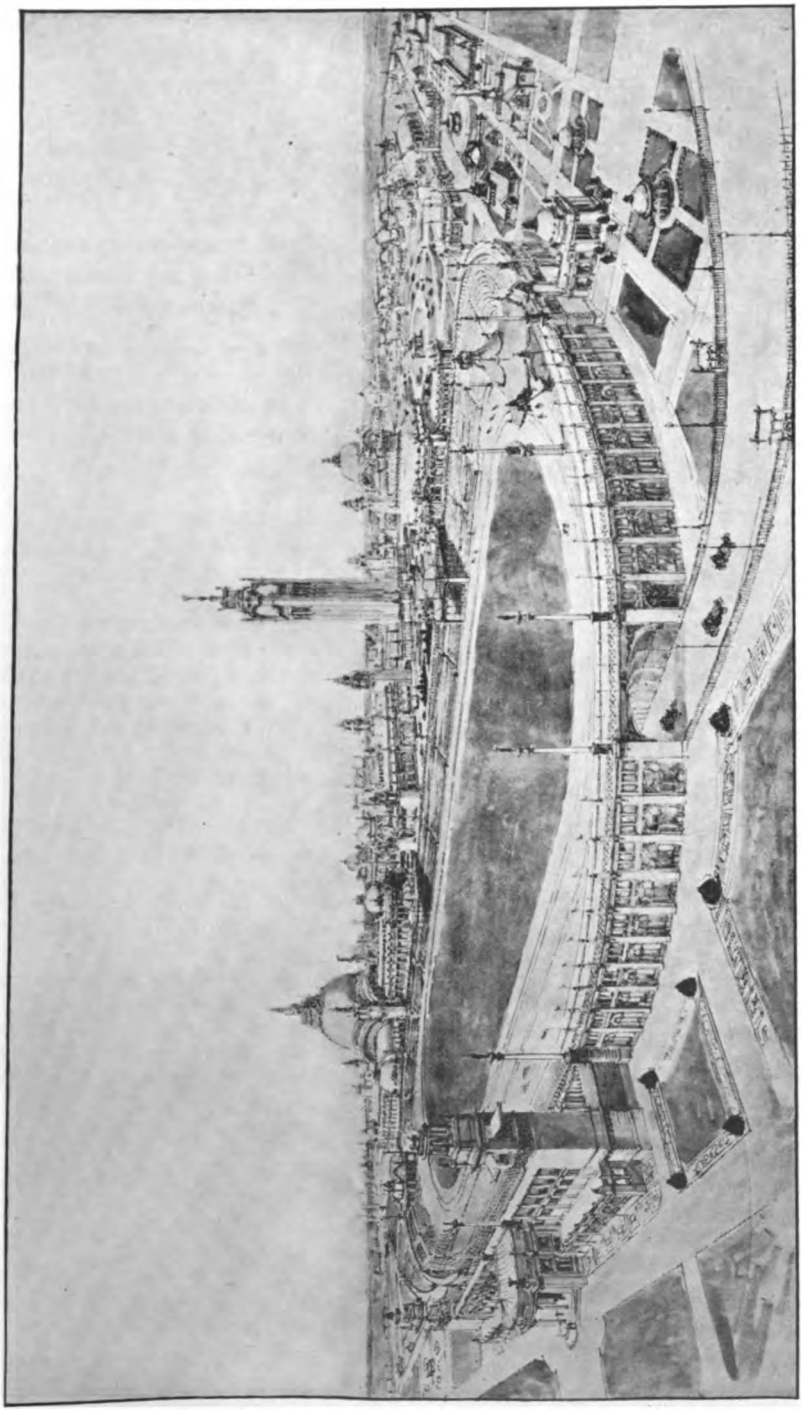
In days when tarpon were less known than they are at present, and when the capture of these huge fish was a fresh sensation for Englishmen, Lord Desborough set off for Florida to try his hand at the new game. Good luck attended his efforts, and in a period of

three weeks he captured no fewer than a hundred of these monsters, and has a frame with a scale of each fish, with the weight and date recorded on it. Another amazing Transatlantic performance was his swimming across the Niagara Falls. In 1884 Lord Desborough took it into his head to essay this really desperate feat, and entering the pool just below the falls got safely over. Five years later, in 1889, he crossed the ocean with a friend, Mr. Milburn (in whose house President McKinley died after the fatal attempt upon his life in Buffalo). Mr. Milburn could not understand how such a swim

THE TOWER OF THE PROPOSED OLYMPIC FESTIVAL BUILDINGS AT SHEPHERD'S BUSH

could ever have been accomplished, so in order to show how it was done Lord Desborough did it again. How he ever made leisure to become an expert whip is one of the many puzzles attaching to his career, but at the meets of the Four-in-Hand and Coaching Clubs he is frequently seen, being on the Committee of the one and President of the other. Racing is one of the few things he has not gone in for, one reason perhaps being that an owner of his avoirdupois cannot take an active part in the business; but he knows what it is to be under the starter's orders, and to make his way to the winning-post, having won three steeplechases.

It was at the offices of the Thames Conservancy, of which Lord Desborough is Chairman, that I was fortunate enough to find



THE PROPOSED OLYMPIC FESTIVAL BUILDINGS AT SHEPHERD'S BUSH

him, a committee having just risen; and on my remarking that he appeared rather fully occupied with committees he told me that he was member of thirty-five altogether, and that seven of them were meeting that day. Some of these are bodies of great importance, the Central Associated Chambers of Agriculture, of which he is Chairman, being one of them. But the subject which occupies a great deal of his time at present is the Chairmanship of the Council of the British Olympic Association, appointed to carry out the stupendous programme for next year. The buildings which are being erected at Shepherd's Bush for what will prove the biggest athletic meeting the world has ever seen are to cost £44,000—at least, that is the estimate; by how much it will be exceeded remains to be proved. It may be interesting to give a list of this Council and the societies which they represent, as I do not think it has hitherto been published, and it will afford some idea of the magnitude of the undertaking.

COUNCIL OF THE BRITISH OLYMPIC ASSOCIATION.

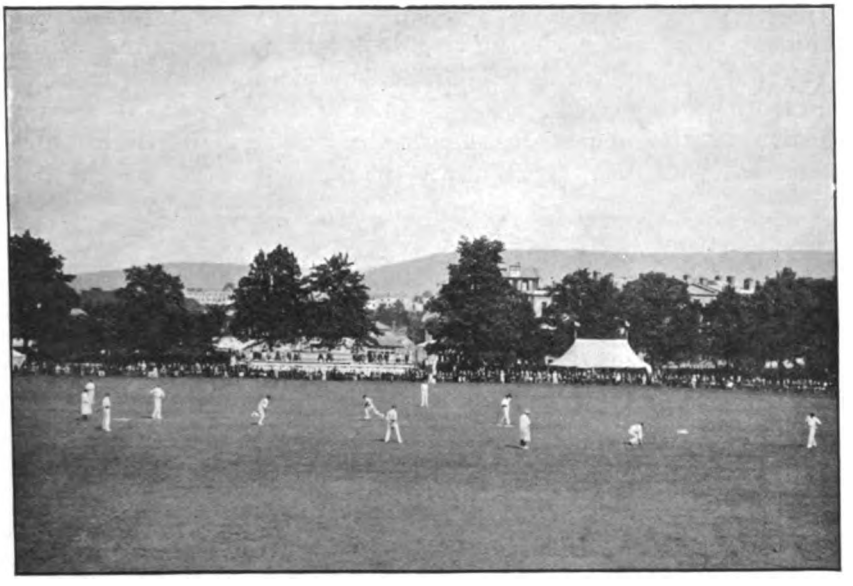
Name.	Address.	Society Represented.
Right Hon. Lord Desborough of Taplow (*Chairman*)	Taplow Court, Taplow, Bucks; and 46, Upper Grosvenor Street, W.	President of the Epée Club; Acting President, Royal Life Saving Society; Member of the International Olympic Committee.
Right Hon. Lord Montagu of Beaulieu	17, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.	Automobile Club.
Colonel Sir C. E. Howard Vincent, K.C.M.G., C.B., M.P.	1, Grosvenor Square, W.	Member of the International Olympic Committee.
Sir Lees Knowles, Bart. ..	46, Park Street, W.; and Westwood, Pendlebury.	Ex-President Cambridge University Athletic Club.
H. Benjamin, Esq. ..	18, Graces Road, Camberwell, S.E.	Ex-President Amateur Swimming Association.
T. W. J. Britten, Esq. ..	Glendalough, Streatham, S.W.	Hon. Treasurer National Cyclists' Union.
W. Hayes Fisher, Esq. ..	13, Buckingham Palace Gardens, S.W.	President National Skating Association.
R. G. Gridley, Esq. ..	73, Onslow Square, S.W.	Hon. Sec. Amateur Rowing Association.
G. Rowland Hill, Esq. ..	Hyde Vale, Greenwich, S.E.	President Rugby Football Union.
P. I. Fisher, Esq.	360, High Road, Chiswick; and A.A.A., 10, John Street, Adelphi, W.C.	Hon. Sec. Amateur Athletic Association.
Captain A. Hutton ..	76, Jermyn Street, W.	Amateur Fencing Association.
E. Lawrence Levy, Esq. ..	Liverpool Chambers, Cherry Street, Birmingham.	Hon. Sec. Amateur Gymnastic Association.

Name.	Address.	Society Represented.
E. Syers, Esq.	8, The Orchard, Bedford Park, Chiswick.	Hon. Sec. Figure Skating Club.
F. J. Wall, Esq.	F.A., 104, High Holborn, W.C.; and Casewick House, West Norwood.	Hon. Sec. Football Association.
Colonel H. Walrond ..	21, Blomfield Street, W.	Hon. Sec. Royal Toxophilite Society.
Theodore A. Cook, Esq. ..	54, Oakley Street, Chelsea.	Amateur Fencing Association
H. M. Tennent, Esq., ..	12, Lee Terrace, Blackheath, S.E.	Hon. Sec. Hockey Association.
Major-General The Right Hon. Lord Cheylesmore, C.V.O.	16, Prince's Gate, S.W.	Chairman of Council National Rifle Association.
Colonel G. M. Onslow ..	Fair Lawn, Hove Park Villas, Hove, Sussex.	Hon. Sec. National Physical Recreation Society.
W. Henry, Esq.	8, Bayley Street, Bedford Square.	Hon. Sec. Royal Life Saving Society.
G. S. Robertson, Esq. ..	1, King's Bench Walk, Temple, E.C.; and 86, Sheen Park, Richmond.	British Representative Juror of Olympic Games of Athens, 1906.
Rev. R. S. de C. Laffan (*Honorary Secretary*)	119, St. George's Road, S.W.	Member of the International Olympic Committee.
W. H. Collins, Esq. ..	9, Fell Road, Croydon.	President Lawn Tennis Association.
Guy M. Campbell, Esq., LL.D., F.R.G.S.	Royal Norman College for the Blind, Upper Norwood, S.E.	Gymnastics.
Major Egerton Green ..	Hurlingham Club, Fulham, S.W.	Polo.
F. B. O. Hawes, Esq. ..	12, Park Mansions, Vauxhall Park, S.W.	English Lacrosse Union.

The heads of the various clubs, committees, unions, and associations appear to be devoting themselves heart and soul to the duties, and it may be said that in all parts of the civilised world the gathering is attracting the diligent attention of leaders of the sports and pastimes included. As to what these are, it is not easy to see what has been omitted, and the Chairman is busying himself with the matter as though he had nothing else to do. In speaking of him merely as a sportsman, moreover, injustice is done to Lord Desborough. As early as his twenty-fifth year he was elected for Salisbury, and represented the constituency till 1882, when he was defeated on obtaining office, to be returned for the same seat, however, in 1885, when he became Private Secretary to the late Sir William Harcourt, then Chancellor of the Exchequer. Afterwards he sat for Hereford, but in 1893, when Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Bill was introduced, quitted the Liberal Party. Lord Desborough

was diligent in the pursuit of his parliamentary duties, and has likewise been so in local matters, having twice filled the office of Mayor of Maidenhead amongst other things. At intervals he has contributed to various papers and periodicals—I am glad to say that I have been privileged to publish some of his articles in this Magazine. In 1885 he undertook a very serious literary enterprise, having gone to Egypt as War Correspondent for the *Daily Telegraph*, for which paper he did admirable service. Prior to Lord Desborough's elevation to the Peerage, the last constituency he represented was the Wycombe division of Bucks.

In 1887 he married Ethel, co-heiress to the barony of Butler, daughter of the Hon. Julian and Lady Adine Fane. Kindest of hosts and hostesses, Lord and Lady Desborough entertain royally at their beautiful residence, His Majesty the King having more than once been their guest; and, busy as he is, Lord Desborough can always find time to do a kindness for a friend.



THE PRINCIPLES OF GOLF AND CRICKET

A COMPARATIVE RESEARCH

The Argument Verified by Action-photographs

III.—THE EFFECT OF CRICKET ON GOLF AND *VICE VERSA*

BY GEORGE W. BELDAM

AFTER what we have seen in the two previous articles, we can only come to the conclusion that there is no reason why the one game should interfere with the other, especially if we concede that there is much similarity in the principles which govern both. Why should cricket have a detrimental effect on golf? Yet this seems to be the general opinion held by most cricketers—some of them no mean golfers. I must confess this was my own experience until I lately realised how essential initial wrist movement was to both games. If asked my impression only a few months ago I would have said, "Yes, one game of cricket is enough to destroy all my chance of playing decent golf." Now I would say, if one understands the right use of the wrists in both games, there is no reason why cricket should interfere with one's golf. There is, however, one caution still

necessary: in cricket, the moving ball calls for quickness of eye, brain, and action—the ball is bowled, and in a fraction of a second the stroke to be played is determined. We have seen in the two previous articles how much quicker the wrists are in their movements than the arms. Therein lies the difference between the best

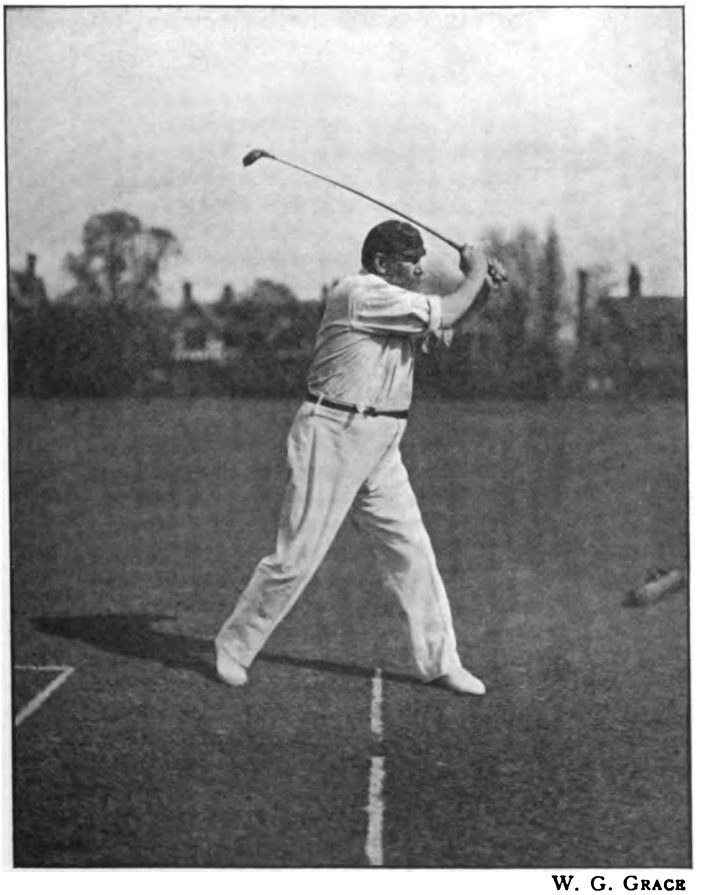
W. G. GRACE

FIG. 25.

I believe W. G. is supposed to have stated that in his opinion the follow-through is of no use, and that he did not believe he followed through at all. Perhaps he meant to state that he was not at all conscious of the fact. If so, then I would say, he has the best follow-through possible—the unconscious follow-through. From observation of his methods both at cricket and golf there is not the slightest doubt that he gets everything into the ball, especially his wrists, at the moment of

and the good at both games. In golf the ball is stationary, there is much more time to consider what stroke shall be played, and there is no necessity for such quickness of movement as there is in cricket,

It is the temptation to get the golf ball away too quickly, to treat it as if it were a moving ball, which the player has to guard against when he comes from the cricket field to the golf links. Wrist-work may save the player in this temptation, as the wrists are more in sympathy with quickness of action than the arms. But rushing the



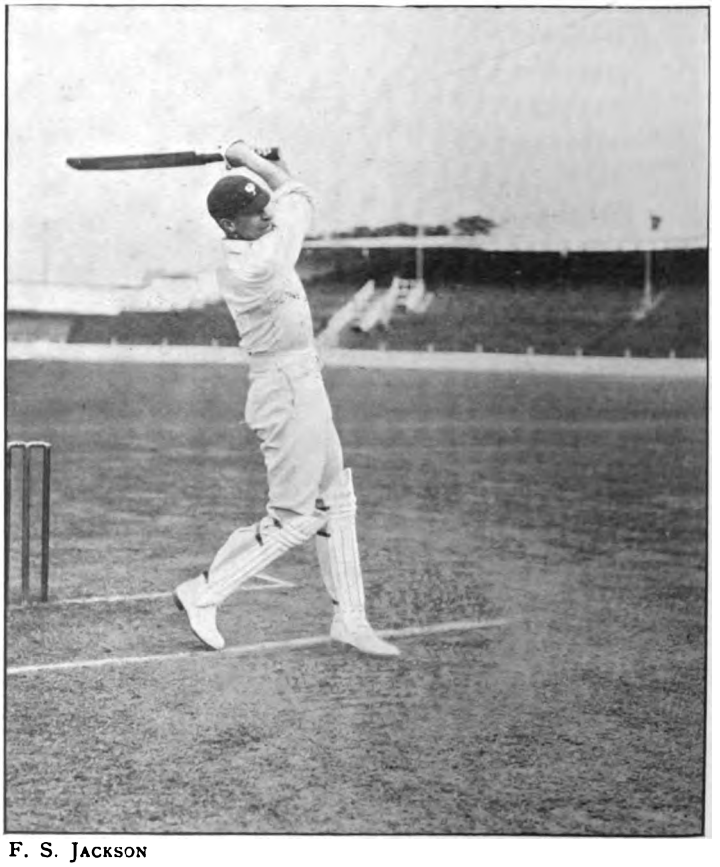
W. G. GRACE

FIG. 26.

impact, and afterwards—well, where the bat or club goes to is of no consequence—they may be left to take care of themselves. But they are bound to come through. In the case of the G.O.M.'s golf drive, the club comes through to the position shown in the photograph, but it returns back from the wrists as quick as lightning. You will never see W. G. remaining in the position shown, watching the ball's flight, but with his club dangling as if he had not followed through at all.

wrists through their necessary movements will not achieve the best results, as they must have time in which to fulfil their mission. The arm player will most assuredly find that this cricket quickness of

movement has destroyed the rhythm of his golf swing. His only chance is to swing slowly and deliberately, for his arms will never work as quickly as he desires. Such a player will always find, when both games are played simultaneously, that his golf suffers considerably; and I venture to say that this is not because the two games are antagonistic, as he imagines, but because he has not grasped the principles which are involved, and which, when applied to ball



F. S. JACKSON

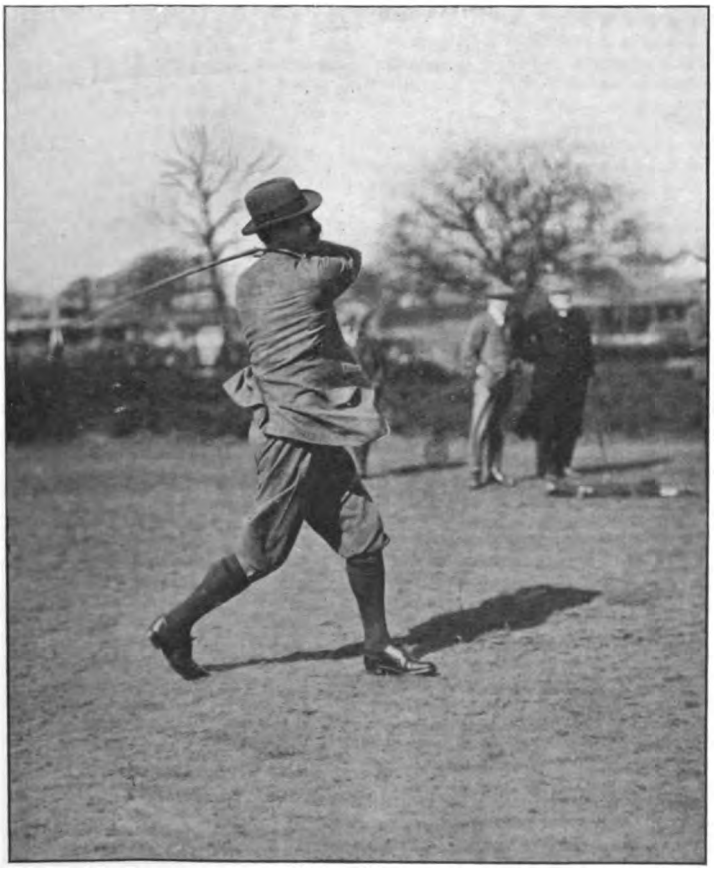
FIG. 27.—THE DRIVE AT CRICKET

The photographs showing England's captain driving at cricket and golf tend rather to prove his own statement that he has always had a great belief in the follow-through, and if anything slightly exaggerated it. His photographs do not give me the impression that everything he knows has been "put in" at the moment of impact. The arms are not altogether under the control of the wrists, and hence we see more arm-work

games, give the best results. Misplaced energy often causes much havoc, and the only way is to learn how it should be used, applied, and controlled. The cricketer may know how to employ his energy with

the bat in his hands, but if he be ignorant of the way it is applied with the golf club, it is quite certain he will find it worse than wasted on the golf links. For such a one to say that cricket interferes with his golf would be absurd.

There is just one habit at cricket which may seriously militate against one's golf, and this is not one that affects the common



F. S. JACKSON

FIG. 28.—THE DRIVE AT GOLF

in the follow-through. His methods remind me more of Vardon and C. B. Fry than K. S. Ranjitsinhji and Taylor. Indeed, his finish of the golf drive is not at all unlike that of Vardon. One method may be quite as good as the other; but the photographs representing the methods of F. S. Jackson, Vardon, and Fry show more apparent effort, and consequently the follow-through is more evident.

principles which govern the two games. When a cricketer has made a shot he generally looks up to see where the ball has gone, and this sometimes happens almost before impact. Victor Trumper told me

that he preferred to have a glance into the part of the field where he intended to place the ball, rather than watch it off the pitch. If it be so, it is exactly the opposite from golf. At any rate, it is certain that the cricketer is in the habit of looking up immediately the stroke is made, and it is absolutely necessary that he should break himself of this habit on the links. There, he must not look up till the ball has started on its flight. To keep on looking down for some few seconds after the ball has gone is exaggeration of a most useful

B. J. T. BOSANQUET

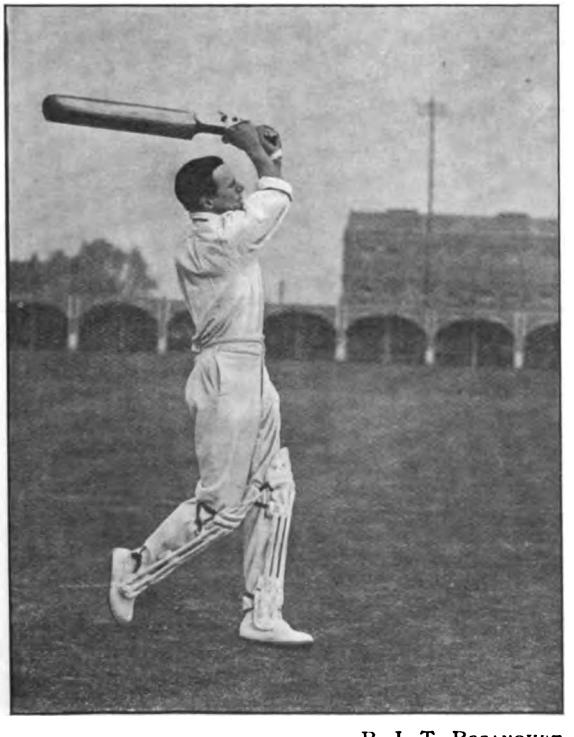
FIG. 29.—THE DRIVE AT GOLF

These photographs show the finish of the drive at cricket and golf. Mr. Bosanquet's methods at cricket are peculiar to himself, yet most successful. From my observation of them, he seems to take his bat a very short way back before making the drive. Although there is more than a suspicion of wrists coming into the stroke at the moment of impact, the arms seem to force the bat in any decided follow-through. He reminds

precept. In a fraction of a second the ball has travelled some distance, and the keeping of the eye for that time on the place where the ball was lying is one of the essentials for good results. It is this

habit of looking up too soon which interferes with the cricketer's golf almost more than anything else.

In my opinion, however, a close study of the principles which govern the game of golf will be most beneficial to cricketers generally. There is no getting away from the fact that there are certain essentials in both games which cannot be violated if the best results are to be obtained. Each individual will interpret these in his own way; for principles do not cramp individuality, or mould



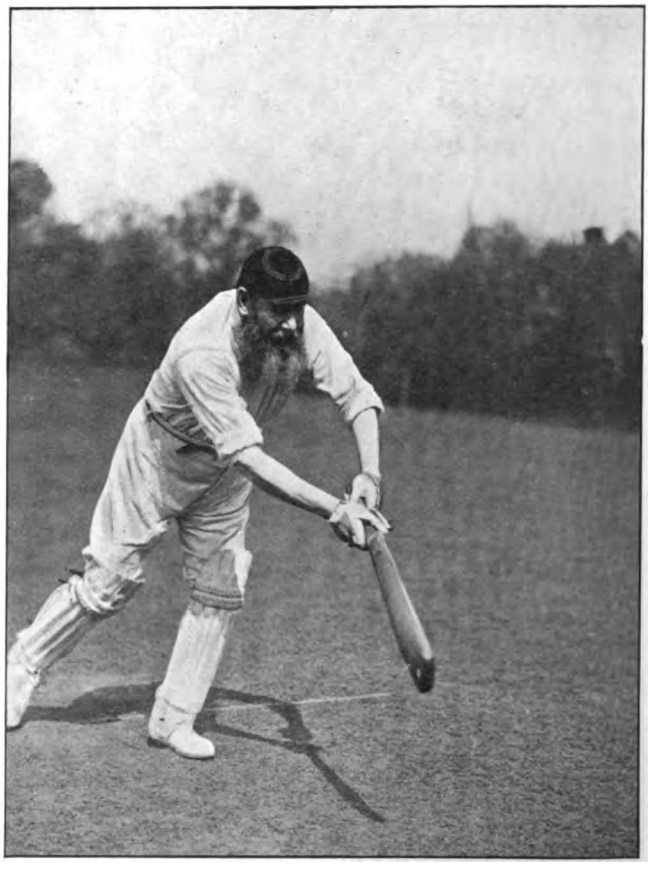
B. J. T. Bosanquet

FIG. 30.—THE DRIVE AT CRICKET

me of those players at golf who have exaggerated the maxim "Shorten the backward swing." The clipping of the upward swing makes it impossible for the wrists to bring the club through, thence the follow-through is forced, and is rendered out of all proportion to the distance the club was taken back. The above photograph shows decidedly more wrist work in the drive at golf.

everything into the same fashion. It is only when a player copies another without understanding the principles which, consciously or unconsciously, govern his play, that individuality is swamped. Such

a player is merely a copy, poor or otherwise, of his original. I must confess that golf first suggested to me that the key to the best results was the use of the wrists. Amongst cricketers I hardly ever heard the mention of wrist-work. In my case it may have been that I was unfortunate in not receiving any instruction at the beginning of my career; or it may be that the arms give better results at cricket than they do at golf. But I would certainly say that wrist-work is better understood by golfers. Cricketers are, however, beginning to realise



W. G. GRACE

FIG. 31.—THE PUSH STROKE AT CRICKET

The above photograph shows W. G. Grace playing a forward push at cricket, and that on the next page partakes somewhat of the push stroke at golf. There is on looking at the two photographs a

that the key to the situation is in the wrists, and possibly this is partly due to the influence which the play of K. S. Ranjitsinhji—now Jam of Nowannagar—had upon the game, and partly to the fact

that so many cricketers are taking up golf, and no longer look upon those who carry clubs as worthy of pity. Mr. C. B. Fry, though he has not played golf very much, knows enough about it to see this when he says "the key to the situation is with golf." And there is every reason why golf should help the cricketer to understand what Mr. Fry termed "the human mechanics of hitting, which are much the same in all ball games." If, therefore, this be true, that the cricketer will improve his cricket by studying the principles of golf,

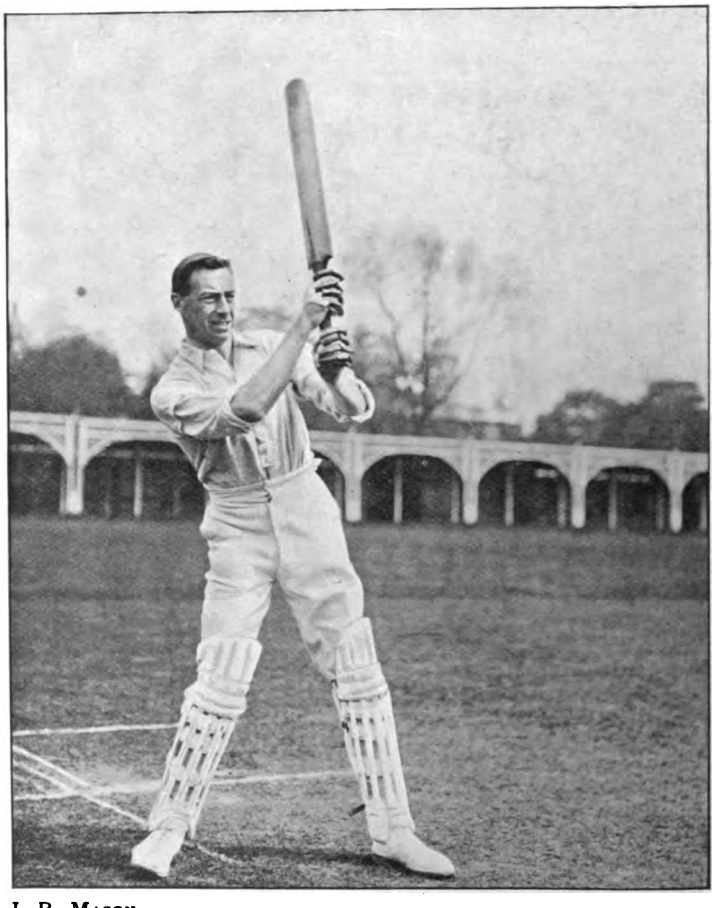
W. G. GRACE

FIG. 32.—THE PUSH STROKE AT GOLF
distinct similarity in the two shots; but one notices that the eye is quicker to follow the cricket than the golf ball.

it is more than likely that his cricket will not have a disastrous effect on his golf.

But how comes it that the cricketer should look to golf for his

instruction? Possibly for this reason: the golfer has his own time in which to dispatch the little stationary ball on its way; he can do all the thinking necessary before he even addresses the ball to make the desired stroke. He can think out, not only what kind of shot he should play—whether low, to suit the wind conditions, or high, to carry some hazard, &c.—but he can also recall to his mind the



J. R. MASON

FIG. 33.

These photographs show the Kent cricketer driving in both games. In the cricket drive the right leg has left its position at impact, and come forward in the follow-through, as is often the case with many cricket shots. In a firm-footed hit the right foot would have turned in the same manner as shown in the golf photograph. The form of the player in the

principles which have most recently appealed to him, and which he desires to weave into the stroke. All this can he do before he attempts to play the shot. The small white ball lying on the ground

will not help him at all to determine anything. The manner in which it is lying may, perhaps, help him to decide the right kind of shot to play, but beyond that it will give him no assistance. But the cricket ball is propelled at a certain pace towards the batsman, who may utilise its speed to compass his own ends. While in the air it practically tells the batsman the kind of stroke he is to make,

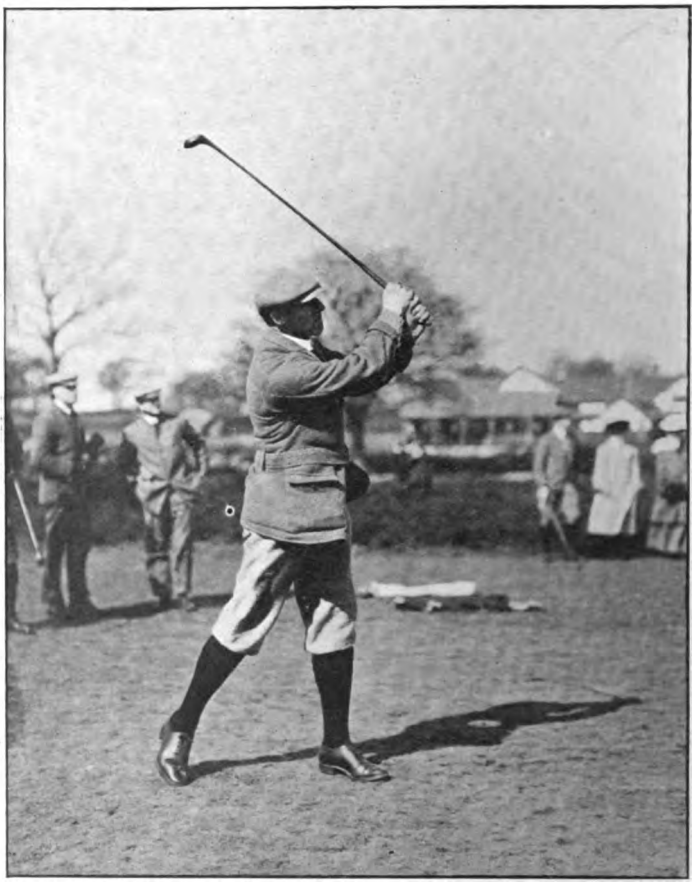
J. R. MASON

FIG. 34.

finish of his golf drive is almost perfect. The club head is pointing to the ground, showing correct wrist action, and the left foot is not too far round; this is a good point, for it keeps in check excessive body turn from the hips.

but he has not the advantage of the golfer in being able to think how to make it. When the stroke is made, it should be done in a sub-conscious manner; the whole attention must be on the ball, whether

it be in golf or cricket; but in cricket all the thinking must be done beforehand. In golf there is much more time for thought, and the principles involved in the stroke can be more easily thought out. Hence the use of the wrists, the stance necessary for certain strokes, the swing, foot-work, and last, but not least, the keeping of the eye on the ball, are all the more readily and easily worked out. For all intents and purposes the same principles apply to the propulsion of



E. SMITH

FIG. 35.—A SIMILARITY IN GOLF AND CRICKET

These two strokes, one at golf, the other at cricket, both show the effect of wrist-work in keeping the body in subjection. Neither is

the golf and cricket ball, for the latter may be treated at the moment of impact as stationary. It is, therefore, possible, for these reasons, that golf holds the key which will reveal the principles that govern the working of the human machinery as applied to ball games.

The danger in writing on these subjects lies in being unconsciously too dogmatic. After all, I can only present what I have said as my opinions, backed up by my interpretation of the action-photographs and personal observation of facts connected with the play of the originals. Beyond this I would not wish to go, for it is impossible that we should all see eye to eye in such matters. I should like, however, to give a few views expressed by some prominent

R. E. FOSTER

FIG. 36.—A SIMILARITY IN GOLF AND CRICKET

pressing; in each case the stroke has been made with ease and grace, and the body has been allowed to come into the stroke at the right moment.

cricketers in regard to the subject of this article, and—if I may be allowed—to criticise some of them.

Mr. Leslie Balfour-Melville, no mean performer with the bat, and an amateur champion at golf, was the first to express definite

views on the question whether the two games could be played without the one interfering with the other. It was at a time when only a few solitary cricketers had taken up the game of golf that he stated his opinion that cricket would not interfere with golf if each were played in its respective season. There is no doubt this is good advice, especially if the player does not see any similarity in the principles which govern the two games.

The Hon F. S. Jackson in stating his views owns that he exaggerates the follow-through in cricket, because he believes it to be correct, and he says he considers it equally necessary in golf, but that otherwise he sees no resemblance in the methods of the two games. Possibly one might deduct from this opinion that there is every likelihood that golf will help the "follow-through" at cricket. It is true enough the follow-through is most essential, for it is this which above all gives the ball its intended direction in each game. But, I would ask, why talk about the follow-through as if it were the "cause" instead of the "effect"? In the two former articles I tried to show that the follow-through should be the outcome of something which has previously happened. The best kind is that of which one is unconscious and is quite distinctive from that which is strained after. In a great many cases the follow-through is ineffective, because the upward movement is excessive. The Hon. F. S. Jackson owns that his knowledge of golf is comparatively limited, and I shall be surprised if, at no distant time, he does not see more principles in common with both games than only the "follow-through."

Though I have not discussed the subject with Mr. C. B. Fry, it is evident from what he has written that we agree almost on all points. He says, if a man be a fine golfer, playing with the ease and grace of a champion, and find his methods at cricket differ from those at golf, his cricket is moulded on the wrong principles. These are strong words, but I firmly believe he is absolutely right. The unfortunate thing for us cricketers is that our golf, in all probability, is not moulded on the right principles. It will be a step in the proper direction when we grasp that the same principles do govern both games. Mr. Fry also agrees that, for the purposes of timing the moving ball is to all intents and purposes as stationary at the moment of impact as the golf-ball. He concludes that many of the assumed oppositions between golf and cricket are merely fanciful.

Mr. H. K. Foster believes that on the whole golf does no harm to one's cricket, but that cricket injures one's golf; and he further states that the grip is similar in both games. "As for stance," he says, "that's nonsense." I fear the only point on which we agree is in reference to the gripping of the golf-club and cricket-bat in the

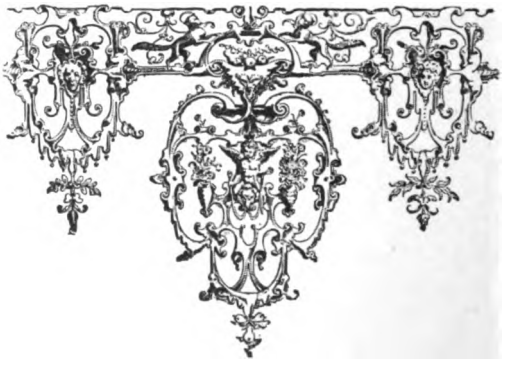
fingers, and not in the palms. As regards "stance," it may not be everything, but it certainly isn't nonsense. When such a position is taken up, it is almost absurd to argue the point. The subsequent foot-work both at golf and cricket depends a great deal, in my opinion, on the preliminary position.

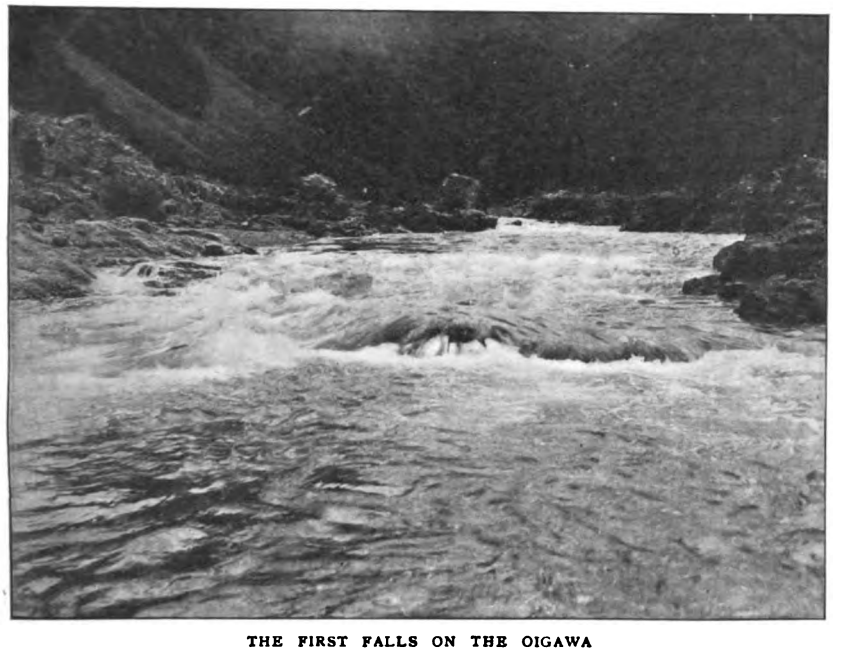
Mr. G. L. Jessop concludes that the golf and cricket drive are really different because, among other things, the golf swing is slower than the cricket stroke. That I agree with the latter part of the sentence is only too evident from what has been written a few pages back. But I cannot see why this should prove that the principles which govern the drive at cricket and golf are different. Mr. Jessop then goes on to say that he finds he does not hit so far as he used to at cricket, and that golf has made him slow on his feet. If this be the case it is most interesting; but I cannot believe that Mr. Jessop will for ever accuse golf of destroying some of his skill at cricket. It is only just lately that I saw him playing golf in greatly improved style, and if reports be correct he has altogether remoulded his golf and has forsaken arm-work for wrist-work. It is just possible that golf, as he played it at first, might have affected his cricket if he introduced the same principle into the summer game. It has been stated in these articles that wrist-work and quickness of foot-work go together. If this be so, I shall not feel at all surprised to hear that Mr. Jessop has regained his old quickness in regard to foot-work, and to hear him own, some time this cricket season, that golf, as she should be played, certainly does no harm to one's cricket.

Yet more heresy from Mr. George Brann! who says, "Golf and cricket are not friends and never will be." I quite agree with him that such is the case if one tries to introduce cricket methods into one's golf. I think with Mr. Fry the only chance for them to be friends is when the reverse is the case and the true principles of golf are applied to cricket. Mr. Brann is, however, very decided in his opinion that correct driving at cricket is not correct driving at golf. "You may argue your head off," he says, "but it isn't!" He says a cricketer should be taught to hit with all his soul, and in attempting this he cultivates a distinct jerk. This is rank heresy so far as I understand the principles of our best batsmen; and savours strongly of arm-work. A jerk means effort, but I see no effort in the longest drives at cricket, although one wonders where the power comes from. K. S. Ranjitsinhji once told me that he found out there should be no jerk, but a smooth accelerated movement. I fancy I hear, "But that is the golfing movement!" Quite so. Need I say more? If the wrists are used as the motive power it is possible to hit with all the soul both in cricket and golf. Why are not such simple principles taught us in our apprenticeship? To

be taught on the right lines from the beginning is worth much.

Take the case of any earnest student of the game: having seen the best exponents get the best results with no apparent effort he tries at once to find out for himself what is the secret of their success. He may be quite conscious of using too much effort and of misapplying his strength. He may for days have used his arms as the principal motive power, and never discovered that the wrists would do more for him with much less effort. Unless he has some one to put him on the right lines, he may waste much time in his search for knowledge. Yet there are those who simply laugh at theory, and talk as if everything should come quite naturally. Such may be the case with one or two gifted individuals, but for the majority of us I fear the right way is often the least natural and only comes after considerable application. Those are to be counted fortunate who have capable friends, ready and willing, to show them the first principles which are necessary to lay a good foundation.





THE FIRST FALLS ON THE OIGAWA

CANOEING IN JAPAN

BY EMILY WATTS

In Japan one canoes in a sampan—or, to put it more correctly, one shoots rapids in a sampan instead of a canoe, and it is quite wonderful what these flat-bottomed boats will face in the way of rough water.

The finest rapids in Japan are on the Oigawa, a swift-running river which forms the overflow from Lake Biwa, and empties itself into the Gulf of Osaka.

The start is made from Takao, and by six o'clock one glorious April morning we were trundling down from Kioto in our 'rickshas. What a morning it was! The mists lifting from the hillsides left clear the glory of the wild cherry, rosy in the sunlight, ethereal in its beauty. The kurumayas ('ricksha men) stopped to gaze and drew deep breaths of admiration, their very souls stirred by the sight, albeit they had seen it every year of their lives.

But the cherry blossom itself is to them the soul of their country, and as such they paused awhile to worship in the still, hazy glory of that morning.

"What is the soul of Japan?" "It is the wild cherry flower in the morning sun."

I, too, sat silent and worshipped, until a voice at my side said: "Will the august one honourably please to look?"

"I *am* looking, Awa, and worshipping like you."

The remembrance came back of a simile told me by a Japanese student a few days before. "The cherry flowers," he said, "are little pink clouds that have caught in the branches of the trees," and no more perfect comparison could be found.

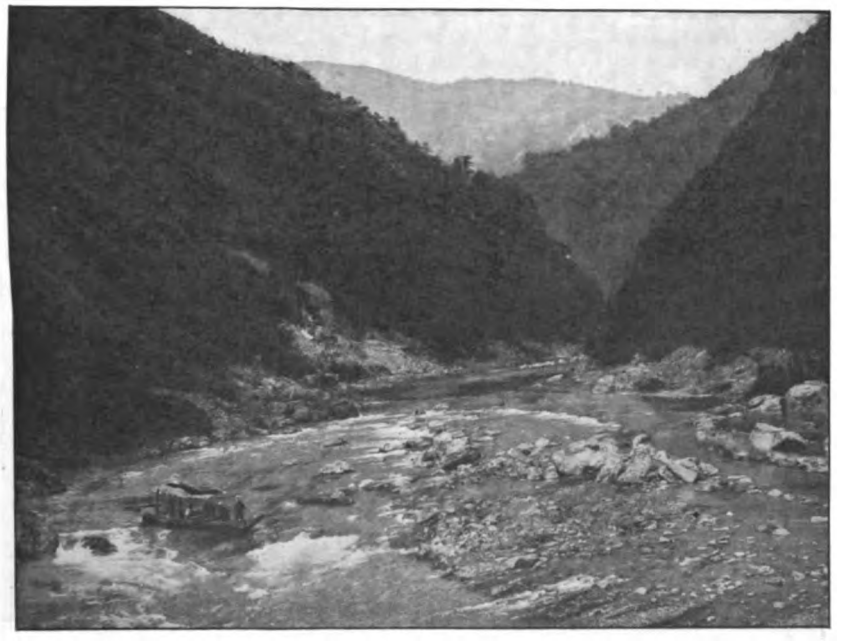
A minute or two later we were spinning along again, and our kurumayas went with a lighter step than before, refreshed by the few moments spent gazing at their beloved emblem. By breakfast-time we were in Takao, where in the space of three-quarters of an hour Awa informed his "august ones" that breakfast was ready. We never had a better courier than Awa; his talents were extremely varied, and he prided himself on his European cooking. Sometimes he would mix up dinner with breakfast; but what matter to appetites sharpened by a few hours' run through the fresh crisp morning air? On this occasion he bowed us in to a brace of roast pheasants, which he had bought on the way for 25 sen (sixpence), and everything was perfectly cooked, even to the bread sauce. His little indrawn whistles of satisfaction were indeed pardonable, for the meal was a triumph.

"Now, then," said E.'s husband, after we had finished, "we must buck up and get on board."

This remark took the fancy of our little waitresses, who waved adieux to us, calling out alternately "Sayonara" (good-bye) and "Buck up!"

After a lengthy discussion it was decided to put ourselves into one boat, and our kurumas ('rickshas) with their men into another. E. and her husband with myself, and Awa with two boatmen, in the first sampan, and our four 'rickshas with their six men in the second—a heavy load to bump over the rapids, but the river was in flood, and although this made the going more dangerous in one way, in another it made it possible to get over places where otherwise we should have stuck. It was all quite different from the canoeing in Canada, where we had to step carefully into a little narrow bark canoe, and sit absolutely still on the bottom. In the sampans we had room to walk about and arrange ourselves comfortably on the cushions of our 'rickshas, which came in very useful. An interested little crowd watched us depart, and we waved our

handkerchiefs in reply to the musical "sayonaras" that rang out as we shoved off. The boatmen guide the sampans with long oars with narrow blades that are sometimes used like punt poles, and we were soon swirling gaily down stream. The size of the boat, and the fact of having all one's party together, makes it appear far less formidable than going down in a canoe, though, as a fact, I believe these are really safer. The river is very narrow, and entirely closed in with the hill-sides, which rise steeply from the water, sometimes pine-clad, sometimes one mass of maple, and always and

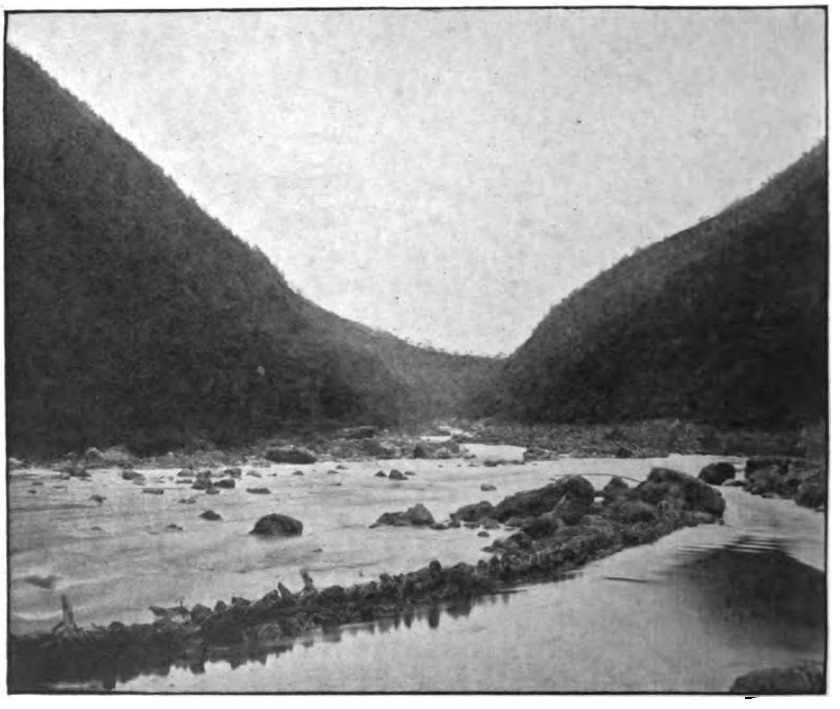


AN AWKWARD CORNER TO STEER

everywhere made beautiful by clusters—sometimes whole slopes—of the wild cherry.

We went skimming gaily along, most cleverly steered through the narrowest of channels, though one is unable to realise danger in such a roomy boat. Yet the rapids we swept over would have needed all one's courage in a canoe, as will be seen from the photograph of the first falls, which we shot at a tremendous pace. The next photograph shows an awkward corner where the sampan has to be persuaded to take some very rough water at right angles before she can be given her head down stream. I have given also another view of this corner, showing how it is possible to sampan up

stream, but it is very rare to see more than one person in the sampan in this case, as all hands turn out for the tug up-stream, and it is the only way of getting the sampans back to the starting places at Tamba or Takao. There is one part of the river that widens out and where it is so shallow that it is impassable owing to the boulders both above and just under the water. So the ever-resourceful Japanese has devised a breakwater which for ingenuity surpasses anything I have seen in this wonderful little country. On one side of the river all the boulders have been dragged out about

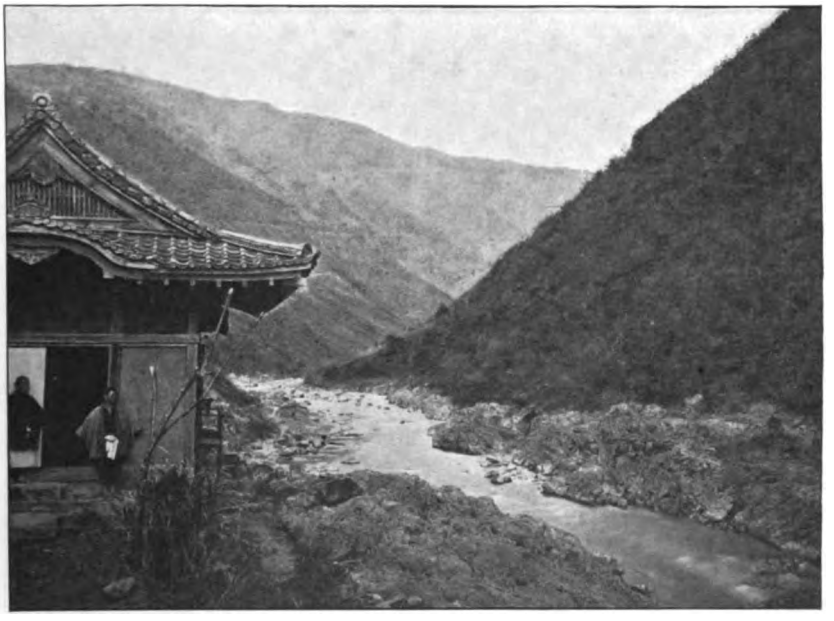


THE BREAKWATER OF BOULDERS BOUND TOGETHER WITH SPLIT BAMBOO

a quarter of the way across the river, and there they have been bound and tied with split bamboo, making one long, solid, but resilient breakwater, leaving a channel cleared of all dangers down which one can pass without fear of grounding. The photograph shows exactly how the breakwater is formed, and in no way does it detract from the beauty of the river. By mid-day the good Awa had a lunch spread out on the bottom of the boat, so that we turned our attention for awhile to things less artistic. One cannot conceive of a more delightful day's trip than this one down the Oigawa River.

There is enough excitement about it to keep one on the tip-toe of interest all day, and an ever-changing succession of exquisite views as each bend of the river is reached, here and there a single house nestling among the wooded slopes, with just a glimpse of a carved roof that fills one's very soul with delight at its beautiful lines and colouring. It is not possible to see anything ugly in Japan—that is to say, not in the Island of Dai Nippon. In Yezo I believe things are different, and the people are wild and uncouth—but I did not go to the northern island, as it was not very easy travelling in the interior even six years ago.

Late in the afternoon we arrived at Arasi-Yama, where we were



THE BEAUTIFUL CARVED ROOF OF THE TEA-HOUSE AT ARASI-YAMA

to land and 'ricksha back to Kioto. It consists of one little tea house and some mineral springs. Our voyage had been delightful, but we were not at all sorry to land and stretch ourselves after a whole day spent squatting in a sampan, and the charming welcome was all the more pleasing in that it meant tea. A mother and daughter owned the tea-house, and after having bowed their foreheads to the ground several times pattered away to prepare food for us. Little O Haru (Spring) returned a few moments later to inform her "august ones" that their "honourable baths" were ready. These proved very refreshing, but I made the mistake of trying to

use soap and discovered that the water was saline. In no other country is one able to experience the fine art of bathing as it is known in Japan, and however far into the interior one may go, one is always greeted a few moments after arrival with the welcome intimation. After a long jolting day in a 'ricksha it is a luxury indeed to go into a spotless room and step over a small moulding level with the floor into three feet of hot water contained in a square about six feet long and four feet wide. Our tea was delicious. I am quite converted to the little cups of pale green liquid, and the fascinating cakes and sweets served in thin china with delicate blue traceries, on fine lacquer trays. I cannot resist giving a photograph of the tea-house at Arasi-Yama showing the detail of the roof with its beautiful lines and carvings. Were there ever more beautiful tiles?

Our kurumayas were now waiting for us, as the evening was drawing in and the clouds were creeping down the hill slopes to "leave their shreds of pink upon the cherry trees," so we bade good-bye to little Miss Haru and her mother, who waved graceful "sayonaras," calling to us as we started, "Mata irasshai!" (Come again!). Truly these people are learned in the fine art of hospitality.

And so through the mountain roads we bumped and raced back to Kioto, where the lights showed soft in the distance, and the after-glow of the sunset hung in the cherry flowers that make the glory of the slopes of Maruyama.

STRANGE STORIES OF SPORT

XXVIII.—THE BOWLER WHO DISAPPEARED

BY "OSGOLDCROSS"

My friend Salter has now retired from journalism. He has a cottage which he calls "home" on the East Coast, where he and his wife live one month in the year. For the remaining eleven months they wander. At any given moment they might be peacefully sojourning with a Tasmanian apple-grower, or they might be rounding the Horn on a "wind-jammer," or, again, they might be partners in a claim on the Yukon.

* * * * *

This story is of one of Salter's greatest "scoops," and it is here set down for the first time. It has to do with the strange disappearance and yet stranger return of Walter Street, the famous Tykeshire cricketer.

As a matter of fact, I had had a long spell of illness and knew nothing of the affair till Salter came to see me when I was recovering; therefore I will give it as he told it to me.

"I've made a good score since last I saw you," said my friend, "and, as you've been stowed away all these months, I s'pose you've not heard?"

"No, what is it?" I asked, for I was thinking for the moment only of the joy of being alive, and of feeling the breeze blowing untainted on my face.

"Beaten the field, bagged the pool, and, in a sort of way, scraped a rival with his own potsherd."

Some men would say that Salter is a trifle vain of his exploits, but to my thinking there is a distinction between vanity and

legitimate pride—besides, my friend was not given to promiscuous bragging.

"You retired from the world," he went on, "about the beginning of March, and the last of the Test Matches between Macpherson's team and the Colonials was due to begin at Melbourne on the fifth."

"I remember; each side had won two; I heard only last Sunday how the victory went at the finish."

"Well, there was rain on the evening before the final match, and it was announced that the wicket was sure to be soft. So at home we rejoiced, for we knew that would suit Walter Street, who was in tremendous form. He'd taken fifteen wickets for 94 against South Australia, and eight for 40 against Victoria, and the Cornstalks were more than a little fearful of him. Our hopes were pinned on him, for the other bowlers had been far from deadly. You can imagine the sensation which was created when the cable brought word that on the morning of the game Street had been missing and that play had had to begin without him. He had simply disappeared."

"Disappeared?" said I. "What do you mean? Why on earth should he disappear?"

"Nevertheless, that was the size of it. It seemed that he and Haynes (they both come from the same West Riding village, you know) had been chatting in the hotel garden the night before, and that Haynes had left his chum and had gone to bed. Street said he'd finish his pipe and come up almost at once. Next morning he was absent from breakfast, and when they went to look, his bed had not been slept in. Search as they would, no sign of him came to light until ten days later, when his clothes were found in the Yarra River."

"Was he inside them, then? Suicide, impossible! Murder, or what?"

"Only his clothes, fortunately. He himself had simply vanished. As to the cricket, Australia made over 600, we replied with 460; Haynes in the second innings rose above his grief, for he was fearfully cut up, of course, and bowled like a demon. Colonials only made 87, and, thanks to a glorious innings by Cloudsley, the Red Rose man, we pulled it off by one wicket."

"Oh, gorgeous, great!" ejaculated I.

"But the Street mystery was unsolvable. The Australian police could find nothing like a real clue. A rich Bradford rag merchant sent out two of our finest detectives at his own expense, but they came back confessing themselves completely beaten. The public forgot the matter—something else turned up—peer in the

Divorce Court or an absconding banker—I forget which; but in his own shire, where "our Walter's" face was as well known as the King's, they remembered always. Why, in Halifax some of them tried a clairvoyant, who gave the usual hazy information and pocketed the usual prosaic fee.

"About the middle of May I was in town, and Mellin of the *Magnet* telephoned me one day to go down to him. When I got there, I found him talking to a big, bluff, red-faced chap whom I put down at once as a seaman of some sort.

"He was introduced to me as 'Captain Swallow, of the barque *White Wings*.'

"'Y'r servant, sir,' said the skipper, extending a paw about as big as a shovel.

"'Now, Captain,' said Mellin, 'will you be kind enough to explain to this gentleman what you've been telling me?'

"The chap was smoking some kind of filth in a short clay pipe, which he shifted to the other side of his mouth, and then he began:—

"'When I got inter London River yesterday week, I hears about that there young feller Street, the cricketer, 'ow he's been put away. Me and my mate, Robins, wuz talking it over day 'fore yest'day, and we says mebbe some chap has shanghaied the feller and run him off on to a wind-jammer to get 'im outer the way. I've sailed outer Melbourne myself, and it's not once nor twice, but often enough the boarding master has brought us down deadbeats as drunk as Davy's sow and shot 'em into the fo'c'stle as A.B.'s. And I won't deny,' added the Captain with a grin, 'as we've made some sort of seamen outer most of 'em. Now I says to Robins, "What's to 'inder someone as wants t' get this chap outer the way doing the same?"'

"Well, Mellin and I talked to the old boy for a good half-hour, and we concluded that, even if it was a long shot, it was not altogether an impossible one.

"'What's about a fair average passage for a sailing ship back to England?' said Mellin.

"'Depends,' replied Swallow. 'If anything like weather, say between 85 and 110 days to Falmouth, where a lot of 'em puts in for orders.'

"'Let's see, then,' I said. 'That match was begun on——'

Mellin looked it up and found March 5.

"'Supposin' the feller was put aboard ship on that date, ye can find easy enough what left Melbourne for home ports then, ye know. But if it's anything, I reckon it'll be sail, and a slow ship at that; the longer the trip the better.'

"'Now look here,' said Mellin, when the big skipper had gone, 'it's worth trying, though as likely as not it won't come off. Suppose Street was hocussed and put aboard a 'lime-juicer,' it doesn't follow she'd be bound for home. Still, it's worth chancing.'

"On the 30th of May I was in Falmouth, where I chartered the sea-tug *Comrade*, owned and commanded by a man of whom Swallow had told us. I explained to him that I wanted to get into communication on the earliest possible occasion with each of five ships, a list of which I gave him. He didn't want to know more of the game, and promised to be ready for sea at noon next day. That evening, however, a telegram from Mellin informed me that Swallow and his mate had quarrelled, and that the latter had been to the *Daily Beacon* and given the show away. And, sure enough, next morning my captain told me that a rival tug, the *Comet*, had been chartered under similar conditions. He did not add, the old sinner, that this rival was at least three knots faster than his own boat.

"We put to sea at noon, and, as I heard afterwards, the *Comet* was an hour behind us. We cruised about for six days, waylaid two of the five we were after, and in each case found that we were behind our rival. Fortunately, neither vessel had on board the man we were looking for. It was clear that we must go farther afield if we were going to come out top.

"In the evening we picked up the *Comet* some three miles ahead of us, whereupon my skipper, to my astonishment, turned round and began to retrace his course. I expostulated, but he assured me that he knew what he was about, and when darkness fell we changed back to our old course and went ahead again, all lights covered. We made a big sweep and, keeping our enemy's lights in view, passed him in the first watch. I turned in before midnight, but about four they wakened me with news that a big four-master was close by. We showed our lights now and came up alongside her. There was a very gentle breeze, and she was not making more than four or five knots.

"Our skipper hailed her. She was the *Strathmore*, Melbourne to London River, and she didn't want a tow.

"'Have you got a fellow aboard of the name of Street?'

"The reply of the officer on watch told us that he didn't care the smallest iota if they had or not; and if they had, it wasn't our business.

"'But look here, Mr. Mate,' I sang out, 'it means good money for you and the Old Man if you have.'

"That seemed to touch him; but he refused to parley further till he had consulted the captain, and he wasn't going to wake him

for any etc., etc. tug in creation. So we hung round waiting till it should please the Old Man to wake up.

"Very soon, to our chagrin, daylight began to show, and we found the *Comet* about a mile astern of us. As soon as they spotted us it was full speed ahead; and when at half-past six the skipper of the *Strathmore* came on deck in his pyjamas, he found two tugs close by, each hailing him with the utmost urgency. The mate on watch told him what was in the wind, and, on the 'first come, first served' principle, he shouted over to me to come aboard. My rival's boat dropped down at the same instant; but while I was clambering over the port side the *Comet* man was vainly endeavouring to obtain admission on the starboard side where no ladder was slung.

"In a few words I explained matters; and, to my unutterable joy, found that the long shot had hit the target. Street was there.

"When I had suitably appeased the captain and officer on watch, I was allowed to interview the bowler, who looked very unlike his usual smart self in a blue dungaree suit and with a fine yellow beard. It was precisely as old Swallow had suggested: he had been sand-bagged in the hotel garden, and knew no more till he had awakened in the *Strathmore's* fo'c'stle off Port Phillip Heads.

"In an hour I had the whole story from him, but in the meantime found that the wily skipper had been bargaining overside with my rival. It was, as I felt certain, a *Beacon* man, one Platten, whom I knew by reputation. He smiled as we met on deck.

"'I may be a bit behind the fair at the start,' said he; 'but yon Noah's Ark of yours'll be an "also ran" when we get under way.'

"He went down to the fo'c'stle, whence I had come. By Jove, I was in a fix, I can tell you, for I knew that in the race home we should not be in it. My mind worked quickly; desperate diseases need cures to match; so I went down to the cabin where the skipper was dressing.

"'Cap.,' I said, 'if you can keep that other fellow six hours here—for the good of his health, say—there'll be a hundred pounds waiting for you when you put your mud-hook down.' But that line was no good, and I was bundled overboard by a couple of deck hands.

"So, sick at heart, I regained the *Comrade*, and the message went down to the engine-room to whack her up for all she was worth. We had ninety miles to go, and I knew that Platten's tug could give us two hours at least and a beating.

"Well, they did whack her up to such a tune that the bearings got hot and we had to slow. About eleven the other fellow came

pounding past us, hell for leather, and signalling, if you please, 'Shall we give you a tow?' Can you imagine anything more utterly and perfectly diabolical? A grand summer morning, sea like glass, and my rival cutting away for Falmouth with the scoop of the season all fine and large.

"Just then, when I was feeling as if my back teeth were submerged in bile, a big P. and O. passenger boat was coming up behind us, doing her eighteen knots good. She was overhauling us fast, and my captain remarked sympathetically, for I had told him the trouble:

"'Now, if you was aboard *her*——'

"'Why, that would do me no good. *She* won't be home in time to cut him out.'

"'No, but what price yon wee spar on top of her foremast? Don't ye see she's got a Marconi apparatus?'

"'Skipper,' I shouted, 'you are an angel! Shove me as near as you can, and when you see me hit water, cut and run for home. I'll fix the rest.'

"He didn't tumble to it for the moment; but, after some persuasion, he agreed. He put the tug within thirty yards of the big black liner. Overboard I went, and promptly the *Comrade* sheered off and skedaddled as hard as she dared. In five minutes I was up on the high bridge hearing a choice oration from the captain of the *Hindu*.

"However, he proved to be a sportsman; and, after vowing to place me in irons forthwith, he sent me down to his cabin for a change of clothes. Then I sought the smooth-faced young man at whose will the air-waves struggle in space, and within half an hour I knew that from the slender installation pole a hundred feet above the deck my message was speeding home."

Salter finished speaking, and we sat in silence for a few minutes.

"Who's top of the bowling averages now?" I asked.

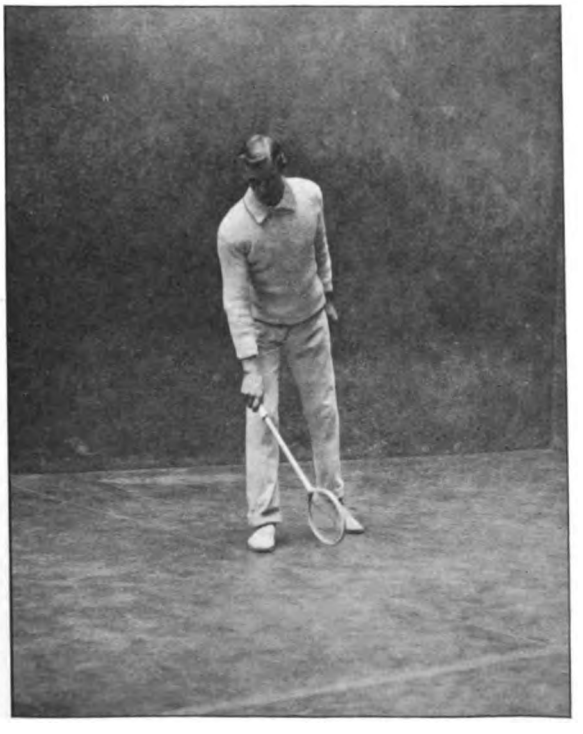
He took out a newspaper from his pocket, turned over the sheets, and then replied:

"Why, Street is."

PUBLIC SCHOOL RACKETS

BY H. A. L. RUDD

ONE of the pleasantest days of the year is that which recurs annually about Easter-time when, with "holiday" written all over my face and emphasised by the unbusinesslike appearance of a tweed suit,



POSITION FOR HALF VOLLEY

I slip out of my office at noon, remarking to the clerks, with ill-disguised satisfaction, that "I hardly expect to be back to-day." At the Mansion House Station my request for a ticket to Barron's Court elicits a responsive smile, betokening the presence of a sports-

man in the booking-office: while at various points on the line the train is boarded by other enthusiasts, unmistakably bound on the same mission—to witness the struggle for the Racket Cup, and to greet with a cheer of encouragement the representatives of their old schools.

I always select the second round for my visit to Queen's, as on that day my old school is usually playing, though, I am sorry to say, it rarely survives the ordeal. There is an additional advantage in my choice, for, unless an unfortunate draw occurs in the first round, all the strongest pairs are engaged. This year, owing to defective light, I had to take two half-holidays, as it was only possible to get through half the programme on the first afternoon. I was, however, well repaid by the excellent show Malvern gave in their match with Harrow.

There is no game so delightful to play as Rackets. Above all things it is a man's game. Even in these days of the almost universal demand for sexual equality mixed fours and ladies' singles are happily unknown. A man's strength and a man's activity are essential, and one has to be thoroughly fit and well to get any good out of the game at all. Hand and eye, and even feet, for position is of the utmost importance, have to work in absolute unison. Cricket has its joyous strokes, Football its thrilling moments. The champagne air of St. Andrews, however much we may be off our game, makes us glad to live; but there is nothing in all the world like a smashing kill just above the board, and the next best thing to playing is watching, especially when those taking part are such excellent exponents of the game as this year's Wellington and Malvern representatives. For one of the chief charms of Rackets is that grace and skill go hand in hand.

Watching from a crowded gallery has its drawbacks, as only the first row get a thoroughly good view of all that is going on below. Those of us less fortunately placed have a good deal left to our imagination. It is our experience which tells us how the heavy-cut good-length serve clings to the corner, and gives us an appreciation of the skill, even though unwitnessed, required for its successful return. What a crowd it is! Enthusiasts all, the pick of the present-day players, veterans and schoolboys, and a fair sprinkling of sisters of the competitors, the keenest of all the spectators, whose warm admiration of their brothers' prowess makes up for any lack of technical knowledge. These brothers, by the by, deserve every encouragement, for they have no slight ordeal to face. In an ordinary game there never seems time to be nervous. At cricket there is much long-drawn suspense, while golf gives leisure for a thousand anxieties; but at Rackets the pace is far too fast, it is

either hit or miss, and no time to think. Here at Queen's all is different. It is no light task to enter the court at all, conscious, as the youngster cannot help being, of the many eager eyes anxiously watching to see what form he is in; and the awe-inspiring gallery exercises a baleful influence which it takes several sharp rallies to dispel.

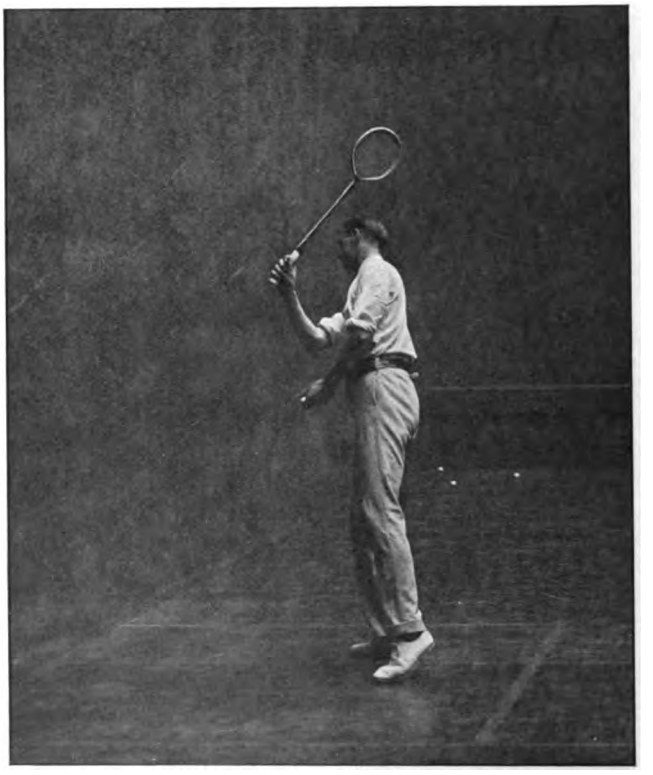
The preliminary knock-up generally affords a clear indication of the merits of the players. Of the dozen or so schools possessing

WAITING FOR A KILL OFF THE BACK WALL

racket courts less than half have really great traditions of the game. In very few cases is it even properly looked after and encouraged. Usually it is left to take its chance after the demands of football have been satisfied; and yet there is no other game in which all the greatest Public Schools meet together in friendly rivalry. The contrast between those who have had every attention devoted to them and their less fortunate rivals is observable at once on their entry into the court. The clean crisp style of the former

gives confidence to their supporters, whilst the half-hearted, unenergetic display of the latter awakens a distrust which too often is only the harbinger of defeat.

The actual details of the play have been told and retold. Eton, who have a useful player in Hannay, were no match for the Wellington cracks, while Harrow found the sixth of the Fosters far too good for them. The standard of play at both Eton and Harrow during the past two years has undoubtedly not been as good as



SERVE FROM LEFT-HAND COURT

usual. Cheltenham, with an improved pair, easily disposed of Tonbridge who had been handicapped by illness. The exciting match of the round was that between Charterhouse and Rugby. The former, with their score at three games to one, had reached six love in what promised to be the final game of the rubber, and with every advantage of superior strength and vigour appeared to have matters all their own way. Nothing, however, could daunt the spirits of the Rugby boys, and thanks to some good-length services

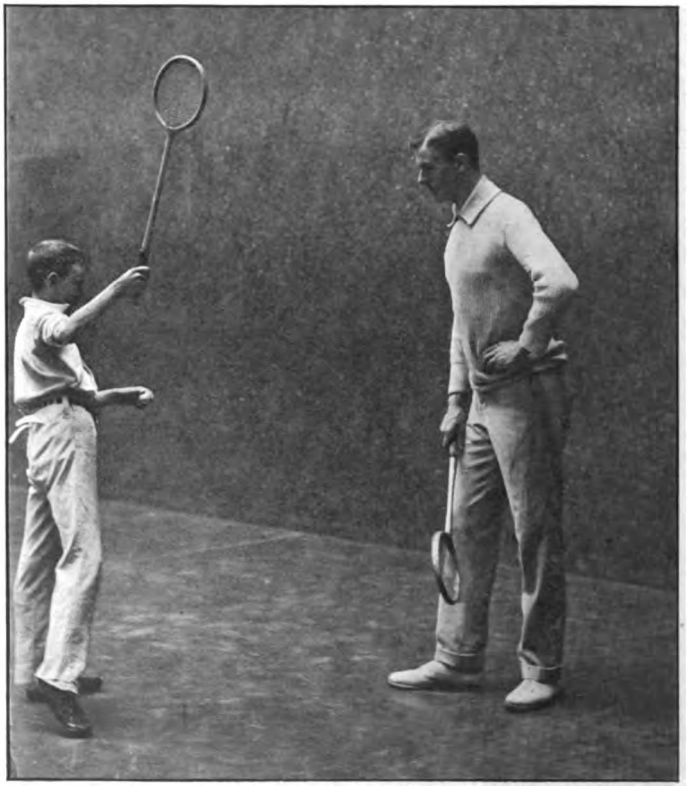
by Simpson they equalised at six all. Even then seven hands were required for them to advance another point. Simpson, who is quite young and by no means of robust physique, kept placing his services to the best advantage and, quite imperturbable, was always a trier in the rallies, while his partner backed him up to the best of his ability. Their determination was too much for the temperament of their opponents, and the Midland school, after winning the fifth game, were never in great danger of losing the match. It will be interesting

BACK-HAND SERVE FROM RIGHT-HAND COURT

to watch Simpson's future appearance in these competitions. Although it may be doubtful whether he will attain the highest rank as a player, he has at least one great qualification for success, the possession of a good nerve and plenty of pluck.

It is generally considered that this year the various pairs were of more than average excellence. The form shown by Brougham, Foster, and Harrison would make any year remarkable. The last-named player, possibly owing to the exceptional merit of his partner,

has hardly had sufficient justice done to him. Always calm and collected, he served admirably, kept the ball going well in the rallies, and would have been a first string which any other school than Wellington or Malvern would have been delighted to possess. Of Foster no higher praise can be given than that he worthily maintains the reputation of his family. The way in which at one time he killed a fast rising ball, where it was impossible to get into a good position to deal with it, was a revelation in adaptability. So excellent



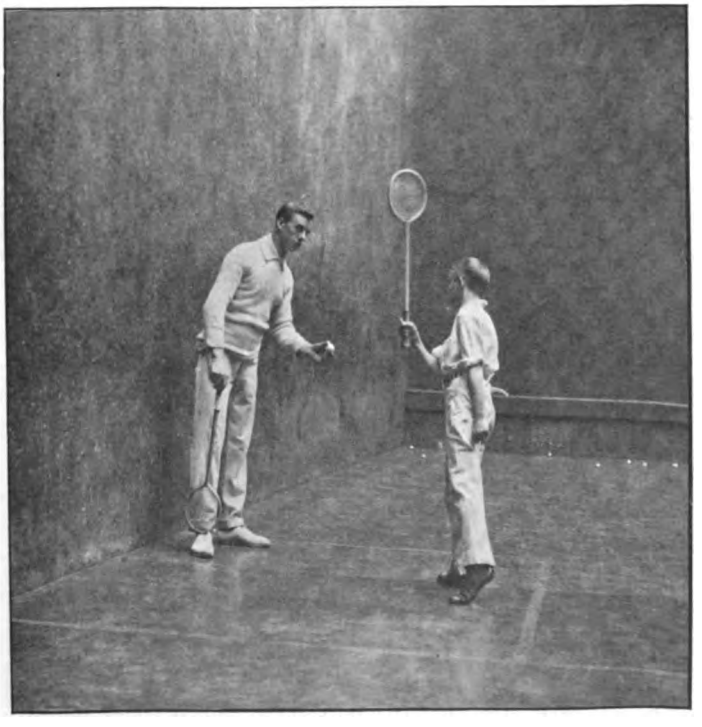
INSTRUCTING A BEGINNER

was his display against Harrow that the ultimate victory of Wellington became, for the time being, a matter of considerable doubt.

Best of all, however, was Brougham, and the 1907 competition will be known for many a long day as Brougham's year. His career has been exceptional. For four seasons he has represented his school, and has been in the final three times, so his success has been well deserved. Strong at all points of the game, never taking the ball

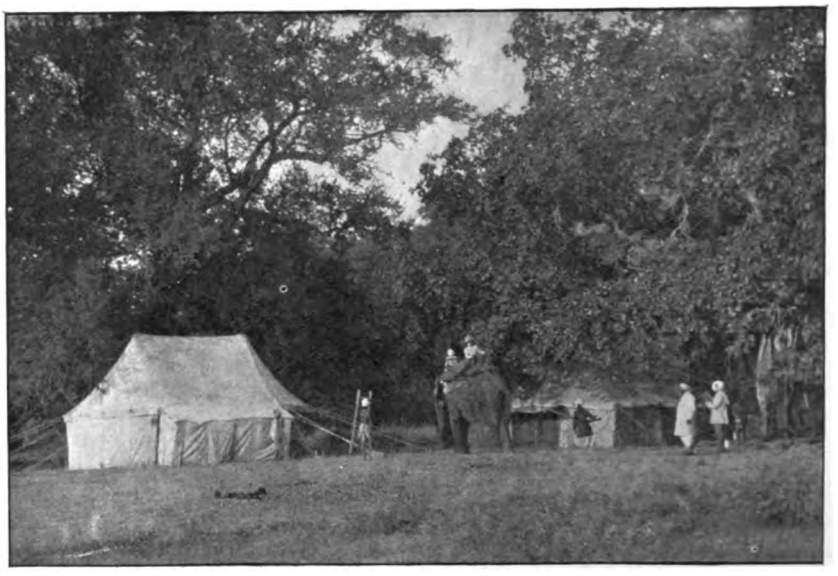
off a wrong foot, in itself no small matter, he is thoroughly versatile, and has plenty of resource. One of his strokes in particular well illustrates this, and will for long linger in my memory. He had run in to volley an awkward service in the back-hand court. With a quick and delightfully free sweep of the racket he lashed the ball back just above the board at a terrific pace.

The cheers which greeted the victors have died away and our thoughts are turning to the future. Racket-players may be born,



"YOU CANNOT START TOO YOUNG"

but they undoubtedly require a lot of training. It takes years of practice to acquire anything like the proficiency of a Brougham. Those of us who have the interests of our old schools at heart will be well advised not only to look forward to next Easter and the Easter after, but to make really serious preparations for as far on as 1910. The game cannot be begun too young, and good solid work in grounding youngsters in a correct style is bound, sooner or later, to meet with its reward.



"THE MEMSAHIB" STARTS FOR THE "BEAT"

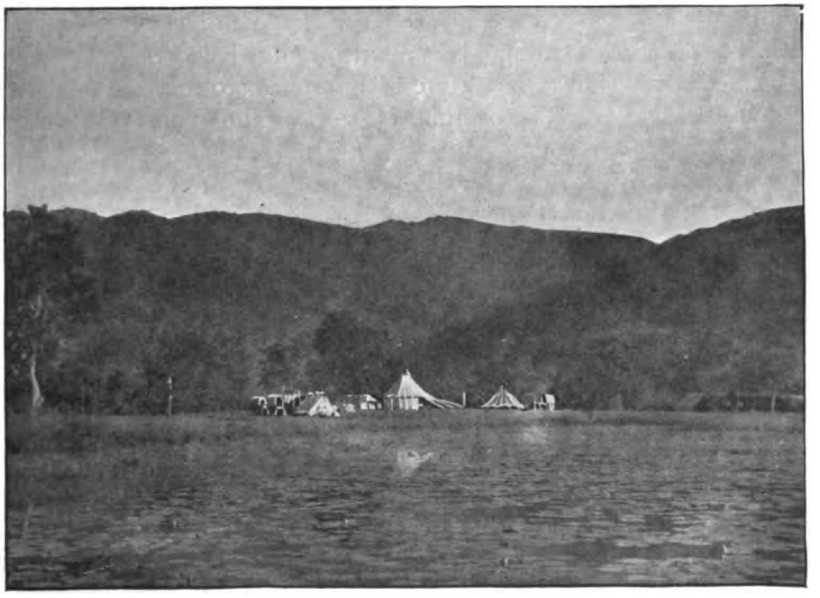
THE MAN-EATING TIGRESS OF THE CHITRINGI VALLEY

BY CAPTAIN L. W. S. OLDHAM, R.E.

THERE are still in India localities where the conditions of life are the same as they were a thousand years ago, where the contest between man and wild beasts continues to be waged, and where the result is by no means always in favour of man. Such are the conditions in the native State where the writer happened to be during the "cold-weather" season some years ago. The country is an elevated tract near the centre of India. A bird's-eye view would show one vast forest as far as the eye could reach. Here and there low rocky hills of curious contorted shapes break the level line of green. At intervals would be seen bare patches where the jungle had been cleared, and a closer inspection would show clusters of rude huts, the so-called native "village." Such is the country at the mouth of the Chitringi valley. It is, however, a comparatively rich and populous tract. Some twenty villages are dotted about in the immediate neighbourhood, and clearings extend continuously several miles up the main valley.

This is the district that for four years was devasted by a man-eating tigress. Forty-seven persons were killed, and a tract of country of some four hundred square miles was terrorised. Communication between villages was stopped. Crops in outlying clearings were left to rot on the ground because no one dared gather them. Six villages were completely abandoned, and I have seen bison, the shyest of wild animals, grazing on the site of what two years before was a populous place.

Until one has seen for oneself it is impossible to realise what a scourge a man-eater is in these jungle districts. The ordinary tiger lives on comparatively friendly terms with the villager. His



CAMP NEAR A LAKE

usual diet is wild game of all kinds, varied when he gets a chance of lifting a stray cow or bullock. The cattle he seizes are, however, usually worthless animals. The villager takes good care of his milch cows and plough oxen. They are shut up at night, and are not allowed to stray far in the forest by day. Each village has, however, a large herd of superannuated and worthless cattle. By his religion the Hindu may not kill them off, and it is of these that the wandering tiger takes his toll, when he meets them grazing in the forest.

Of an unwounded and unprovoked tiger the forest-living native has little fear. The tiger and the man mutually avoid one

another, that is all. With a man-eater, however, it is war to the knife. The villager has now to do with a ferocious and insidious foe. The tiger's method of warfare is by ambuscade. His attack is swift, silent, and overpowering. Nor is this all; not only has the man-eater every natural advantage on his side, but he is in addition credited with wonderful supernatural powers, and is looked on as fiend incarnate, inspired and watched over by the spirits of his victims. The arms of the villagers are crude and poor, but a man might be a walking armoury of modern weapons, and still have no chance against the sudden attack of the man-eater.

There is a popular idea that tigers take to man-eating when they are no longer able to kill larger and stronger animals, and also that such tigers are mangy and wretched creatures. This may at times be the case; but it is by no means true universally, or even generally. I think most sportsmen with a knowledge of the subject will agree that it is usually a tigress that takes to man-eating, and that almost invariably the original lapse into sin occurs when there are young cubs to be fed.

Imagine a tigress with young cubs a few months old. She has been out all night, perhaps for several consecutive nights, and has had no luck in her hunting. In the lair at home are the cubs desperately hungry and clamouring for food. Her mother's heart cannot bear to think of their cruel disappointment and of another day of starvation. At this moment she sees one of the dreaded and hated humans, a woman it may be, out early to fill her pitcher at the stream. The tigress is desperate, and in her desperation fearless. A sudden rush and her fangs are deep in her victim's throat. The prey is carried off with consummate ease, and the fatal first step is taken. From that moment the tigress is probably a man-eater.

The appearance of a man-eating tiger reduces the village to a state of siege. Half the necessaries of life are obtained from the forest—wood to burn, timber and bamboos for building and fencing, wild fruit and berries for food. To graze the herds of cattle, and even to get the daily supply of water from the stream, the forest must be entered. To be denied the forest, then, is the greatest hardship that can be inflicted on a village community.

I have said that for four years this tigress terrorised the district. It must not be thought that no effort had been made to rid the country of such a scourge. On the contrary, every expedient known to hunters had been tried, but without success. The commonest and simplest way of shooting a tiger, especially among natives, is to sit up at night over a "kill." The tiger is then shot when he returns in the dead of night for his prey. But the tiger does not

always return, and to shoot at night is at best chance-work. This particular tigress was much too cunning to return to a kill, so that method failed. Attempts were made to shoot her by sitting up over paths and water-holes, but without success. And the hunter would perhaps return to camp after a sleepless night rifle in hand, to hear that ten miles off an old woman collecting sticks, or a boy herding cattle, had been pounced on and carried off in broad daylight. Numerous beats had also been tried, but each time the cunning brute had broken out without giving the guns a chance.

On a former occasion I had been in the neighbourhood, and had added another to the list of disappointed sportsmen who had

MID-DAY REST

tried conclusions with the man-eater. It was therefore with no very sanguine hopes that the following year I found myself again in the Chitringi valley. In answer to my inquiries, I was told that for many months no victims had been taken. The villagers had picked up courage. Once again they ventured into the forests, and they had high hopes that the tigress had met her fate, or had left the district. Suddenly, a short time before my arrival, she had again appeared. Several persons had been taken in the past few weeks, and only two days previously a man had been killed close at hand.

To the north of the cultivated plain I have spoken of opens the valley of the Chitringi. Formerly there had been several village clearings at intervals in this smaller valley; but the man-eater had shown so marked a preference for the place that the villages had been abandoned, and the upper valley had now for several years remained sacred to its wild denizens. It was at the mouth of this valley that the last victim had been taken only two days previously. Naturally I was anxious to see the place and to hear all details of the tragedy. No one had been there since, and in fact the villagers hardly dared leave their huts.

At the point where the Chitringi debouches into the plain is a small village. The fields extend down to the stream, along the edge of which, however, is a narrow belt of undergrowth. In this stream a party of villagers were busy fishing. It was the slack season of the year, with no field work doing. The water in the stream was low and adapted to their primitive methods of catching fish.

They are a simple folk, these Gonds, and go about their business with much laughter and jollity. Evidently the tigress had been in the neighbourhood, and attracted by the sound of voices had stealthily approached the stream. Here she had lain concealed in the long grass awaiting her opportunity. What a subject for a painter! The lithe form of the tigress concealed in the grass, her teeth bared, and her savage yellow eyes intently fixed on the group of natives—men, women, and children—who, with much merriment, splashed about in the pool below, spearing the fish.

In the afternoon, about four or five o'clock, the party gathered up the spoil and started for the village, not more than a quarter of a mile distant. A narrow belt of jungle separates the stream from the open fields. The tigress waited till the last man had left the pool, and then followed the party along the narrow path through the scrub. For fifty yards the path is straight, and then turns sharply to the left round the stump of a tree. As the last of the party reached the corner the tigress made her rush straight up the path. At the corner she seized her victim by the throat. A few yards ahead was the man's wife. She turned, and with wild cries struck at the tigress with a fish spear. The rest of the party, including her two sons, also came running back, shouting, and brandishing such weapons as they had. The tigress, thus confronted, gave way; she was a coward at heart, and, dropping the man, she made off into the forest. Poor Nathu was carried into the village, but never regained consciousness, and died a day or two later.

Such was the dramatic tale told to me on the site of the tragedy by the survivors. The accuracy of the story was borne out by other

evidence. Deep scored on the hard sun-baked clay were the claw-marks, showing that the tigress had gone at speed straight up the path. At the corner were the deeper marks of her claws as she had risen up on her hind legs to seize her victim; and there, still lying where they had fallen, were a few rags of cloth, and a log of dry firewood the unfortunate man had been carrying.

The question now was to discover the present whereabouts of the tigress, and to organise a campaign against her. It seemed probable that she had her head-quarters up the Chitringi valley. It had been, we knew, a favourite haunt, and for many months had been undisturbed.

About two miles up the valley was a deserted village site named Toondiâma. A few years before it had been a flourishing settle-

IN AMBUSH

ment; but the headman and two of his family had been killed by the tigress, and the village had in consequence been abandoned. The neglected rice-fields were now sacred from human intrusion, and were, I knew, a favourite feeding-ground of wild bison and buffalo. I determined, therefore, to explore the valley, to locate, if possible, the enemy's stronghold.

It was essential to be on the ground at daybreak. So we decided to bivouac that night on the spot, and to do our exploring the next day at dawn. Early in the afternoon we started for Toondiâma. My loaded rifle was of course on my shoulder, and the men with me kept a sharp look-out. Our guide was a tall upstanding young fellow, the brother-in-law of the last victim killed by the tigress, brother of the woman who had shown

such pluck in attempting to save her husband. There were also with me a distinguished-looking old man and fine old sportsman known as the Ardkāri, my faithful henchman Munbodi, and two or three other local trackers.

About half-way our guide stopped and showed us the place where two years before a young man, one of a party of nearly a dozen, had been carried off in broad daylight. They were walking, as one must on these narrow paths, in Indian file. This man was the last of the party. There was a rush, and before the others could realise what had happened, the tigress had the man by the throat and had disappeared with him into the jungle.

We soon reached our destination. The valley here widened out, and dotted about among the neglected fields were spreading mango trees, the sure sign of former human habitation. I selected a tree, and in this was tied my "machân," a small wooden framework with cord stretched over it to form a seat, and big enough to sleep on, for a person who could do with a minimum of space. It would of course have been madness to sleep on the ground, and my men made themselves comfortable on a platform of poles and branches in a tree some little distance from mine. These preparations were finished before sunset, and we settled down in our lofty perches for the night. On my "machân" were my rifle, a blanket, and a lunch basket. The men also had cooked food with them; so after a hearty meal I settled down to meditation and a pipe.

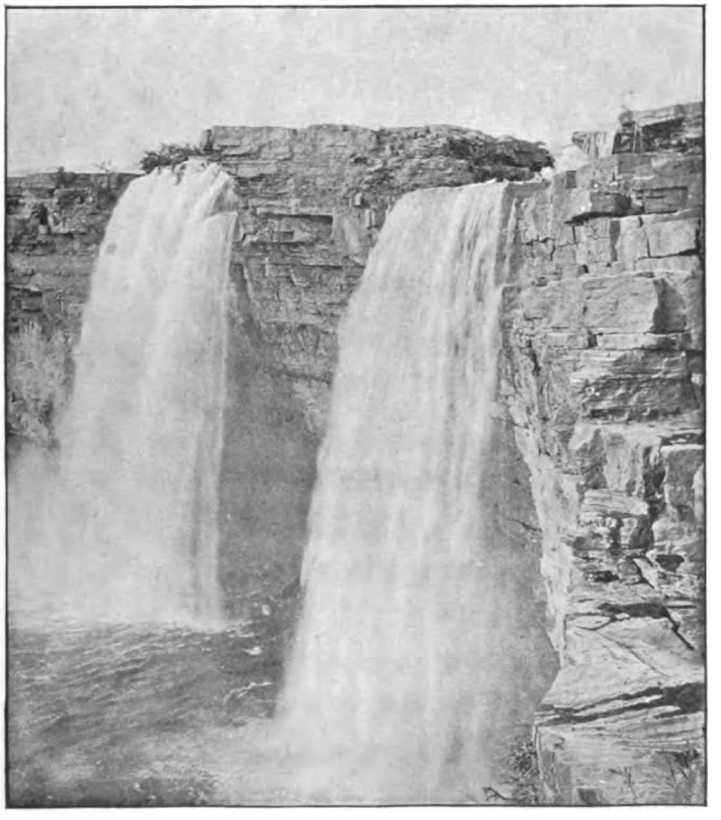
My tree was in the centre of the clearing, so that in the foreground were the deserted fields. Beyond the clearing was the forest on all sides. On the low hills that formed the side slopes of the valley it was not very thick; but in the valley bottom was dense jungle with long elephant-grass and tangled scrub.

From my place of concealment I spent some time in watching the various life that showed itself. A party of pea-fowl came out and fed in the open for the last hour of daylight, their glorious plumage shining in the rays of the setting sun. Various weird cries of birds and animals sounded through the stillness. A great horned owl flew whooping down the valley. When it was dark I heard the strange call of bison some way off in the thick forest. They were evidently on their leisurely way to their nocturnal feeding ground.

People unacquainted with the habits of wild creatures do not realise that for them the night is the period of activity. As the shades of evening fall, all the inhabitants of the jungle begin to bestir themselves. The larger animals have perhaps a long distance to go to their feeding grounds. All night they are afoot, feeding, watering, and visiting the salt licks (which are to them what the club is to men and women of the present day). Before the first streak of

dawn they are well on their way back to their fastnesses. By the time the sun is up they have again gained the deep recesses of the forest, where in comparative security they can spend the hot hours of the day in repose.

Presently, wrapped in a blanket, I fell asleep. About midnight I was waked by a thunderstorm. Thick clouds had come up and large rain-drops began to fall. Amid the crash of thunder and the blinding flashes of lightning I heard the sharp trumpet-note of a



MAGNIFICENT FALLS UNKNOWN TO FAME

sambhur stag "belling" close at hand. It is a weird and not unmusical sound, and in keeping with the surroundings. Suddenly I gave a start as, in reply to the "belling" of the stag, the deep voice of a tiger echoed through the valley—a long, reverberating, savage sound, difficult to describe, but not to be mistaken when once heard. And now followed a most astonishing duet. To the apt accompaniment of the thunder and lightning in that desolate spot, the tiger

and stag kept answering each other. Time and again the trumpet-note of the stag would sound clear and abrupt, and in reply the deep reverberating roar of the tiger echoed through the valley.

This strange nocturne lasted some minutes, and then no reply came to the sambhur's "bell." I could imagine him close at hand, rigid and erect, with every sense on the alert, trying to locate his enemy, hypnotised with fear and unable to tell from which direction came the menacing sound that had rolled through the valley. Presently the stag too was silent, the rain stopped, and again I dropped off to sleep.

Before dawn I was awake, and as soon as it was light, having swallowed some cold tea and put some biscuits in my pocket, I descended to the ground. I had first lowered my rifle by a cord, and whistling to my followers, we set to work to decipher the events of the night. To the trained eye the story was writ large on the ground. Near my tree we first came on the tracks of the tiger, or to be accurate of a large tigress. She had crossed the stream and then for some distance followed our trail of the evening before. The tracks then headed up the valley again, and we traced them along the sandy bed of the stream. On either side was the densest jungle, and the stream itself wound in sinuous curves between high overhanging banks. It looked an ideal tiger's lair, and such it proved to be; for now, most interesting discovery, we struck the tracks of two small cubs. These tracks were all over the bed of the stream, and it was clear that this was the nursery, the most sacred fastness of the tigress. This, then, was the explanation of the recent lapse of the man-eater into her evil ways. A young family had just reached the most hungry age, and these two small cubs were no doubt constantly clamouring for food. We had learned much in a short time, and now came the question how to utilise the information obtained regarding the enemy. We retreated to Toondiâma, and there held a council of war.

Before continuing the story a few words are, perhaps, advisable regarding the ordinary methods of tiger-shooting in this part of the country. When a tiger is heard of in the neighbourhood, bullocks are tied up as bait in likely spots in the forest. This may seem cruel to the bullock, but it is a merciful death, in the interests of his kind, and there is no alternative. The tiger, if he happens to pass that way, kills the bullock, drags the body into the nearest thick cover, and if the place is well chosen and water handy he lies up for the day near his kill. This is your chance. With due regard to the lie of the land, and the probable views of the tiger regarding his line of retreat, a beat is organised. If all goes well the guns get a shot and the tiger is killed. On the other hand, the tiger often

breaks out of the beat to one side or the other, without giving the chance of a shot. Or again he may be only wounded, and then the trouble begins. Following up a wounded tiger in thick jungle is as exciting a pastime as anyone can wish for.

To return to our man-eater. The first step was of course to tie up bullocks at Toondiâma, and along the path down the valley by which we had come the day before. This was done without loss of time. My friend the Ardkāri then interposed, saying: "We have found the tigress's lair, Sahib, and shall very likely have a kill to-night; but how often has she been beaten for without success! She is a very 'shaitan' (demon), and assuredly will break out of the

HIS MORNING BATH

beat without giving your honour a shot." A happy inspiration then came to one of the party. "Let us collect all the buffaloes in the district, and we will put them in as a front line with the beaters behind. It will then be impossible for the tigress to break back." It was done. Messengers were sent off in all directions to collect, at the mouth of the valley before dark, every buffalo within ten miles.

The next morning we were up betimes. The round of the Chitringi had to be made, and an answer given to the all-important question—Has she killed? We went cautiously up the valley. The

first bullock was still there, alive, and placidly munching a bundle of hay. At the next place, however, the bullock had disappeared. A broken rope-end round the stump of a tree, and the trail of a heavy body dragged through the grass, showed us just what had happened. The tigress had killed, and we should at all events have another try to mete out to her the same fate.

We soon ascertained all that we wanted to know. The "kill" had been dragged into some dense jungle on the banks of the stream. There were, we knew, pools of water near, where the tigress could drink. She had no doubt fetched the cubs to where the kill was hidden, and now the family party were lying up in the thick cover within a short distance of where we stood.

We returned to camp, and while we breakfasted messengers were sent off in all directions to collect beaters. About ten o'clock all was ready. Some two hundred beaters were present, and over a hundred buffaloes. Leaving the beaters at the mouth of the valley, we took some fifty picked men who were to act as "stops," and went quietly up the path. We made a detour round the place where the kill had been taken, and emerged again on the Chitringi stream a little below Toondiâma. The plan was to beat up the nullah, as the tigress would wish to retreat to her fastness at the head of the valley. My position was accordingly to be chosen near the stream, and when all was ready the beat would advance straight up the valley. A tree was selected and the machân soon tied. A line of "stops" was posted on either flank, up tall trees. These men were directed, if the tigress tried to break out to the side, to clap their hands so as to turn her towards the gun if possible. When all was ready my wife and I took up our positions, rifle in hand. Two men meantime were sent back by a circuitous route to where the beaters were waiting to start. All around us was open forest, principally of slender sâl trees; but a sea of waving yellow grass, some seven feet high, made it impossible for a person on foot to make out anything five yards in any direction.

Presently, in the distance, we heard the thud of the tom-toms and the shouts of the beaters. It was a moment of intense expectation, and we waited in silent vigilance. Any moment the tigress might appear. Every twig that snapped and every leaf that fell made the heart go quicker. As the beat approached the noise grew gradually louder, and the feeling of tension and expectancy became almost painful.

Suddenly to our left was an outburst of clapping. The "stops" in the trees had seen the tigress; she had tried to break through. Then the clapping ceased. Had she gone? It seemed like it. In that case the whole thing was over. We had failed and the tigress

had again outwitted the hunters. By this time the beat was near enough for us to catch glimpses through the trees of the buffaloes, and in the background a line of beaters driving the buffaloes before them. As it proved, the tigress had not broken out; but when turned by the "stops" she lay "doggo" in the long grass till the beat was almost upon her. Then she turned and rushed straight for it. She preferred to face the inferno of noise behind to the silence in front. But she had not reckoned on the buffaloes. They had scented her and closed their ranks, and with their immense horns lowered presented an unbroken front to their enemy.

RAPIDS

All this we were told later. At the moment, we could only see a rush and turmoil in the long grass some two hundred yards to our front. The tigress was again foiled. She would not face the buffaloes, and suddenly making up her mind that the only course open was a bold dash for liberty, she headed round again and came straight down the slope towards us. The first we knew of it was a long ripple in the grass. I ejaculated "Look out!" and the next instant the tigress was gone. Like a yellow streak of lightning she passed, and in two great bounds she was over the dry nullah-bed and up the

steep bank behind us. We had both fired as the brute rushed past; but there was nothing to show that she had been hit. I scrambled down and scanned her tracks. Hurrah! A speck of blood on a stone: she was hit. There was still hope.

By this time the beat was up. My trusty friends, the Ardkāri, Munbodie, and the rest, eagerly looked at the trail. There was a good deal of blood further on, and we were hopeful of success.

It is not good to follow up a wounded animal too quickly. In the first madness of pain and rage a wound is hardly felt. Even a mortal wound scarcely impairs a tiger's activity, at the moment, if he can see his foe. Give the wound time to stiffen and you are much more likely to be successful. So we waited patiently for half an hour, and then, leaving the beaters, I mounted the elephant, and with a few trackers started on the trail. I covered the advance on the elephant, while they slowly puzzled out the blood-track behind us. It is marvellous how these trackers can follow a trail, however slight; but it is necessarily slow work. My business on the elephant was to make sure of the ground in front of the trackers, so that they should not blunder on to the tigress. It was exciting work, as we might come on her any moment in the scrub.

We had been following the trail for nearly an hour when a movement in the long grass on my right caught my eye. I got a glimpse of two rounded ears, and throwing up my rifle, fired. The tigress gave a roar and charged towards us. This was too much for the old elephant. He turned tail and bolted through the forest. Tail up, and trunk in the air, he crashed through the jungle. Holding on for dear life to my rifle with one hand, and the howdah with the other, I was nearly swept off his back every moment. Poor old Hathi! He had been as staunch a shikar elephant as one could wish for; but the year before he had experienced a shock that was enough to shatter the strongest nerves, and now he had a deep aversion to meeting a tiger. By a free use of his heavy "ankus" the mahout eventually turned the elephant, and slowly and unwillingly he took us back. Meantime the trackers had of course each climbed to the top of the nearest tree. One of these men now shouted to me that he could see the tigress in the grass. He pointed out the place, and knowing it was useless to try to get the elephant to face her, I slipped down with my rifle. Stalking her from tree to tree I gained a position from which I could see the tigress crouching in the grass. A shot through the neck finished the business, and a messenger was sent off post haste with the news that it was all over, and the man-eater was dead.

Our return to camp was a triumphant procession. The news had gone through the valley, and from far and near men, women,

and children flocked in to see their dread enemy. She was a magnificent tigress in perfect condition, and measured 8 ft. 10 in. between pegs. A curious thing was that she had lost one of her fangs; it had broken off short, and was evidently an old injury. Possibly this was the original cause of her taking to man-eating.

Such was the end of the man-eating tigress of the Chitringi valley. Her head now hangs on the wall of the Royal Engineers' Mess at Chatham, among trophies from all quarters of the globe.

Of the fate of the cubs we learnt nothing. They are not likely to have long survived the death of their mother.

THE END

HOW GREAT BATSMEN GET OUT

BY ALBERT G. LINNEY

In a former number the present writer considered the question of the manner in which the most successful teams dispose of their opponents. The conclusion bore out yet once again the dictum that the team which can catch well comes out on top. I have now examined yet further into the question from another point of view, viz., how the great batsmen are got out.

In the first place, let us see who are the men who have been most successful with the bat of recent years, and then we may note their mode of dismissal.

HOW THE MEN WHO HEAD THE AVERAGES GET OUT

1897—1905

Year.	Name of Batsman.	Innings.	Not out.	Average.	Bowled.	Caught.	Ct. & Bowled.	Ct. at Wicket.	L.b.w.	Run out.	Stumped.
1897	Quaife, W. G. ..	28	6	46·1	9	4	2	3	2	1	1
1898	Quaife, W. G. ..	28	8	60·9	4	8	0	6	2	0	0
1899	Ranjitsinhji ..	58	8	63	14	26	3	4	2	0	1
1900	Ranjitsinhji ..	40	5	87·5	7	17	2	4	4	1	0
1901	Fry, C. B. ..	43	3	78·6	9	15	3	7	5	0	1
1902	Shrewsbury, A.	32	7	50	7	13	1	2	0	1	1
1903	Fry, C. B. ..	40	7	81·3	16	12	1	3	1	0	0
1904	Ranjitsinhji ..	34	6	74·1	5	14	2	3	2	1	1
1905	Fry, C. B. ..	44	5	70	13	13	1	4	5	2	1
	Summary ..	347	55	—	84	122	15	36	23	6	6

Innings	347
Bowled	84
Caught	173
Otherwise	35
Not out	55

The table shows the players who have headed the averages and tells how their opponents got rid of them: in one or two instances the batsman with the highest average had not played twenty-five innings, and in those cases I have not included him.

To begin with it will be seen that these leaders played "not out" innings in nearly 16 per cent. of the times they went to the wickets. This is double Mr. Fry's average in this respect, double Mr. F. S. Jackson's, and four times Mr. Jessop's proportion. In one year, at any rate, there was a distinct effort on the part of a player to preserve a not-out record, for in 1898 W. G. Quaife undoubtedly sacrificed his side's cause in this respect. For instance, when playing at Edgbaston against Essex he occupied three and a half hours in scoring 61, and all in order to complete six not-out innings in succession. It was thanks to this policy that he was not out in eight innings out of a total of twenty-eight, an abnormal proportion.

To judge by the figures this table affords, it may be said that a batsman is twice got out from catches to every time he is clean bowled. Or, to put it in another way, the bowler by his own direct effort gets one wicket in four, and the rest of the side are responsible for the fall of three-fourths of the wickets. To vary the statement somewhat (and one speaks broadly), these great batsmen are only "clean beat" one time in every four, and they are out thrice as often through mis-judgment.

Seeing that in the years 1899, 1902, and 1905 the Australians were visiting this country, I give the records of the player who headed their averages.

Year.	Batsman.	Innings.	Not out.	Average.	Bowled.	Caught.	Ct. & Bowled.	Ct. at Wicket.	L.b.w.	Run out.	Stumped.	Hit Wicket.
1899	Darling ..	56	9	41 2	17	17	5	4	1	1	2	0
1902	Trumper ..	53	0	48·4	20	16	2	5	5	3	1	0
1905	Armstrong ..	48	5	48·8	19	11	2	4	3	0	3	1

		Per cent.
Innings	157	
Bowled	56 ..	39
Caught	66 ..	46
Otherwise	21 ..	15
Not out	14 ..	9½

Comparing these percentages with those of the English average leaders we are driven to conclude that:—

(*a*) The Australian batsmen were bowled out 10 per cent. oftener than the Englishmen;

(*b*) The Australians were caught cut 13 per cent. oftener than the Englishmen;

(*c*) The Australians were out "otherwise" slightly oftener than the Englishmen;

(*d*) The respective "Not out" percentages were: Australians 9·5 per cent., Englishmen 15·8 per cent.

Other returns later will show if the Colonials on their native soil fared in like fashion.

Three Contrasting Styles

I have next chosen three batsmen whose styles are quite distinct and whose varying ways of getting out should form an interesting comparison. I take Mr. C. B. Fry as a player who has learned and practised and theorised on strokes till he has evolved a style of singular, perhaps unique, completeness. The Hon. F. S. Jackson represents, to my mind, a player of splendid ability who has not—if I may use the term without misconstruction—artificialised his batting methods, but has developed naturally. And finally Mr. Jessop stands for the hitter, the slashing scorer who can kill any bowling when once started.

HOW MR. C. B. FRY GETS OUT

Typical Years, 1898—1905

Year.	Innings.	Not out.	Average.	Bowled.	Caught in the Field.	Ct. & Bowled.	Ct. at Wicket.	L.b.w.	Run out.	Stumped.	Hit Wicket.
1898 ..	37	4	54·1	15	12	1	2	1	0	1	1
1899 ..	55	1	43·8	21	19	3	2	6	1	2	0
1900 ..	41	3	61·1	14	12	0	2	6	0	3	1
1901 ..	43	3	78·6	9	15	3	7	5	0	1	0
1902 ..	48	2	43·8	16	11	2	6	7	1	3	0
1903 ..	40	7	81·3	16	12	1	3	1	0	0	0
1904 ..	42	2	70 6	18	13	1	6	2	0	0	0
1905 ..	44	5	70	13	13	1	4	5	2	1	0
Summary	350	27		122	107	12	32	33	4	11	2

Innings	350
Bowled	122
Caught	151
Otherwise	50
Not out	27

HOW MR. F. S. JACKSON GETS OUT

TYPICAL YEARS *

Year.	Innings.	Not out.	Average.	Bowled.	Caught in the Field.	Ct. & Bowled.	Ct. at Wicket.	L.b.w.	Run out.	Stumped.	Hit Wicket.
1896 ..	42	3	42·1	13	16	2	4	1	3	0	0
1897 ..	46	3	33·2	16	18	2	5	1	2	0	0
1898 ..	43	5	41·2	14	9	2	7	1	2	3	0
1899 ..	44	3	45	17	14	2	6	0	2	0	0
1902 ..	36	3	33	16	11	3	2	0	0	0	0
1904 ..	25	2	45	7	10	2	3	1	0	0	0
1905 ..	36	3	41·1	14	18	0	1	0	0	0	0
Summary	272	22		97	96	13	28	4	9	3	0

Innings	272
Bowled	97
Caught	137
Otherwise	16
Not out	22

HOW MR. G. L. JESSOP GETS OUT

TYPICAL YEARS, 1897—1905

Year.	Innings.	Not out.	Average.	Bowled.	Caught in the Field.	Ct. & Bowled.	Ct. at Wicket.	L.b.w.	Run out.	Stumped.	Hit Wicket.
1897 ..	42	1	29·3	10	22	4	1	0	0	3	0
1898 ..	41	5	24·2	7	20	0	2	2	0	5	0
1899 ..	46	2	33·7	11	29	1	2	1	0	0	0
1900 ..	58	3	40·1	13	33	0	4	0	0	5	0
1901 ..	58	1	40·7	12	31	2	2	0	0	10	0
1902 ..	49	3	33·9	15	19	0	4	2	1	5	0
1903 ..	36	0	38·3	8	14	2	7	0	2	3	0
1904 ..	42	2	35·3	7	18	4	2	4	0	4	1
1905 ..	47	2	26·6	23	15	2	1	1	1	2	0
Summary	419	19		106	201	15	25	10	4	37	1

Innings	419
Bowled	106
Caught	241
Otherwise	52
Not out	19

* Business and the Boer War caused Mr. Jackson's absence from the cricket field in 1900, 1901, 1903.

HOW BATSMEN GET OUT

TABLE OF PERCENTAGES: BASED ON COMPLETED INNINGS

Name.	Not out.	Bowled.	Caught.	Otherwise.
Jackson, F. S.	$\frac{22}{272}$ = 8 per cent.	38·8	54·8	6·4
Fry, C. B.	$\frac{27}{350}$ = 8 ,, ,,	37·7	46·7	15·6
Jessop, G. L.	$\frac{19}{419}$ = 4½ ,, ,,	25·5	60·25	13·25
The men at head of Averages.	$\frac{55}{347}$ = 15⅞ ,, ,,	28·7	59·2	13·1

The records of Messrs. Fry and Jackson, it will be seen, are almost identical in regard to the times not out and the times clean bowled. Evidence of Mr. Jackson's more natural and somewhat less theoretical style of batting may be found when we look at the number of times he was "taken in the field" by comparison with Mr. C. B. Fry: Mr. F. S. Jackson is caught "in the field" as often as he is bowled.

But what a contrast is seen when one examines the comparison of times each of the two was leg before wicket! *Out of 250 completed innings the Yorkshire amateur was but four times out l.b.w.* I doubt if this record can be eclipsed by any prominent player of to-day. The Sussex captain, however, is leg-before once in every ten times he goes to the crease. The seasons 1899 to 1902 seem to mark him at his worst in this respect, for in those years he was out no fewer than twenty-four times in this fashion.

Again, we may notice how seldom Mr. Jackson is stumped. In 1898 he was out three times thus, but in the remaining six seasons he was never stumped at all. Mr. Fry is out oftener in this way. This fact appears to me not altogether in keeping with the styles of the two players, though, at most, it is a trifling matter.

Once more, it would seem that Mr. Fry is oftener caught by the wicket-keeper than he used to be, while the reverse holds true of Stanley Jackson. Finally, in every hundred innings Mr. Jackson has played, he has been either caught or bowled on 93 occasions; Mr. Fry has fallen victim in the same way on 83 occasions.

In regard to Mr. Jessop. When considering his distinguishing characteristics without reference to figures, one would say undoubtedly: "Well, I should expect him to be caught most often." Such, indeed, is the case, for he is out sixty times in every hundred innings thus—after all, not so much more frequently than Mr. Jackson (55), and almost exactly as often as "the men who head

the averages" (59). In fact, so far as *completed innings* go, the returns of the Gloucester captain and "the men who head the averages" are remarkably alike.

Gilbert Jessop is, on the average, stumped once in every ten innings; in his best year (1901) he was out in this way once in six times—a true hitter's fate. These figures may be compared with those already set forth as to the other two players in consideration.

How rarely does one find a man out "hit wicket"! Jessop once in 400 times, Jackson never (in nearly 300 innings), and Fry twice in 350 innings.

The Australians at Home

For the sake of comparison I have tabulated the returns for Inter-State Matches during the years 1901 to 1905, so far as they concern Hill, Noble, Trumper, and Armstrong. In the cases of the two last they may be compared with the figures previously given for the tours in England in 1902 and 1905.

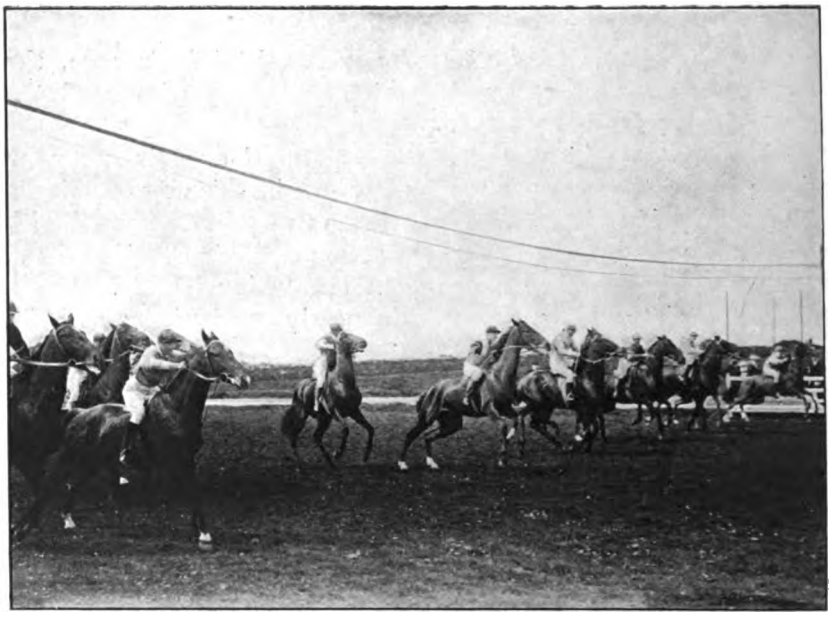
Inter-State Matches, 1901 to 1905.

—	Completed Innings.	Bowled.	Caught.	Otherwise.
Hill	30	17	10	3
Per cent.	—	56·6	33·3	10
Noble	27	9	14	4
Per cent.	—	33·3	51·8	14·9
Trumper	27	5	16	6
Per cent.	—	18·5	59·2	22·3
Armstrong	32	20	10	2
Per cent.	—	62·5	31·2	6·3

From the comparatively few innings it may be fallacious to form conclusions, but a comparison of these figures for Australia with those of Messrs. Jackson, Fry, and Jessop for England is worth mentioning. There is an extraordinary variety here in regard to the number of "clean bowleds." For the English players mentioned, the times bowled out only range from 26½ to 38·8 per cent.; from Trumper's 18½ to Armstrong's 62½ is a far wider extent.

In conclusion, and to revert to the statement at the beginning of this article: The men with expert knowledge as critics say, the captains of the finest teams say, most of the bowlers say (and often how feelingly!), and solid figures say—one overpowering chorus:

It's not the all-powerful batting guns,
It's not the men who score thousands of runs,
    It's the fellow who catches
    That wins you the matches;
So, cricketers, pound this fact into your sons.



SOME ASCOT GOSSIP

BY "RAPIER"

JUST as the Athenians grew so bored with hearing Aristides always called "The Just" that in course of time they turned against him, so one is almost inclined to resent the eulogies which are so continually bestowed upon Ascot as a meeting which stands alone. But nevertheless there is undeniable truth in the statement. With no mammoth stakes to swell the total of the prizes, the value of them is consistently much higher than elsewhere, and it is moreover for the most part added money, so that owners are not running for little beyond their own subscriptions. Two races, the St. James's Palace Stakes and the Coronation, are of 100 sovs. each, half forfeit, with no more than £300 added. But the New Stakes are of 10 sovs. each with 1,000 added; 2,000 is added to the Hardwicke of only 10 sovs. each; £1,500 to the Alexandra Plate; and for a subscription of 20 sovs., half forfeit, the owner of a Cup horse has a chance of winning between £3,000 and £4,000. The absence of selling races raises the character of the programme, and notwithstanding that some critics who regard fault-finding as the first of their duties endeavour to pick holes in the Ascot cards, it is really hard to see how they could be amended; for there are races over all sorts of distances to suit animals of all descriptions.

The Gold Cup, two miles and a half, which may be described as the ideal Cup course, affords one of the truest tests of stamina that can be imagined; and supposing that a horse is regarded as not quite up to the standard, or if he has failed, and is yet sufficiently fit and well to turn out again next day, there is the Alexandra Plate of 2 m. 6 fur. to afford another chance. For stayers who are not good enough for these weight-for-age races there is the Ascot Stakes, a two-mile handicap. For staying three-year-olds there is the Prince of Wales's Stakes, 1 m. 5 fur. For three-year-olds and upwards there is the Hardwicke Stakes, worth well over £2,000. Several mile races for animals of various ages

SLIEVE GALLION, W. HIGGS UP

are included. We have the chief mile handicap of the year, the Hunt Cup, and one of the chief six-furlong handicaps, the Wokingham Stakes. Some of the most important two-year-old races of the season are over the T.Y.C. 5 fur. 144 yds., and for sprinters there is a Biennial and also the Fernhill Stakes in which two-year-olds can meet their elders. For the convenience of the owners of good-class horses who have neglected to enter for the Cup the Gold

Vase, over 2 miles, closes at a convenient date; and the Hardwicke Stakes is one of two races over the Swinley Course, 1½ miles. That the programme is a tempting one is shown by the fact that owners of promising horses are accustomed to enter freely; which is, however, rather a melancholy thing when the promise is not fulfilled. A very few weeks since one saw with satisfaction that the King's colt Perambulator was in no fewer than five stakes at Ascot, but he did so badly when galloped early in May that his chance of winning any of them seems, unfortunately, doubtful in the extreme, or, rather, hopeless. His Majesty's filly Victoria also has four engagements, and in fact the Royal horses support the Royal meeting royally.

A history of the Ascot Cup would include the names of most of the great horses who have added lustre to the English Turf, though it would not name the mighty Ormonde. Touchstone, Beeswing, The Hero, Van Tromp, Flying Dutchman, West Australian, and Fisherman can only be known by repute to the majority of those who will be at the coming Ascot celebration; but not a few of the older visitors will remember Thormanby, Scottish Chief, Ely, Gladiateur, Lecturer, Blue Gown, Mortemer, Cremorne, Doncaster, Apology, Verneuil, Isonomy, Robert the Devil, Foxhall, St. Simon, St. Gatien, Morion, Marcion, La Flèche, Isinglass, Love Wisely, Persimmon, Cyllene, William the Third, and Zinfandel. Those who have been associated with some of the other winners will protest that the names here selected leave out some that ought to be included. There are those, for instance, who maintain that the Australian-bred Merman, when he won the Cup, was about the best horse in the world, for concerning him differences of opinion, which seem not altogether unjustifiable, naturally exist. As a five-year-old, carrying 7 st. 5 lb., he won the Cesarewitch by a neck from The Rush who was giving him 12 lb., Carlton Grange, giving 1 lb. less, being third, four lengths off. Taking this bald fact by itself seems to bear out the idea that Merman was a moderate handicap horse *at that time*. But the truth of the matter no doubt is that between the Cesarewitch of 1897 and the Gold Cup of 1900 Merman came on in a remarkable way: the process of acclimatisation having been happily completed, and the tremendous opinion which, as I chance to know, Captain Machell had of him may very likely have been entirely justified. Except in the case of Throwaway, who it is now generally agreed won by an astonishing fluke in 1904, the Cup has scarcely ever fallen to any but an animal of the very highest class.

Though the Cup Day is supposed to stand out as the most important of the four, the fact is that every day has its specially interesting features. On the Tuesday, for instance, the Coventry

Stakes for two-year-olds, the Prince of Wales's Stakes for three, and the Gold Vase, are all notable events. Since the first-named was inaugurated in 1890 it has five times fallen to subsequent Derby winners, Ladas, Persimmon, and three in three successive years, to Rock Sand, St. Amant, and Cicero. Classic winners have also followed up their successes in the Prince of Wales's Stakes: Petrarch, who secured the Two Thousand Guineas of 1876, Wheel of Fortune, who took the Oaks in 1879, Iroquois, winner of the Derby and Leger of 1881, Galliard, winner of the Two Thousand in 1883, Donovan, Galtee More, Jeddah, and Ard Patrick. Twelve months since it looked as if an animal which was to do great things had carried off the Biennial; for though My Pet II. was not entered for the Derby, he galloped home in such style at Ascot that a brilliant career was naturally anticipated for him. But though he justified expectations to a great extent last year, his two failures in France during the present season have been direful disappointments as well as surprises. That the White Knight should have won the Gold Vase last year seems now quite in accordance with the fitness of things, as he is justifying the elevated opinion his friends have always held of him. But glancing back at last year's programme it now seems somewhat strange that Polymelus should have failed to give Shifa 9 lb. ?

Odd things, however, naturally happen in racing. It is rather curious, for instance, to find, standing next to each other in the list of winners of the valuable Coronation Stakes, the names of Oriole and Pretty Polly, no doubt the worst and the best animals that ever carried off the race. I well remember Lord Rosebery's surprise when Oriole had beaten Hammerkop, Sunrose, Skyscraper, and others, and beaten them, moreover, easily by four lengths; for the daughter of Ladas and Orle had been tried an exceedingly moderate animal and always showed herself afterwards to be so—this was the only race she ever won or came near to winning—whilst as for Pretty Polly no fresh eulogies of her need be sounded; and good a stayer as Batchelor's Button assuredly was, many people will steadfastly maintain the belief that had she been herself at Ascot last year the odds of 11 to 4 that were previously laid on Pretty Polly for the Cup would have been amply justified.

There are those who complain of the nomenclature of Ascot races, disliking the Biennials and Triennials which are found on the card; but these titles have a significance of their own, though one may like to find names which commemorate those who have done good service to the meeting, as the Hardwicke Stakes, so called after the last Earl but one, who when Master of the Buckhounds revised the Ascot programme, and the Coventry Stakes, a well-

deserved compliment to one of the most popular sportsmen now living. The Hardwicke at once made its mark. Soon after its inauguration it became a species of annual benefit for Tristan, who won it three years in succession, and in 1887 a race which is memorable even amongst the many famous ones in the annals of Ascot was fought out, when Ormonde, severely touched as he was in his wind, was pitted against Minting, a sound horse and believed to have improved vastly since the year before when Ormonde easily defeated him in the Two Thousand Guineas, a result which the late Matthew Dawson had considered impossible. Either Minting had previously been under-rated, or Bendigo over-rated, for on the first day of the meeting, in a race for a Cup presented in honour of Her Majesty's Jubilee, odds of 7 to 4 were laid on Bendigo, 5 to 1 against Minting; and Minting had things all his own way. On the Friday a more accurate view was taken of the situation, the betting being 5 to 4 on Ormonde, 7 to 4 against Minting, 100 to 8 against Bendigo, 100 to 7 against Phil. The verdict was a neck in favour of the Duke of Westminster's chestnut, and it has been described as a desperate race; but Tom Cannon who rode the winner considered that he always had the verdict in safe keeping and won more easily than the apparently narrow margin suggests. Minting took the Hardwicke readily enough next year, having frightened away everything but a filly of Prince Soltykoff's, and two years later there was a notable contest between Amphion, Sainfoin, and Surefoot. Amphion also appears in the list of winners of the Rous Memorial, as does Ormonde, and half a dozen years later his son Orme, Ormonde's name, however, being absent from the two principal two-year-old races, the Coventry and the New, for the reason that he did not make his first appearance in public till late in the autumn at Newmarket. Nor did Orme come out till Goodwood.

It says much for the accuracy of John Porter's trial of Friar's Balsam that when he came out in the New Stakes of 1887—space forbids me to go too far back—things should have fallen out as was expected, for he had Seabreeze and Ayrshire to dispose of; yet the Kingsclere horse started a hot favourite at 13 to 8, and won in a canter by three lengths. Seabreeze a couple of days before had beaten Anarch and others in the Biennial. Ayrshire, who started at 5 to 2 for the Whitsuntide Plate at Manchester, a race worth £5,000, had been beaten a head and a neck only, with sixteen horses behind him. Donovan, Isinglass, and Flying Fox have since demonstrated that the winner of the New Stakes often points to the winner of the Derby, and we shall soon see whether this is to be once more the case, as Slieve Gallion won last year.

It is never much good discussing what "might have happened," though there is a temptation to do so nevertheless; and it is far from improbable that Turf history would have been changed had not Velasquez gone to pieces after his victory in the Champagne Stakes at Doncaster. He started at even money at Ascot for the New Stakes, and cantered home. For the July, his excellence being then well understood, only one animal turned out against him to save his stake. In the Prince of Wales's Stakes at Goodwood, opposed by two recent winners, the unbeaten Goletta, who had run four times without being defeated, and Hellebore, who had run and

SOME OF SAM DARLING'S STRING

GALONEER, ROCKETER, HILLSPRITE, AND SLIEVE GALLION

won two races, odds of 13 to 8 were laid on Velasquez, who won anyhow by three lengths. And when the Middle Park Plate came round, the condition of affairs not being generally known, backers laid 5 to 1 on him, though he had to give Galtee More 2 lb. I shall always believe that Velasquez would have proved a great horse had all continued well with him, for in spite of his illness, from which he never entirely recovered, when he had again found something *like* his true form, as a four-year-old, he won three races worth over £10,000.

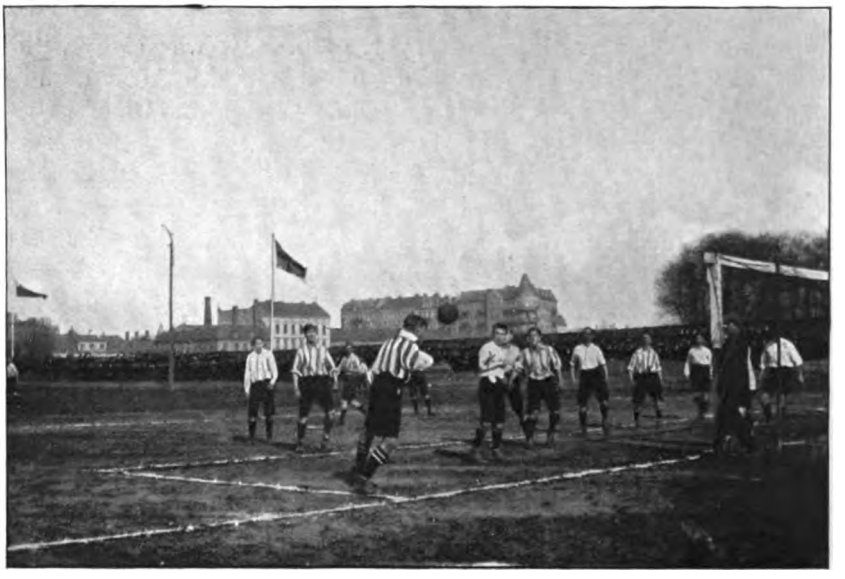
The New Stakes of 1901 indirectly cost Mr. Faber a great deal of money, for if he had not won this race (and another afterwards) I do not suppose that he would have given 21,000 guineas for Duke of Westminster. Not for just two seasons did he win a race, at Ascot when he was a four-year-old, and this was his solitary success. "If I had only known!" is the constant reflection of the man who bets, when time has caused light to be thrown upon the situation. Flying Fox started for the New Stakes at 5 to 4 against, with Musa to beat, it is true, but she did not seem much, and there was nothing else. Two of the runners were called Boniface and Galliot, and that the names should have been repeated so soon does not say very much for the imagination of owners, seeing that a couple of three-year-olds are now so known.

The Hunt Cup would make an absorbing chapter by itself if the story of the race could be told. How Peter stopped to kick, absolutely stopped in this flying mile (which is 54 yards less than a mile), and went on again when Archer patted his neck encouragingly instead of hitting him, is a thrilling episode. He had the trifle of 9 st. 3 lb. to carry, but was a wonderful horse when in the mood to go. Captain Machell's two coups with Sweetbread and Elzevir would come in, and the writer would dwell on the apprehension created in the backers of Despair, 1886, when he had to go through the ordeal of an objection. This was the year when the grey Eastern Emperor could have been easily third, having been backed for a place to win a cart-load of money, but George Barrett took great trouble to pull him up—he could not prevent him from being fourth—out of the sheerest carelessness. He "forgot." The most urgent orders had been given him to get as near as possible if he could not win, but he happened to be thinking of something else at the time, and did not recollect. The year before the grey had won —a good colt, with speed enough for the race, and stamina enough to last home in the Chester Cup. Somehow or other things seemed more distinctly foreshadowed in the '80's than they have been latterly, or perhaps being younger one was more credulous. I recollect I was told that Eastern Emperor would win the Hunt Cup, was invited to participate in the stable commission, never doubted that it must come off satisfactorily, and saw the colt win in accordance with my fullest expectations. I chanced also to know all that was to be known about Whitelegs, being at that time a frequent visitor to Danebury; but Captain Machell had that year another quasi-certainty in Danbydale, 5 to 2 if you could get it, and this was not to be ignored. Morion, who was to win the Gold Cup next year, was a great favourite of mine, three years, 7 st. 9 lb.—and a couple of years afterwards came the late Colonel McCalmont's first notable

win with Suspender, three years, 7 st. 10 lb. He was away with his Militia (which he afterwards commanded in South Africa), and did not go to Ascot to see the big colt win. He told me that he should not be there, though Captain Machell thought he was pretty sure to win, and I half lost confidence, for it seemed to me impossible that a man should be elsewhere if his horse had such a chance for the Hunt Cup. Victor Wild, four years, 7 st. 7 lb., was another of the "if one had only known" division. If one *had* known that he would easily win the Jubilee with 8 st. 4 lb. next year, and 9 st. 7 lb. the year afterwards, one would have taken odds freely about his winning the Hunt Cup with so much less—and he started at 50 to 1!

What French horses are coming to Ascot, I wonder—for danger has frequently arrived from the other side of the Channel? In 1896 and 1897 the Stakes went to Arlequin and Masque II.; Mortemer and Henry were before my time, but these Gold Cup winners were I believe French; Verneuil, 1878, certainly was, and so was Elf II., 1898, and Maximum II., 1903. Verneuil, too, won the Alexandra Plate, as did Insulaire next year, 1879, and Le Senateur, 1899; and on several occasions the visitors have threatened.

To see the winner of the Ascot Gold Cup come striding up the hill fresh and full of running at the end of the long journey—as Cyllene and William the Third did for instance—is one of the most thrilling spectacles in racing, and one can only say, "May Ascot long continue to maintain its traditions!"



THE CASUALS (IN STRIPES) BOMBARDING THE COPENHAGEN GOAL.

THE CASUALS' TOUR IN SWEDEN

BY G. B. POLLOCK HODSOLL

WERE it not an accepted axiom amongst honest folk that the pursuit of pleasure is one of the most serious and momentous problems of life, I should have hesitated before writing an account of the Casuals' Football Tour in Sweden, realising that our doings there would be of direct interest to a comparatively small section of the public. But since a by no means negligible proportion of mankind subscribes to the teaching of Epicurus, if not of Omar Khayyám, a brief description of experiences in a country where pleasure may be wooed successfully by followers of various sports and recreations may prove of some interest. For certain it is that had Hood contracted a habit of taking a holiday in Sweden he would never have written the lines—

> Thus Pleasure oft eludes our grasp
> Just when we think to grip her,
> And, hunting after happiness,
> We only hunt the slipper.

Sweden can be reached by those who object to a sea voyage by crossing to the Continent and continuing by land *viâ* Copenhagen.

We sailed direct to Gothenburg from Grimsby by the Wilson Line s.s. *Rollo*, the crossing taking about forty-five hours, and were favoured with delightful weather, while the courtesy of Captain Wood rendered the journey enjoyable in every way. It may be remembered that Captain Wood was one of the chief witnesses at the inquiry which followed an indecisive engagement between the Russian fleet and a flotilla of Hull fishing boats in the North Sea, when the Russians effected a lucky escape with damage to the cruiser *Aurora* and the loss of one destroyer. And yet the Admiralty has omitted to arm the *Dreadnoughts* with fishing nets!

VIEW FROM THE CLUB HOUSE OF THE GOTHENBURG SPORTS ASSOCIATION AT HINDÅS

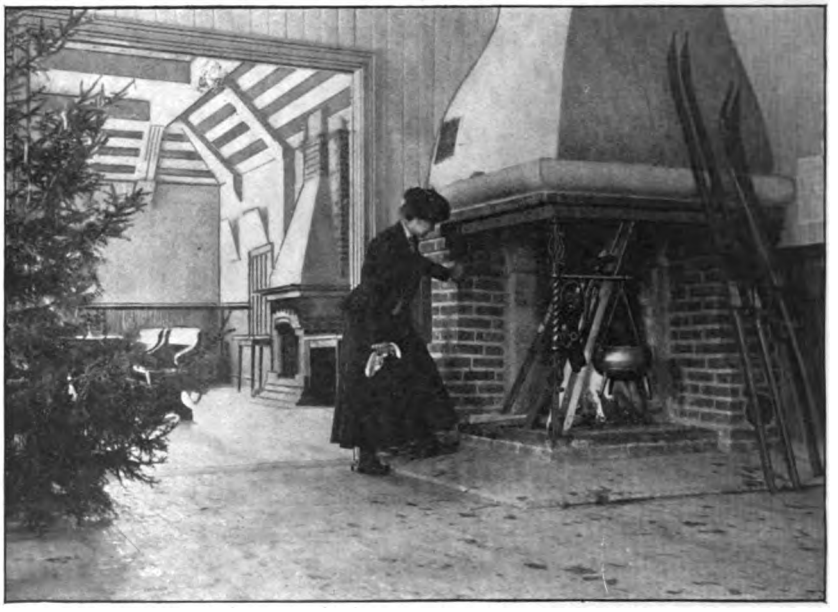
Towards the close of the second day we began to encounter the skärgård or fence of rocks and skerries found all round the coast of Scandinavia, that natural protection which the Vikings of old turned to such good use, and we reached Gothenburg about midnight. In a quiet way, I believe, Gothenburg, as the chief port of Sweden, does a good deal of business in shipping, timber, etc.; but there is a pleasing absence of bustle about it. The principal streets are given over to trams, but, with this exception, they strike one as singularly peaceful, and the numerous policemen with their magnificent helmets appear to be an ornament rather than a necessity to the daily life of the town.

We made the Grand Hotel our head-quarters, and the

Gothenburg Sports Club enclosure, where we played all our matches, was within a few minutes' walk.

Our first performance was against Stockholm. We won this match rather easily by seven goals to nil, although we were very bothered by the ground at first, and in fact never really got accustomed to it throughout the tour. Devoid of grass, apparently an almost impossible thing to grow in Gothenburg, it consisted of a clay soil covered with a top dressing of sand. The Stockholm team played a clean game, but were wanting in combination, and were, I think, rather obsessed with the idea that they had no chance of winning.

Mr. Dalman and those who helped him to take such excellent

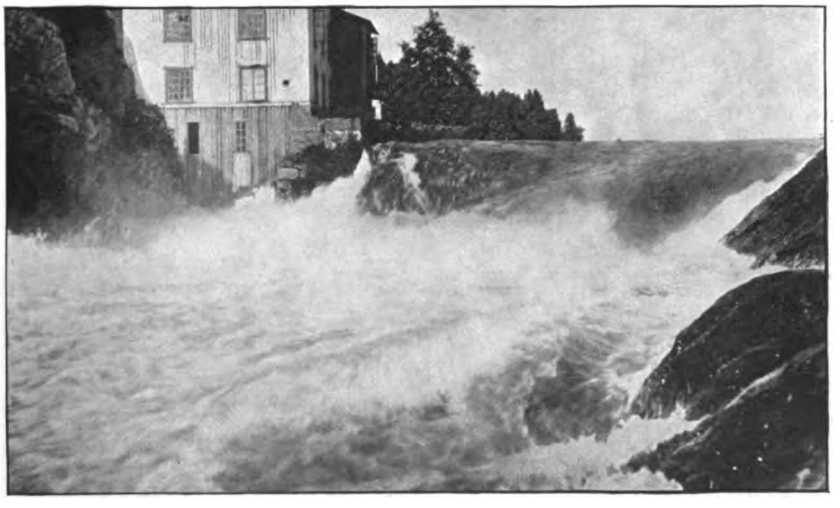


INTERIOR OF THE CLUB HOUSE, HINDÅS

care of us arranged for a visit up-country after the Stockholm match, and about an hour's journey by rail through beautiful scenery brought us to Hindâs, where the Gothenburg Sports Club has a kind of dormy house. This was, perhaps, the most delightful episode of the tour—partly because it was totally unexpected.

Hindås is situated just over the border in Borgs Lan, in the midst of pine forests some 500 ft. above sea level, and must be an ideal place for recuperating—for removing "that tired feeling" which some advertisements insist upon giving us by perpetually

suggesting it. The Club House overlooks a magnificent lake which was still frozen over, and the air was already growing crisp when we arrived, foretelling a hard frost. We dined the first night at the Hindås Hotel, a new building close to the club, looking rather garish in such surroundings, but atoning in some measure for its obtrusiveness by the provision of those modern comforts which man is accused of prizing beyond many rubies. After dinner at the hotel we returned to the club for the evening. Possibly this was the time to see Hindås at its best, with the lake white in the light of the moon stretching far into the distance, a delicious



TROLLHÄTTAN FALLS—THE FIRST CATARACT NEAR GOTHENBURG

scent of pine in the cold dry air, and absolute stillness everywhere. One recalled Shelley's lines—

> Heaven's ebon vault,
> Studded with stars unutterably bright,
> Through which the moon's unclouded grandeur rolls,
> Seems like a canopy which Love has spread
> To curtain her sleeping world.

But the world at Hindås was not sleeping until many hours after that canopy was spread. Owing to the presumptuousness of mankind or the overweening perversity of civilisation in its all-conquering materialism, the kindly provisions of nature are in some respects ruthlessly ignored. Wherefore a very merry evening was spent at the Club House somewhat in contrast to the quiet restfulness of our surroundings.

Hindås seems to provide all the winter sports which are associated with Switzerland in this country—ski-jumping, tobogganing, ice-sailing, etc., and in the summer excellent fishing is to be had in the lakes round for those who "throw, nice-judging, the delusive fly."

There are many other places of interest too, besides Hindås, within easy reach of Gothenburg. A short journey up the River Göta brings one to the Trollhättan Falls, one of the finest sights of Sweden, consisting of three successive falls with a total height of 100 feet, while a few miles further on one comes upon the huge expanse of Lake Venern, providing with its charming scenery any amount of what the artist calls "stuff" for canvas or camera. May the Muse forgive me for bracketing them together!

We were all very sorry to leave the country, but our engagements in Gothenburg called us back, and our second encounter was with the well-known Copenhagen team. This was a far more evenly contested match than the first. Our opponents played a keen game, their half-back line in particular being quick on the ball, and at times they showed good combination.

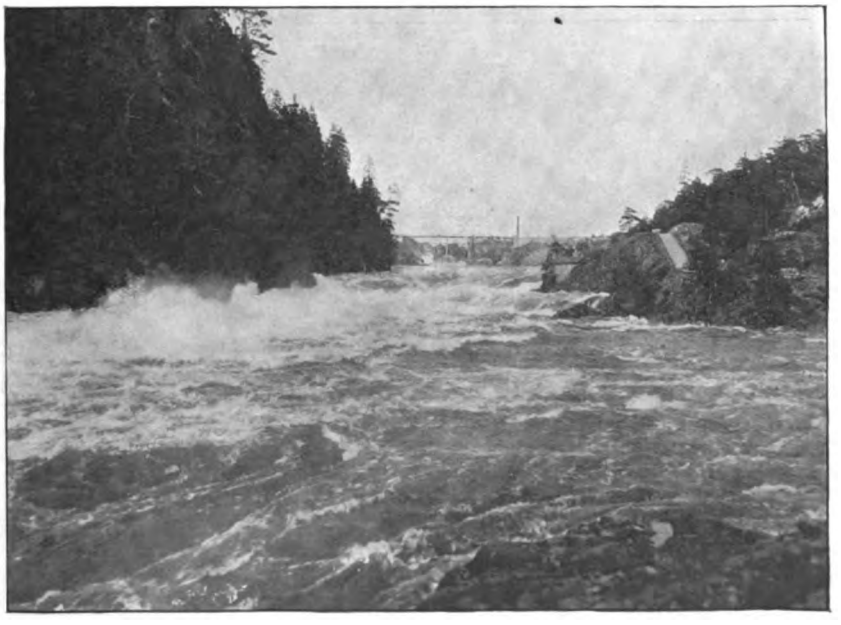
On the other hand we were a long time settling down, and our forward line never really got together. We scored three times in the first half, but owing to a rather indifferent exhibition, only added one in the second half, while our opponents scored once, making the final result four to one. We dined after the match with the Copenhagen team, and, as far as we could, endeavoured to make ourselves pleasant to one another; but it was something of a dumb show, for even Swedish punch will not render a man really eloquent—and intelligible—in a foreign tongue of which he has no knowledge. However, we passed a very pleasant evening in the Trädgårdsforeningen (Garden-Club).

Our last match was against the Gothenburg team, in my opinion the best side we met. There was not much to choose between them and the Copenhagen eleven, but they showed more combination, and the fact that we were victorious by a larger margin than against the Danes was due to a far better display on our part.

This was the best game of the tour, and although we won by the comfortable margin of six to one, our opponents were never demoralised, and frequently dangerous. Their defence, especially the centre-half, used their heads surprisingly well; and their outside forwards, to whom they play a good deal more than we do in England, were possessed of considerable speed and finesse. If they understood the three-inside game the Gothenburg team would be distinctly formidable, but there was a lack of cohesion here, and one or two good opportunities went begging.

The crowds at all our matches were large for Sweden, where football does not draw the thousands it does in England; *i.e.*, it has not become a mania. Nor are the Swedes as demonstrative as an English crowd, although one feels instinctively by their subdued but timely expressions of appreciation that they are following the game closely. Their attitude throughout is what it should be, that of interested onlookers, rather than, as in England, of aggressive spectators who come with the idea that they have paid the piper and have a right to set the tune by yelling at any player on the field.

After our last match we were entertained to a farewell banquet



TROLLHÄTTAN FALLS, NEAR GOTHENBURG

at the Grand Hotel. Consul Wijk, Vice-Chairman of the Sports Club, received us, supported by Baron Dickson, the son of the Baron Dickson who fitted out the Vega Arctic Expedition, and other well-known leaders of sport in Gothenburg, in addition to Messrs. Dalman, Toepfer, and those who from first to last had acted as our guides, philosophers, and friends.

It was a great banquet, an entirely delightful evening, and once again the common interest of sport proved a most successful foundation for good fellowship between members of different nationalities.

The peace of the world is far more likely to be compassed by

the existence of a better knowledge and understanding of one another amongst the leading nations, than by fatuous pacific suggestions of disarmament. To meet other nations in sport, or in the scarcely less important pursuits of science, art, or music, is to realise that human mentality is the same everywhere, and that the only real and material basis of demarcation that can be applied to mankind is a mental and moral classification, rather than a geographical or racial division—is in fine ethical rather than ethnical. The distribution into nations is only significant in so far as it suggests the varying proportions in which the several qualities and characteristics of the human race are broadly to be found in different

THE COPENHAGEN TEAM DEFEND WELL

peoples, owing to the diverse conditions, physical at first and consequently economical and historical, which have influenced them.

But I am wandering somewhat beyond the scope of my article.

> Seria cum possim, quod delectantia malim
> Scribere, tu causa es, lector !

Our boat the *Rollo* sailed at the unheard-of hour of nine o'clock in the morning, and was missed by two of the party. Possibly it was not a bad average for twelve out of fourteen to catch a boat at such an hour after a Swedish banquet. When we reached the quay we found a large number of emigrants on board, bound for

America. About half the population of Sweden is dependent upon agriculture, and only 8 per cent. of the country's acreage is under cultivation, exclusive of some 4 per cent. of grass, so that many are destined to seek their fortunes elsewhere, and some 40,000 to 50,000 Swedes emigrate every year, nine-tenths of them going to the United States. It is a sad thought to picture these genial go-as-you-please people plunged into the unsympathetic grip of American commercialism—more than any other the

> Commerce beneath whose poison-breathing shade
> No solitary virtue dares to spring—

THE GOTHENBURG GOAL-KEEPER SAVING AN AWKWARD SHOT

or to think of ears brought up to the charming inflexions and musical intonations of the Swedish language, subjected to the stentorian vocal enormities of the Yankee. If accent and pronunciation are not controlled solely by climatic conditions, one may hope at any rate that the leaven of Swedes in the States may one day influence Americans to speak our own language correctly in lieu of the cacophonous dialect which they ejaculate at the present time.

Several of our friends came to see us off, and it was to the stirring cheers of the Swedish "H'ra, H'ra, H'ra," that we weighed anchor and drew away from the best of all possible countries. "Il n'y a si bonne compagnie qui ne se quitte, comme disait le roi

Dagobert à ses chiens." The good fellowship which our Swedish hosts expressed, both in their speeches and by their lavish hospitality, will not easily be forgotten by the members of the Casuals Football Team, and if I may be pardoned for varying another country's toast, I will propose one to be drunk with no heel-taps at every future dinner of our club—"Sveriges skål, alla Svenska idrottsmäns skål, alla vackra Svenska flickors skål!" (Here's a health to Sweden, to all Swedish sportsmen and all pretty Swedish girls!).

RESULT OF MATCHES

v. Stockholm	...	won	7 goals to 0
v. Copenhagen	...	,,	4 ,, 1
v. Gottenburg	...	,,	6 ,, 1
	Total	...	17 goals to 2

The members taking part in the tour were:—Goal: R. Rogers. Backs: S. L. King and R. N. Balfour. Half-backs: G. B. Pollock Hodsoll, R. D. Craig, F. G. H. Tudor-Owen, and H. L. Beardsley. Forwards: J. Simonds, B. Tuff, C. E. Brisley, R. Turner, E. S. Ward, and C. Matthews.

THE GARDERMOEN

RACING IN NORWAY

BY N. J. KNAGENHJELM HEIBERG

Lieutenant of Cavalry

MANY sportsmen who visit "the land of the Midnight Sun" with its magnificent scenery admire the fjords, the marvellously varied picturesqueness of the wild and lovely prospect, though the object of their journey is shooting or fishing in the rivers, which abound in salmon and trout. That there is any racing in Norway, few even of those frequenters of the country who know it best are aware, for one does not associate horsemanship with the land of mountains.

It was not till the foundation of the Norwegian Officers' Riding Club, about thirty years ago, that any organised sport in connection with horses had been introduced into Norway. The club, however, obtained the necessary amount of support, and still energetically arranges little race-meetings, on the flat and over fences, together with other equine sports, the races being generally in connection with the military exercises at the Gardermoen, the largest and most important training ground of the army.

No professional riders are to be found in Norway, and indeed there are few civilian amateurs. Most of the men who ride steeplechasing are officers, and the whole sport has a rather private character. The surroundings of a Norwegian race-meeting are of the most primitive description. There are no pavilions, enclosures, railings, starting gates, or other modern appliances. The course is simply marked out on a training ground, where the artillery plough deep furrows in the sand, where the cavalry exercise, and where the rifle-pits of the infantry occasionally form natural ditches and water jumps for the race. The totalisator does not exist; indeed, any kind of betting is unknown. Bookmakers are thus not to be seen; they would not be able to make their fortune

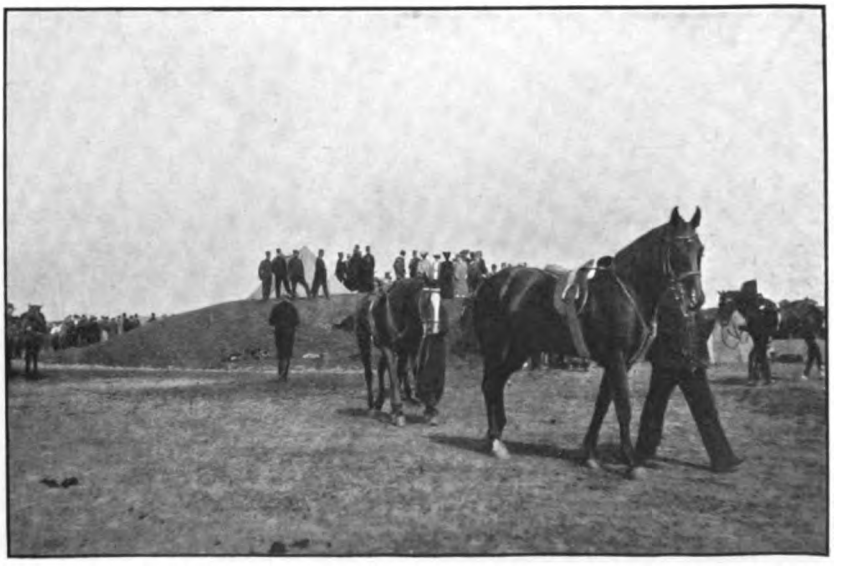
AN INTERESTED GATHERING.

there. The stakes consist of silver cups with but one exception—the Thomas Michelets Prize, which a Norwegian cavalry officer dying in Algeria left to the riding club. The Thomas Michelets Steeplechase is therefore considered as the most important event in Norway; you can call it the Norwegian "Grand National" if you like.

Anybody expecting to see Norwegian horses on a racecourse in Norway will be disappointed. As a steeplechaser the typical horse of Norwegian blood is not of much value; his pace in trotting is fairly good, but when galloping his speed is modest in the extreme; probably he is the best artillery horse in the world, but for a cavalry

mount his back is too long and weak, and he is lacking in quality. A glimpse at the paddock informs us at once that most of the animals are bred in England. There is a collection of English and Irish hunters, and some thoroughbreds are visible also. All these, representing different classes, often go together in the same race.

I may do best by describing a typical day's sport. We started on a clear, bright morning in August from Christiania in order to arrive at the races, which were to take place at Gardermoen on the following day. The distance was not more than some forty miles, but the roads being in bad condition we only reached



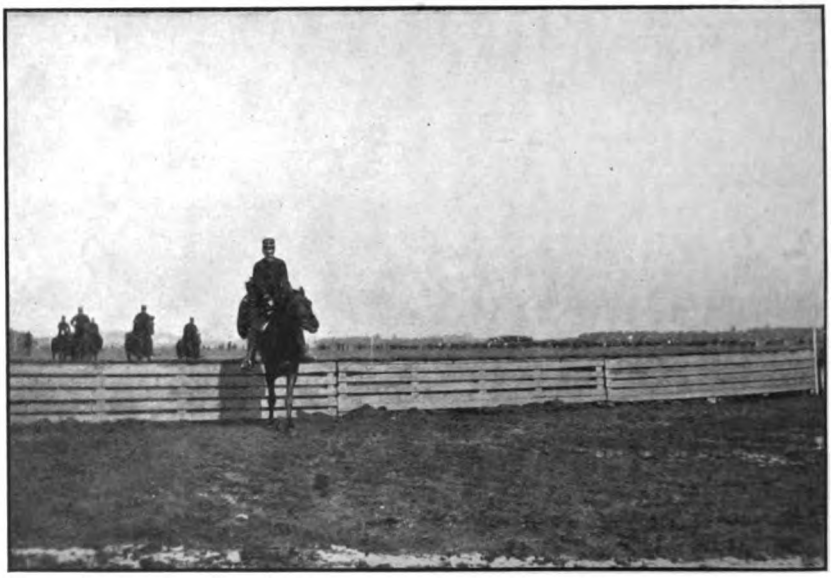
"MOST OF THE ANIMALS ARE BRED IN ENGLAND"

our destination just in time to see the evening shadows of the hills growing darker and longer, at last to envelop the whole landscape in a gathering twilight. The evening was drawing in, and we had Gardermoen in front of us with all its military establishments, a large waste plain of sand, snow-capped mountains breaking the line of horizon.

Our first impression of racing in Norway, deserted and gloomy as the spot appeared, was in sharp contrast to the scene of bustle and life of the following day. The place where every day the artillery created whirling clouds of dust was transformed into a new

improvised race-track, fitted with fences, flags, and many-coloured pennants, pointing out the different runs. Soldiers in gaudy uniforms, farmers flocking to the ground in their simple carts, mixed with the riding public from Christiania, with their horses and up-to-date carriages, presented a strange and gay *coup d'œil*. The outlook, an artificial hill of earth in the centre of the plain, was crowded with an interested gathering of visitors from the capital, ladies as well as men. It was a day when the monotonous uniformity of a military camp had changed into a variegated and festive entertainment.

The card presented a varied programme, consisting of hurdle-races, steeplechases, and a so-called "hunting race," and the event



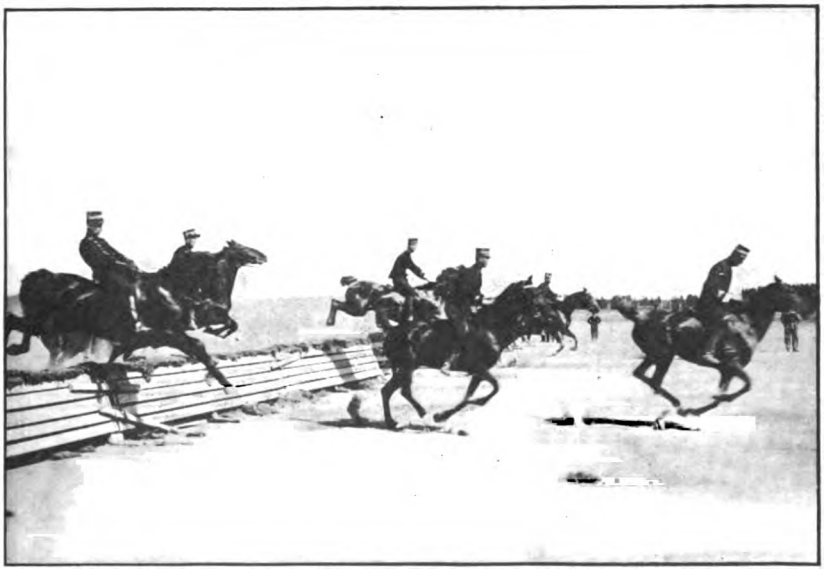
LEADING THE WAY

of the day, the "ten miles country race." In the first events only officers took part. The obstacles were hurdles and fences of different sizes, from $3\frac{1}{2}$ to 4 ft. high. The "hunting race" always takes place in a rough country, with fences till the run in is reached. Hounds are employed in this race, and the field, in uniforms of green and blue, coats of black and red, afford a picturesque spectacle.

As a rule without exceptions animals are not hunted with hounds and horses; these hunting-races, which are very popular, are only an imitation of fox-hunting, the race in reality beginning, so to

speak, with the finish. The Master has to choose the course beforehand, and to lay a drag for the hounds to pick up. Certainly there are plenty of foxes, but the country, full of hills, dotted with mountain-ridges and thickets, affords so many lurking-places for a fox that hunting on horseback is rendered quite impossible. The hounds might do their work, but the horses would be absolutely unable to follow. Foxes are therefore, sad as it will seem to Englishmen, killed only by shooting in Norway!

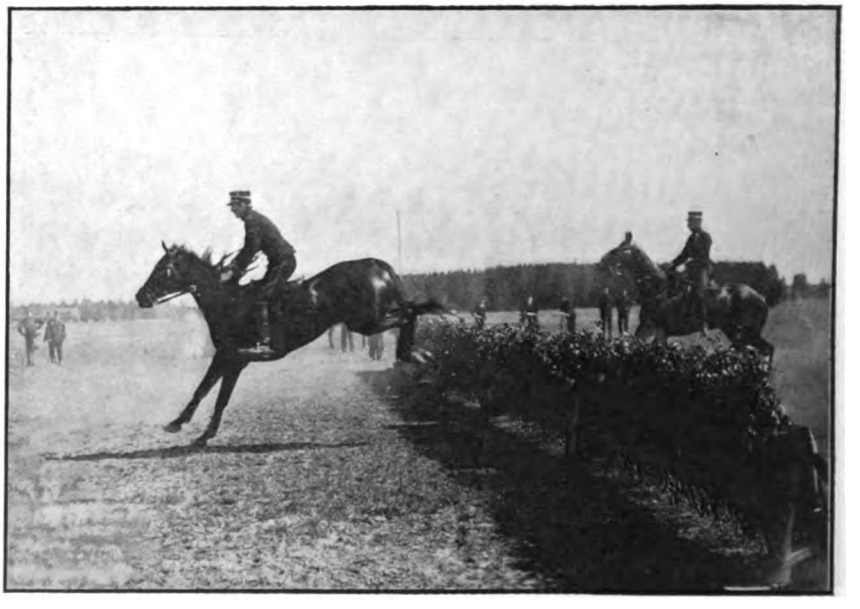
To the air of a waltz very badly played—the military band being probably more interested in the races than in their instruments—the "ten miles country race," which creates the greatest excitement, is about to start. It reminds one somewhat of a point-



THE PACE CHANGES FROM A QUIET AND STEADY HUNTING GALLOP TO THAT OF A RACE

to-point, though the course has many curves and angles and the riders have to start one by one, an interval of a few minutes separating the first from the second, the second from the third, and so on. Taking place in the most variable and difficult country to be found, it presents really admirable scope for horsemanship. The obstacles are generally natural, consisting of all kinds of fences that are known in the country. A number of stone walls, gates, and hurdles of unusual solidity, from 4 ft. high, many almost

perpendicular slopes with a river or brook at the bottom, and on the landing side steep ascents, make the run only possible for well-trained horses and well-practised riders. Large stones increase the risk, best attention from rider and horse being needed to avoid accidents which may so easily happen. Rivers and lakes, which can only be crossed by swimming, add to the difficulties. I have seen a good deal of hunting on the Continent and in England, but seldom have known horses go so fast in such a rough country. The race finishes over a steeplechase course of 3,000 yards, and here one could estimate the horsemanship of the competitors. As the Colonel remarked, when the riders appeared: "Now we shall see



WELL OVER

who has ridden with a cool head and saved something for the last." A good Irish hunter won the race.

With this event the day's sport ended, and people gathered around to see the distribution of prizes, presented by a lady. These were modest silver cups of different sizes, but the honour of victory was warmly appreciated.

As the Norwegian cavalry officer has to manœuvre in a *terrain* much more difficult and dangerous than that used by any other army, a country to be compared with that of the chamois, this last

sort of racing is for him extremely important, and is always considered as the event of the card. Accidents seldom happen in these contests, no doubt because the horses are well schooled in the *manège*, many of them being prize-winners in the Concours Hippique at the ground of the venerable Fort Akershus in Christiania, where the Scandinavian officers once a year have a rendezvous, showing the result of the winter work in the riding-school. Surely a horse which in the *manège* has learnt to use his back, and to gather his hind-quarters under him, should be able to jump better and more safely than one who carries the greater part of his weight on his forelegs? The idea entertained by some that a horse by practice in

"NOW WE SHALL SEE WHO HAS RIDDEN WITH A COOL HEAD"

the *manège* loses his speed is ridiculous. The riding-school properly used is an excellent preparation for work in the hunting-field, and the well-schooled horse is less likely to get the upper hand of his rider.

Officers in Norway, not generally being able to keep separate horses for military service and racing, have to buy animals suitable for both demands. They often have to train on hard ground, which always threatens a breakdown. But in spite of these facts some of our horses now and then find their way to foreign racecourses with good results. I remember how Lieutenant Ebbe Astrup not long ago won the prize of the German Emperor for jumping, with

some other first prizes. I also remember how cleverly Captain Smith-Kjelland rode the famous international distance-race Bruxelles—Ostende, where so many horses came to grief, finishing first for 100 km. (70 miles; time 4 min. 21 sec.), and getting the fifth prize for the whole distance, 135 km. (94·5 miles), on a horse which was lame for fourteen days and only recovered eight days before the run took place. I have by chance a snapshot of him, and here it is.

CAPTAIN SMITH-KJELLAND

BOOKS ON SPORT

A HUNTER'S WANDERINGS IN AFRICA. By Frederick C. Selous. London: Macmillan and Co. 1907.

This book is a reprint of a volume which appeared as long since as 1881, but it was altogether too good to be lost, and the republication will be welcomed by those who have not the original, as it is a work which could not be omitted from any library of sport which had claims to completeness. We are perhaps naturally prejudiced in favour of the Big Game Volumes of the Badminton Library, and especially of those portions of them which were contributed by Mr. Oswell, whose graphic narrations of African hunting are, we consider, unsurpassable; but among the works which have been published on the subject Mr. Selous' "Wanderings" hold a very foremost place. There is something particularly attractive about the idea of a lad of nineteen landing on the shores of Algoa Bay resolutely bent on emulating the achievements of notable sportsmen whose writings had captivated his imagination. With a couple of friends whom he may be said to have picked up casually, a young fellow of his own age, named Dorehill, and a fellow-townsman from home whom Dorehill happened to meet in Africa, Mr. Selous set out, by no means too well equipped, on an expedition that might easily have been brought to an abrupt termination within a very short time of the start. Selous was taking some cartridges from a quantity of loose powder contained in a small box at the side of the wagon, when Dorehill came up, his pipe in his mouth, looked over his friend's shoulder, dropped some lighted tobacco amongst the powder, with the natural result. The pair of them were badly burned, one of Mr. Selous' eyes being so severely injured that it did not get right for a considerable time; and a man so extraordinarily careless as to cause an explosion in such a fashion seems scarcely the companion one would have chosen.

It has been said that the expedition was not too well equipped. Mr. Selous had two guns for which he gave £6 each, and afterwards a third, which cost him £7 10s. He used the common trade powder, loaded by hand from a leather bag slung at his side, and the guns kicked so frightfully that his nerves were seriously affected. Nevertheless in three seasons he killed seventy-eight elephants amongst other creatures, which was certainly making the most of indifferent material! It is interesting in the extreme to read Mr. Selous' earliest impressions of the animals with which he afterwards became so familiar. He was particularly struck with the giraffes as they sped along, their tails twisted up over their backs like corkscrews, and their hind legs as they galloped straddling out at each step

and coming one on each side of the forelegs. "If you only look at their bodies and necks from behind," he says, "they appear to be sailing blindly along without making any movement at all." Whilst pursuing these giraffes his horse ran him against the trunk of a tree, and when after a time able to remount, the quarry and his companions had all disappeared. For the first time he experienced the pains and perils of being lost, and it was not till he had wandered about without food or water for days that he came upon a Bushman, who, though seeing that he was half dead of thirst, refused to give him any water, but offered to sell some. "The 'vley' was only about 200 yards off," Mr. Selous writes, "but when a man has been four days and three nights without anything to eat or drink, he does not care even to go 200 yards further than he can help; yet sooner than thus be taken advantage of, I would have done so, and was just getting up, when a little boy came in from milking the goats with a large calabash full of milk. On seeeing this I changed my mind, and pulling out a large clasp knife, the only marketable article I possessed, I said: 'Reca marsi' (I'll buy the milk), and soon got not only it but a large bowl of water besides. Was it not a treat!"

That the hunters carried their lives in their hands will be readily imagined, and Mr. Selous records the loss of several friends in the course of his volume. Also he tells of desperately narrow escapes on his own part and on that of his companions; but it is wonderful what a man who leads a healthy outdoor life and is in perfect physical condition can stand. There is an anecdote of a certain Piet Jacobs, an old elephant-hunter, who was sitting in the shade of his wagon one day when his daughter-in-law drew his attention to what she called "a pig" going to the water to drink; the pig was a lion, which Piet shot at and missed, whereupon the furious brute charged him, threw him down, and worried him fearfully in different parts of his body. Within two months, however, the sturdy old man was again at his work. Mr. Selous' first elephant was, of course, one of the great events of his career, and, happily, it proved a good one, with heavy tusks. That evening, too, for the first time he tasted elephant's heart, which he thought then, and still considers, one of the greatest delicacies that an African hunter is likely to enjoy. The meat from the thick part of the trunk and from the cavity above the eye is also "very well tasted when sufficiently stewed," but the foot he does not care for, thinking it insipid. A bag of four elephants a day is something to be proud of; this Mr. Selous got more than once, and on one occasion as many as five; but now that from excessive hunting elephants are diminishing in numbers, the latitude which sportsmen of a former day could enjoy has to be restricted, tempting as it may be to obtain a commodity so valuable as ivory.

How many lions Mr. Selous killed altogether he does not state. "When at bay, standing with open mouth and glaring eyes, holding his head low between his shoulders and keeping up continuous low growling, twitching his tail the while from side to side, no animal can look more unpleasant than the lion," he says, "but there is even then nothing majestic or even noble in his appearance," and he emphasises the fact that the word "majestic" is singularly inapplicable to the lion in its wild state. Lions differ so widely in appearance as to have induced some hunters to declare that there are at least three distinct species in South Africa, but this view Mr. Selous will not support. He admits that out of fifty lion skins scarcely two will be found exactly alike in the colour and length of mane, but he considers them merely variations of the same animal.

THE WHOLE ART OF CARAVANNING. By Bertram Smith. London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1907.

The author is loud in his praise of his wandering home. Wherever one settles down some drawbacks will almost always inevitably be found, he declares; but if the man with the caravan likes his locality he can stay there, if he wants to go somewhere else he has merely to harness his horse and go. There are, of course, caravans and caravans, and Mr. Bertram Smith seems perfectly content with the house on wheels which his experience has rendered comfortable and convenient. "She," as he calls the vehicle, "is 18 feet long, has three good rooms inside, weighs unloaded no more than a ton, and on a good road spins along almost like a dog-cart." At first he had a canvas roof, but the saving in weight was counterbalanced by the heat, and he has now adopted a roof of light wood. Good springs and sound wheels are essential. Large square panels of varnished wood form the body of the caravan, half-inch panels being quite enough. But for details, readers who are anxious to try this form of adventure must be referred to the volume.

There are various questions which have to be left to the caravanner; such, for instance, as whether he should take a man to act as driver, scullion, valet, cook, and courier. Mr. Smith thinks that the enthusiast may come to recognise that the cleaning of fish or the washing of dishes is "part of the game"; it is a question of taste. So, too, the caravanner can buy his food or cook it himself. Mr. Smith appears to be an expert, and says, amongst other things, that with scrambled eggs alone there are no fewer than seven types, which few who are familiar with this delicacy would have supposed.

THE MOTORING ANNUAL AND MOTORISTS' YEAR BOOK.

This volume contains an endless supply of information on all sorts of subjects connected with the motor, leading off with a

compilation of "Who's Who" in motoring. Nearly all monarchs appear to be motorists, including the Emperor and Empress of China, the King of Abyssinia, his Majesty of Siam, and even the Pope purchased a car in 1904 for use in the gardens of the Vatican. "British Motoring Institutions" include particulars of all sorts of clubs and associations at home and abroad. Details and records of notable performances are given, and the Aero Club is the subject of a chapter. The volume is indeed full of useful information.

THE NEW BOOK OF THE DOG. With coloured plates and numerous illustrations. London: Cassell and Company. 1907.

Parts II. and III. have just been issued, and deal with bull-dogs of various kinds (including the "bouledogue Français," which, we confess, seems to us a horrid little animal), the St. Bernard, the Newfoundland, the Great Dane, and the Dalmatian. There is not a vast deal which is new to be said of dogs, but the name of Messrs. Cassell is a guarantee that the work is well done.

THE DOG IN HEALTH, ACCIDENT, AND DISEASE. By Frank Townend Barton, M.R.C.S. London: Sidney Appleton. 1907.

The indefatigable Mr. Barton, so many volumes from whose pen have lately appeared, puts forward the present little book as an elementary treatise upon the dog and the various diseases and accidents to which he is subject. As we have lately remarked Mr. Barton's knowledge of what he undertakes is unquestionable. But there is always a danger in the endeavour to treat disease or accident from book instruction, as the man of little experience is extremely apt to mix and muddle symptoms. The points and other details are given, and it is a useful little handbook.

THE KENNEL ENCYCLOPÆDIA. Under the general Editorship of J. Sidney Turner, M.R.C.S., F.L.S., F.Z.S. Assisted by Vale Nicolas. The Encyclopædic Press, Sheffield.

It is claimed for this work that it will be "the most ambitious and comprehensive that has ever been placed before the kennel world," and the editor expresses himself as well satisfied with the orders which have been obtained, demonstrating, as he believes, the demand for such a publication. There are so many books on dogs in existence, and such a considerable number have, indeed, lately been issued, that we should scarcely have supposed the want would have been thus acknowledged; but the demand for a book is the justification of its appearance. Mr. Turner is Chairman of the Committee of the Kennel Club, and his position, of course, lends importance to the work. It should also be a guarantee for a judicious selection of contributors. The illustrations are notably good.

A PRIZE COMPETITION.

THE Proprietors of the *Badminton Magazine* offer a prize or prizes to the value of Ten Guineas each month for the best original photograph or photographs sent in representing any sporting subject. Competitors may also send any photographs they have by them on two conditions: that they have been taken by the sender, and that they have never been previously published. A few lines explaining when and where the photographs were taken should accompany each subject. Residents in the country who have access to shooting-parties, or who chance to be in the neighbourhood when hounds are running, will doubtless find interesting subjects; these will also be provided at football or cricket matches, and wherever golf, cycling, fishing, skating, polo, or athletics are practised. Racing and steeple-chasing, including Hunt Meetings and Point-to-point contests, should also supply excellent material. Photographs of Public School interest will be specially welcome.

The size of the prints, the number of subjects sent, the date of sending, the method of toning, printing, and mounting, are all matters left entirely to the competitors.

The Proprietors are unable to return any rejected matter except under special circumstances, and they reserve the right of using anything of interest that may be sent in, even if it should not receive a prize. They also reserve to themselves the copyright in all photographs which shall receive a prize, and it is understood that all photographs sent are offered on this condition.

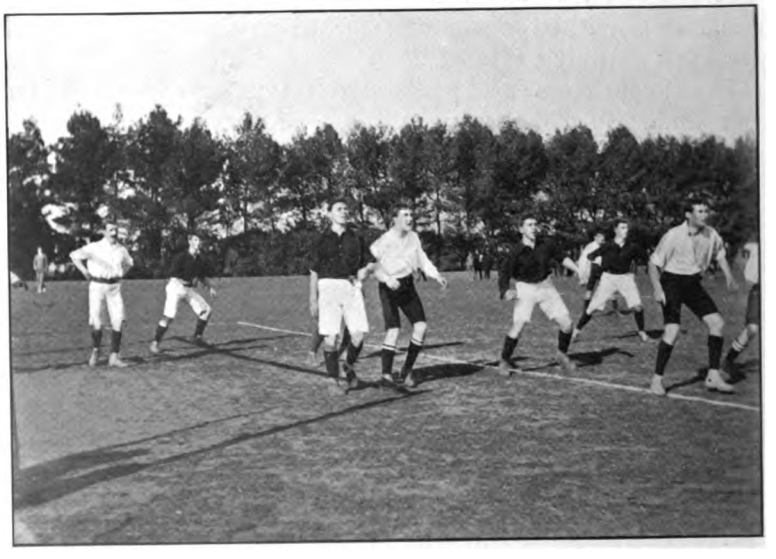
The result of the June competition will be announced in the August issue.

THE APRIL COMPETITION

The Prize in the April competition has been divided among the following competitors:—Mr. Graystone Bird, Bath; Mr. Bernard Grant, Leytonstone; Mr. J. Walton Lee, Dilston, Corbridge-on-Tyne; Captain G. Hastings Taylor, Garhwal Rifles, Killa Drosh, Chitral; Mr. W. J. Abrey, Tonbridge; Miss Gully, Forest, Belgium; Miss E. M. Goddard, Farnham, Surrey; Mr. A. Abrahams, St. Bartholomew's Hospital; Mr. A. Killick, Moore Abbey, Monasterevan, Ireland; and Mr. G. Romdenne, Brussels.

THE LADIES' PLATE—BATH AND COUNTY HARRIERS POINT-TO-POINT RACES AT HINTON, GLOUCESTERSHIRE

Photograph by Mr. Graystone Bird, Bath



FOOTBALL IN PORTUGAL—CARCAVELLOS *v.* REST OF THE PORTUGUESE FOOTBALL LEAGUE AT CARCAVELLOS

Photograph by Mr. Alan S. Cooper, Quinta Nova, Carcavellos, Portugal

MEET OF THE NEWMARKET DRAGHOUNDS AT EGERTON VILLA
KEMPTON CANNON, MASTER; C. LEADER, FIRST WHIP; C. TRIGG, SECOND WHIP

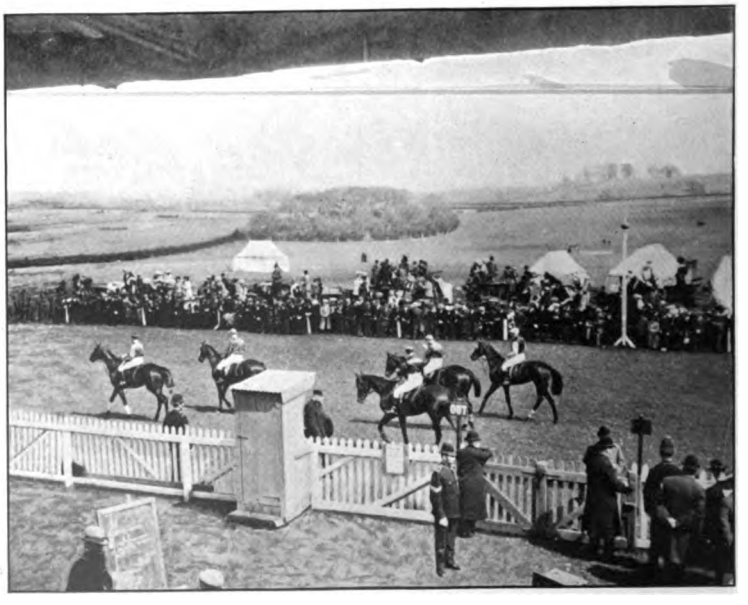
Photograph by Mr. Bernard Grant, Leytonstone

INDIAN SNAKE CHARMERS

Photograph by Mr. C. H. Badham, Bedford

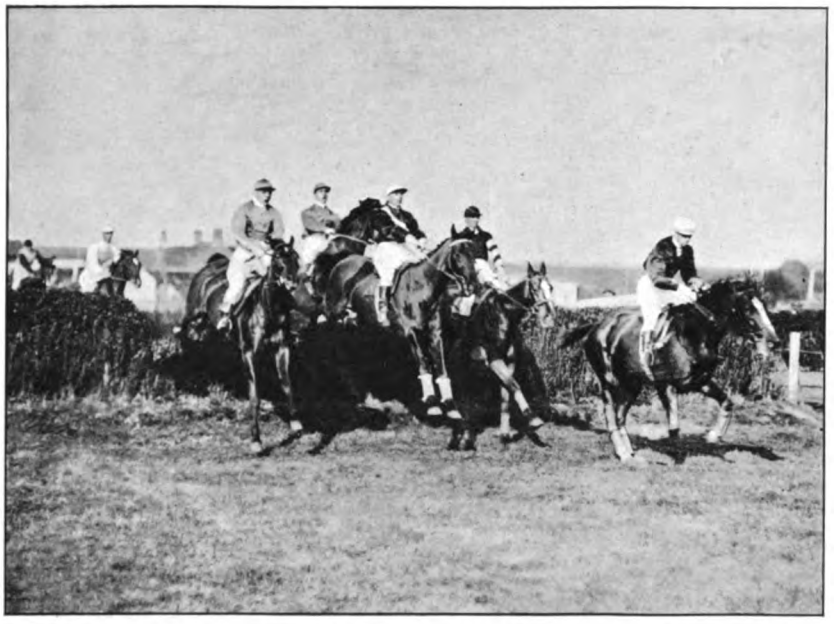
THE TYNEDALE HOUNDS ON THE WAY TO THE MEET

Photograph by Mr. J. Walton Lee, Dilston, Corbridge-on-Tyne



GOING TO THE POST—ISLE OF WIGHT

Photograph by Mr. Marcel F. Henriot, Ventnor



PLUMPTON STEEPLECHASES—THE LAST FENCE IN THE PRESTON HANDICAP

Photograph by Mr. Bernard Grant, Leytonstone

A GROUP OF CHITRALI POLO-PLAYERS

Photograph by Captain G. Hastings Taylor, Garhwal Rifles, Killa Drosh, Chitral

MEET OF COTSWOLD HOUNDS AT DOWDESWELL VILLAGE

Photograph by Captain G. Swiney, Cavalry Club, W.

TOM WEST AT AINTREE, WHO RAN SECOND IN THE GRAND NATIONAL

Photograph by Mr. R. M. Bannerman, Bartestree Court, Hereford

THE MASTER OF THE HAILSHAM HARRIERS TAKES A TYPICAL SUSSEX DYKE

Photograph by Mr. W. J. Abrey, Tonbridge

SCHOOLING IN YPRES, BELGIUM

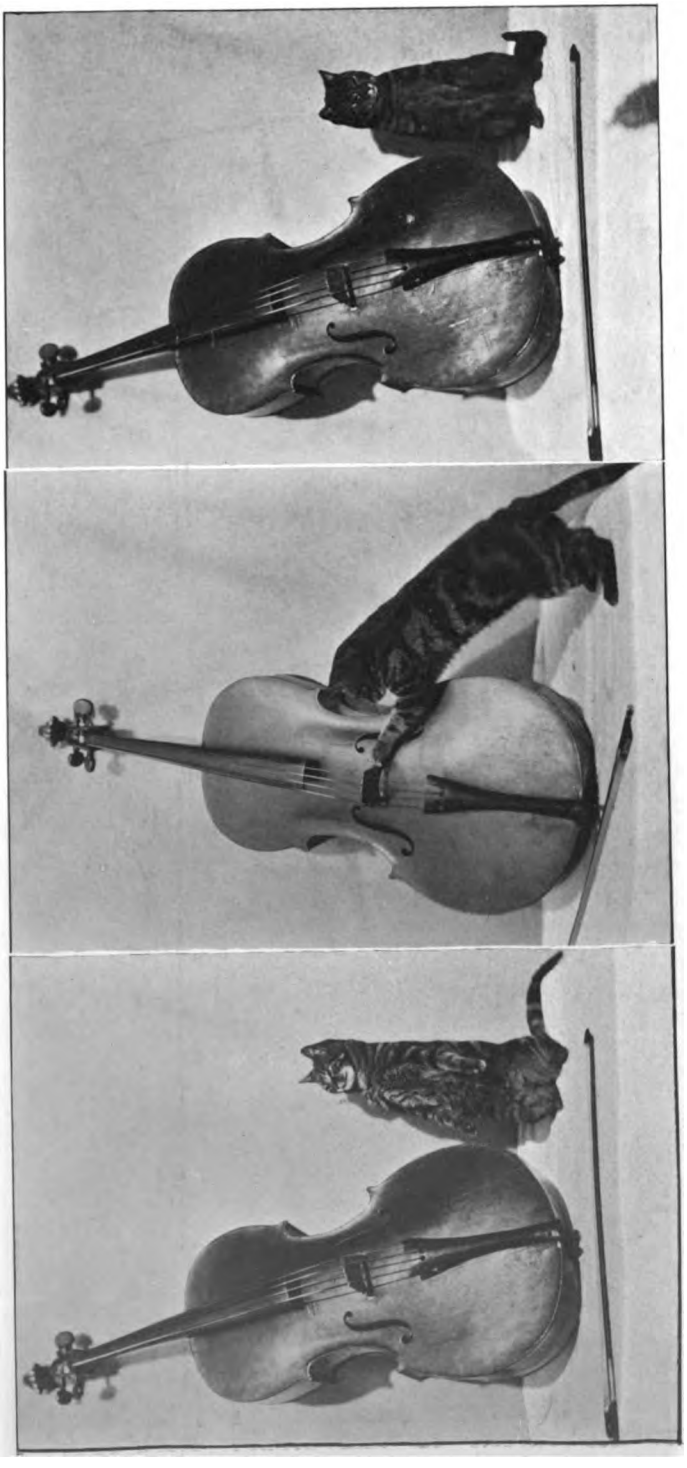
Photograph by Miss Gully, Forest, Belgium

BUCKS OTTER HOUNDS—DISLODGING THE OTTER FROM HIS HOLT NEAR LINFORD HALL ON THE RIVER OUSE

Photograph by Mr. John M. Knapp, Linford Hall, Wolverton, Bucks

COACHING AT BANJOEWANGIE—THE CARRIAGE IS A DRIED STEM OF A COCOA-NUT TREE BRANCH

Photograph by Mr. J. W. Keenan, Banjoewangie, Java

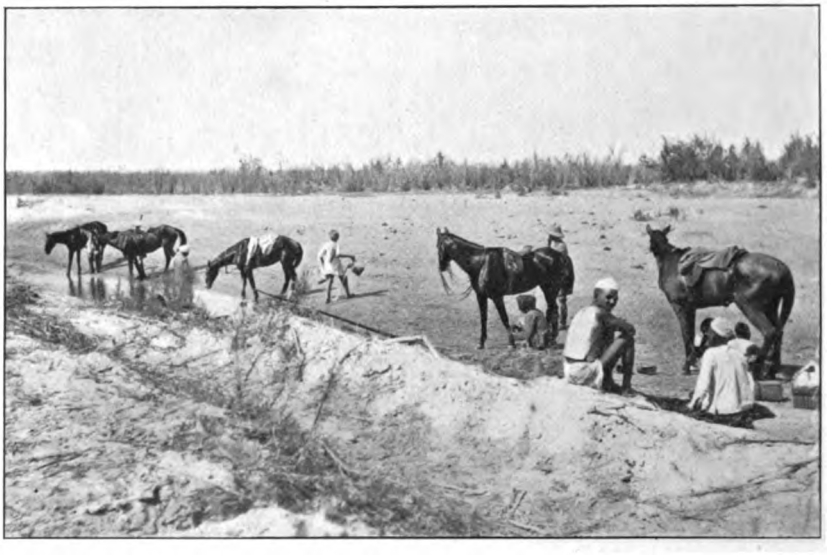


SHALL I ?

YES !

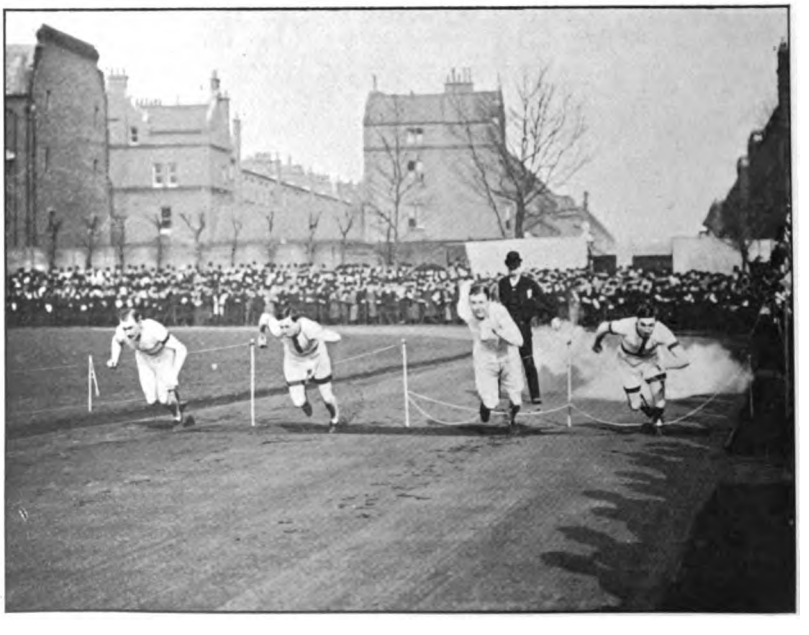
SATISFIED

Photographs by Miss E. M. Goddard, Farnham, Surrey



PIGSTICKING IN INDIA—WATERING HORSES AT THE MID-DAY HALT

Photograph by Mr. T. S. Irwin, Lieutenant Royal Dragoons, Dilkusha, Lucknow



THE START FOR THE HUNDRED YARDS RACE, OXFORD *v.* CAMBRIDGE, 1907

(K. G. Macleod, Cambridge, and C. M. Chavasse, Oxford, who dead-heated, are on the right)

Photograph by Mr. A. Abrahams, St. Bartholomew's Hospital, E.C.

SCHOOLING A HUNTER OVER HURDLES (MR. J. K. MILLER UP)
Photograph by Mr. R. Whitton, junr., Hilton House, Lincoln

WOODCOCK SITTING
Photograph by Mr. A. Killick, Moore Abbey, Monastercvan, Ireland

JUST RETURNED FROM MORNING EXERCISE WITH SICK HOUNDS—DEVON AND SOMERSET STAGHOUNDS

Photograph by Mr. C. R. Dodd, Clapham Junction

GOOD JAWS

Photograph by Mr. G. Romdenne, Brussels